THE

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*** The Poetry of A. B.—φ.—R. H.—Theta.—W. Y.—V. W.—J. K. &c. &c. will not suit us.

IRELAND IN 1832.

"The matter of seditions is of two kinds—much poverty and much discontentment."—BACON.

"Things bad begun, make strong themselves in ill."—SHAKSPEARE.

IT is commonly said, that there is a fatality in Irish affairs, impeding every attempt to benefit the condition of the country; and the fact is so. There *is* a fatality overhanging Ireland,—that fatality, which, by an inevitable causation, couples evil with evil, and determines that never bad bird shall produce good egg. Six hundred years of violence and oppression are antecedents, which could not lead to a wholesome consequence; and the eye of folly alone can look with astonishment upon what has been, and what is, in Ireland, as upon a course of events, inexplicable and miraculous.

More than a twelvemonth back, we intimated our apprehensions, that the evils under which that unfortunate country labours, had been suffered to grow to a fatal maturity; and that the hand of reform had been applied to its abuses too late, to prevent a violent dislocation of society, and an overthrow of existing institutions. The events which have since taken place have detracted little from the dangers of the crisis. In the article on Irish affairs which we then published, it was stated that the fundamental evil of the country is the unequal division of property, the separation of the people into a small knot of proprietors, and about seven millions of proletarians, whose labour has no value in the market, and who consequently have little direct interest in the maintenance of law and order. This fact is stamped on the face of the land, which, through its wide extent, shows scarce here and there a mansion intermediate between the palace and the mud cabin: it is marked in the rags and squalor of the half-starved peasantry—it is evidenced in the peculiar character of the litigation, the crimes, and the morals of the entire people.

This accumulation of wealth into a few hands is the *nisus* of all bad governments; but it has been that of the government of Ireland in a singular degree. Oft repeated confiscations, and the more chronic injustices of the Catholic code, have completely severed the natural connexion between industry and its reward; preventing the development of a middle class in society, and forbidding the accumulation of capital. Under this influence manufactures have dwindled, a growing population has been driven to seek employment exclusively from the land; by which rents rose, wages fell, improvements in agriculture were crippled, or entirely prevented; while nine-tenths of its products found their way into the pockets of the landlord, the parson, the public functionary, and the public robber. All the multiform evils, which from time to time have engaged the attention of Irish politicians, bear more or less directly on this master ill; and all the remedies which have been proposed, have failed, in proportion to their imperfect operation on this one cause. The penal laws, absenteeism, the tithes, the ruin of the woollen, silk, and linen manufactures, the defective administration of justice, the spread of pauperism, are each so many

different phases of the one solitary fact; and either as cause, or consequence, are closely connected with the inequality of fortunes. Even Protestant ascendancy itself, derived its principal venom from its influence on the pockets of the people. It would long ago have been abandoned by the Protestants, had it not been found profitable to its upholders; and its pretensions would, on the other hand, have been treated with indifference or contempt by the Catholics, had those pretensions not possessed a tangible meaning in the plunder which it legitimized.

Catholic Emancipation, we have said,* came too late, for the realization of those benefits which were expected from its influence. The fatal consequences of the delay were many; but it is principally by a deterioration in the pecuniary condition of the peasantry, which has been suffered to proceed with an almost geometrical progression unheeded, or at least unremedied, in the interim, that this delay has proved so injurious to the public happiness and peace. The interval expended in the fighting of this great battle, had, from a variety of causes, produced an immense alteration in the internal condition of the nation. The population, ever excessive in its relation to capital, had multiplied with a rapidity hitherto unexampled; rents had been more than doubled; and every detail of domestic improvement in statistics and in politics had been adjourned to more peaceable times. The fact is proved in the acknowledged spread of pauperism, the frequent pestilences and famines, and in the necessity to which the government yielded, of abandoning every direct tax. Ireland, it is true, as a great commercial and productive establishment,—as a trading partnership,—does more business now than it did twenty years ago: more land is cultivated, more produce exported, more goods imported, and consequently more labourers are employed than in the olden time. But the proceeds of all this industry are not spread widely among the great body of the people. There are still more unemployed, more half employed poor—wages are lower, and the disproportion between population and capital has increased, notwithstanding all this improvement. For great as it may have been, it has been less than the wants of society; and it is therefore equivalent to a retrogradation; and has not produced its proper effect on the physical, moral, or political condition of society.

In the mean time, political discussion has awakened the people to a sense of their degradation, and rendered them impatient of suffering. A great popular power has grown up in the press; public meetings have organized and drilled the very peasantry, and taught them the means of annoying and foiling the government; and thus, to the other anomalies in Irish society, has been added, that great element of disturbance—the incongruity of united pauperism and intelligence. The knowledge thus acquired by the people, all-powerful to the purposes of faction, is of little efficacy in the formation of sound political opinions, and in the education of patriot citizens. The ignorance of Irishmen in matters of political economy, and of all that respects administrative theory, and belongs to the reconstruction of the social edifice, is radical and complete. The consequence of such a disci-

* Metropolitan, Sept. 1831.

pline are self-evident—a universal restlessness without direction; intolerance of present evils without sound notions of redress; and a disposition to follow in the lead of any and every demagogue, which increases in the direct ratio of his impudence and *charlatanerie*. But while the people were thus growing in power, and in a disposition to resist, the government, on its part, was losing strength. Every concession that was extorted from it, was at once a loss of character and of ground. The old system of Protestant ascendancy, whatever might have been its demerits, was still a system; consistent in all its parts, steady to its scope, and persevering in its action: but every inroad made upon it by the Catholics, deprived it more and more of this character. When the period approached which rendered its further endurance impossible, wisdom should have taught its supporters to prepare for the event. But when was faction ever wise, or passion clear-sighted? The government remained Orange, when circumstances had become liberal; and when the measure of emancipation was at length carried in its spite, that measure was simply grafted on the perishing stock of ascendancy, with which it had no analogy. From that moment the Irish government ceased to have any certain direction, and became feeble in proportion as it was vacillating. Emancipation, thus conducted, was but the pouring of new wine into old bottles. The law was changed, but the spirit of the government continued the same, and it was thus thrown upon an aimless and chequered system of *bascule*, which, while it satisfied no party, left open the hopes and the cupidity of every faction.

Had either of these contingencies arrived singly, had the people enjoyed a moderate degree of ease, while the government was in a state of transition, or had the government retained its ancient power over a struggling population, the chances of a favourable adjustment of existing interests might have been greater and more likely to turn up; but the combination of universal disquiet, with an inefficient and powerless government, offered little hope for the preservation of peace. The country, accordingly, was fast advancing in the career of anarchy, when the Tory administration was driven from power by the indignation of the people of England: and Lord Grey, on his accession to office, found Ireland more poor and discontented than ever; the peasantry elevated into efficient seditionists, without having become enlightened citizens,—clamorous for reforms which were not ripe,—and eager in pursuit of chimeras, whose attainment would be ruin. To meet this condition of things, a Whig administration was ill adapted. The maxims of constitutional wisdom, by which Whigs profess to be guided, admirably suited to an enlightened and prosperous nation, are less calculated to restrain a population hurrying towards revolution, or to hold in cheque the lawless ambition of turbulent and selfish demagogues. The Irish, also, accustomed to regard the Whigs as their allies in the pursuit of legal rights, expected to find in them the advocates of their less laudable efforts; they resented therefore the bare attempt to preserve the public peace as an abandonment of principle; and they at once transferred to the Anglesey administration all the jealousies and suspicions, with which they had been taught habitually to regard their Tory rulers; and distrusted

them, simply because they *were in office*. That any government should have succeeded in suddenly tranquillizing Ireland, would have been much to anticipate. The destruction of wealth and derangement of fortunes, which had been the growth of centuries, must require the lapse of many years to repair. There is no power in legislation to create wealth out of nothing; nor could it directly interfere to regulate between landlord and tenant, to affix a maximum of rents, or a minimum of wages, with any prospect of benefit to either party. The foundation of a sufficient protection of the rights of industry by the abolition of political abuses, cannot be laid at a blow. To attempt it, would be to violate so many existing interests as would amount, in effect, to a revolution: and it is highly problematical, whether in the present state of popular opinion in Europe, the strongest government would be able to keep society together during the working of a slow and measured reform, and the growth of its tardy but certain fruits. To proceed with effect in such a labour of regeneration, the government, which should undertake it, must possess the full confidence of a united people; and this element of success was as completely wanting to the Whigs in Ireland, as it was completely in their possession in the rest of the empire.

Among the other legacies of the Catholic discussion, not the least difficult to deal with was the race of professional demagogues, raised above their natural station in society by the business of agitation,—the speakers of speeches, the nuclei of popular meetings, and the *bout-feux* of the nation. To these men the settlement of the great national question threatened a political extinction, and they very promptly turned their attention to the search after new grievances, wherewith to maintain their accustomed influence over their fellow-citizens: but of grievances, unhappily, there were more than enough. To this corps an animating spirit was not wanting; an individual was at hand pre-eminent for his services, for his talents as a leader, and for his perfect adaptation to the times in which he lives, to whom political agitation is as a native element. In the fullest possession of the confidence of the people, the captainship of this band was to him, as it were, a birthright. Indecently and personally insulted in the very passing of the Catholic Bill, his individual exclusion from its benefits was as a retaining fee on behalf of turbulence; and, as was to have been expected, he lost no time in breaking the scarcely cemented alliance between the government and the governed, awakening chimerical desires, exciting vague alarms, promulgating that all which he himself had proclaimed the salvation of Ireland, was nothing; in one word, breaking up the fountains of ancient discontent, and letting loose the ill-dammed waters of bitterness on his devoted country. He spoke, and he was believed. It was in vain that his public life became a daily series of inconsistencies and self-contradictions, that his political views veered round to every point of the compass, that he praised and blamed alternately the same men and the same measures with the utmost sycophancy of flattery, and the most extravagant extreme of vituperation. His hold was in the distresses, and in the envenomed feelings of the people; and in all his turnings, he held out hopes to the desperate,—in all his modes, Dorian, Phrygian, or

mixed, he harmonized with the public mind. He was, therefore, and is implicitly followed through every fantastic farce which his wayward genius tempts him to enact, and he is ever most influential when most dangerous and most absurd. Against such a body, so headed, and so entrenched behind the substantial and indisputable grievances of the nation, no ministry could successfully contend, and least of all a ministry nominated by the people, and acting for them. Right and wrong was so equally mixed in their proceedings, that it was alike difficult to check their march, or to endure it. Right, in virtue of the evils they professed to attack,—wrong, in a total indifference to the choice of means, the fitness of the occasion, or the bearings of any particular course on the general interests of the country, provided it suited the purpose of the moment; they were, at best, legal to the extreme verge of illegality, peaceable to the very confines of sedition. An absolute ministry of Tories, by suspending the constitution and advancing the bayonet, might perhaps have reduced them to silence, but a cabinet which respects liberty and law must inevitably combat with them at a disadvantage. It required but little political foresight to anticipate the fading popularity of the Anglesey administration, for the very virtues of the man, the very principles of the party, would necessarily turn against themselves the instant the government should be called on to moderate or to coerce.

To add to the embarrassments of an honest ministry, this violence and extravagance of the *green* extreme operated on the fears of the Orange party, and excited them to similar turbulence. From the Duke of Wellington's administration, the ascendancy men, though alienated by the Relief Bill, still expected a practical support, an ascendancy of fact, which would deprive the new law of half its sting. With the Whigs the case was different; from them orangeism had nothing to hope, and by its partisans the new administration was regarded with horror, as the precursor of a reign of equal justice, fatal to Protestant usurpation. But their fears stopped not here. They knew not the character of the men in power, they understood not the good sense of the English public, nor the necessity which any minister must acknowledge, of respecting its will. Of the temper of the times they knew nothing, and they took it for granted that the establishment of Catholic ascendancy was at hand, with a surrender of the persons, property, and religion of the Protestants to Catholic mercy. Thus rendered desperate and furious, they have adopted the organization, the tactics, and the rents of the Catholic Association, to play its game against the government in an opposite sense.

If the leaders of the green extreme possess an absolute dominion over the physical force of the country, the chiefs of the conservative party wield no contemptible engine, in the quantum of wealth, influence, and vulgar fanaticism, over which they preside. Either faction, alone, would be a sufficient thorn in the side of the minister; but the two together, by their action and reaction on each other, and on society at large, must prevent the effecting of any good measure, and prove utterly subversive of the peace of the country. To maintain order and tranquillity, and to preserve Ireland to the English crown, *both these factions must be mastered.* They are each an *imperium in im-*

perio, alike intolerable and alike revolutionary. This they know; and albeit opposed to each other in every principle and every interest, and hating each other with the deadliest malignity, they are coquetting together, and preluding to a coalition, like that of the Carlists and republicans in France, to defeat the common enemy, and take their chances for the results of the victory.

Such are the elements of the political condition of Ireland at the present moment, and a more puzzling labyrinth of confusion can scarcely be conceived. It is not, however, without a clue. If we are right in our estimate of the tendency of events towards an agrarian and servile revolt,—towards that most dreadful of all revolutions, the war of poverty and ignorance against property and intelligence,—then the first duty of every honest man is to strive against that calamity, to moderate faction, to appease resentments, and (using a homely phrase) to "keep things together," while the new order which is destined to arise out of reform developes itself; even postponing desirable objects, when they are only to be obtained by popular excitement. In pursuing this policy, the cause of Irish liberty will not be prejudiced. Irish patriotism is not now in mortal combat with an heartless aristocracy, determined to treat the country, as a "pelting farm," to be cultivated for their own special advantage, or as a workshop for trying experiments in despotism. The reform of parliament, if it be not an absolute failure, must inevitably turn to the redress of Irish grievances, let who will be minister; and if this be so, it becomes the excess of madness and of treason to incur the last of dangers, for carrying a point to-day which must be secured to-morrow, without risk and without penalty.

The conservative party, though aiming at objects obviously unattainable, are still acting towards a determinate end,—the return of the Tories to power, and the reversal of all that has been done *for* Ireland, and *against* the orange oligarchy. But what can the Irish patriot gain by expelling the Whigs? The time is not yet come for a radical administration, and Irish anarchy would afford the most insurmountable obstacle to its due advent. Already Irish faction has once nearly overturned a reforming administration, and brought back a party to power which would either have provoked a general revolution, or, by its success, have entailed an iron and unrelenting tyranny on the people of both countries. Agitation in Ireland has become essentially an anti-radical movement. Whatever may be the intentions of its conductors, (and there are amongst them honest and good men,) their march is either towards a military tyranny or to anarchy, as accident may determine; but it is, in either case, directly away from that consolidating, civilizing, and fertilizing consummation, to which the English reformers are pushing with all their energies. The radicalism of England tends to avert revolution, the pseudo radicalism of Ireland to divide and destroy the people, and therefore to subjugate them in perpetuity.

The quarrel between the green party and the government turns upon two points—the one fundamental, the other accidental. With respect to the first,—the repeal of the union,—its advocates are of two classes, those who are pursuing it as a *bona fide* object, and those

who are working it as a "means to an end," as an instrument for wresting from an unwilling legislature good measures, not otherwise to be conceded. Of the latter it may confidently be asked, what end worth obtaining requires this tampering with so dangerous a question, or, if attained, would sanction it? Their whole hypothesis rests on a by-gone state of things, and bears on a reformed parliament as little as on the Babylonian empire. The people of England have no corrupt interest in Irish misrule; they have a direct interest in the abolition of abuses, which are too easily imported and brought to bear against themselves at home. The policy of becoming mischievous to extort redress is only justifiable as a consequence of despair; and what is the ground for despair in the present aspect of British politics? To those, on the contrary, who think repeal a *sine qua non* to Irish prosperity, we still say, that a reformed parliament affords the best and the safest tribunal of reference. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; reform is yet unconfirmed and unestablished, and no hope of a peaceful and constitutional separation can be entertained, while aristocratic interests prevail. For ourselves, indeed, as radicals, and as members of the great European confederacy of the people against absolutism, we distrust the practical efficacy of the measure altogether. The condition of Germany and of Italy, prostrate before their tyrants, simply because they are broken up into inconsiderable fragments, preach union and co-operation "trumpet tongued;" and we have had too bitter experience of the advantages which Toryism has obtained at home, by playing off Englishmen and Irishmen against each other, not to distrust the plausibilities which lie on the surface of separation. Still, the question, we admit, is an open question, and our objection to its discussion rests as much against the timing and the means, as upon an implicit confidence in the absolute soundness of our own opinion, that a federal union of the two countries is, under all circumstances, impracticable and bad.

With respect to the other point at issue, the settlement of the tithe question, it would be difficult to measure out with accuracy the blame to which the contending parties are respectively entitled. Upon one point all sensible persons are agreed, and that is, that the ascendancy church of Ireland is *in extremis;* that its reform is a thing decided, and that the extinction of tithes awaits but the form of a legal sanction. In the conduct of this question, it must be confessed that the Whig administration have not been happy. It was a great misfortune to them, that whether voluntarily or otherwise, they brought it forward before an unreformed and self-condemned parliament. Under any circumstances, it abounds with too many conflicting interests to be easily adjusted, and with the present House of Commons no really good bill could hope to pass the Lords. But the blame of prematurely hurrying forward the discussion does not rest wholly with the ministers.

The determination to resist the payment of tithes, was not altogether a spontaneous popular movement, but was fomented and coaxed into a flame by the impatience of the Dublin demagogues. An unfortunate equivoque on the term 'extinction,' led to the idea that the impost was to be abolished; and the peasantry did not per-

ceive that this abolition would be a present of the amount to the landlords, and no relief to themselves. An effort, therefore, became necessary to save the fund, for the benefit of the state, and for the relief of the nation; and that effort, made in a hurry, and amidst the distraction of other cares, was anything but wise, and adapted to the case. In the pursuit of this effort, there was equal obstinacy and blindness. The factious interference of the agitators caused Mr. Stanley to overlook too heedlessly the fact, that there was a real grievance beneath, that the people were instinctively re-acting according to their nature, and were in earnest in their opposition. He has legislated, therefore, too much as if he were in the palmy days of church ascendancy, and as if popular feeling merited no consideration. The agitators, *per contra*, with the usual impetuosity of Irishmen, and with their own accustomed rashness, pushed the people beyond their tenable post of a passive resistance, already known to practise in the instance of the Quakers, and urged them into such a conspiracy, as the best authorities allow to be illegal, and punishable at common law. The passing of these bills, then, has thrown the executive into the false position of upholding with an armed right-hand, the abuse which it has itself condemned. Theoretically, indeed, nothing can be more true, than that the first duty of every government is to maintain the law; and practically, to have surrendered at discretion to the menaces of a semi-insurgent peasantry, would have opened such a door to future aggressions, as would have placed property itself in jeopardy. Still, it is not less true, that wherever public opinion exists, the only true sanction of law is its moral fitness; and to maintain a law on the abstract doctrine, because it *is* law, and in defiance of opinion, is to play the martinet, and to prepare the way to ultimate defeat. A more frank adoption of popular views, a more radical dealing with the difficulty in parliament, would have averted the necessity of balancing these conflicting reasons; but then again, who can say what opposition was offered to such a course from the various aristocratic interests bound up with church supremacy? It is too much, therefore, to insist, that Lord Grey's cabinet has justly forfeited the confidence of the people by its conduct in this instance; or that any necessity existed for leading the populace into such a collision with a generally friendly government, as must involve them in scenes of blood, and expose them to the horrors of military execution, or render them amenable to criminal justice. Consider the matter as we may, the conduct of the several factions during the last twelvemonth has been eminently disorganizing, wild, aimless, and unprincipled; and that of the intelligent classes who have withheld their support from the government, short-sighted and pusillanimous. It was the duty of every man, possessing a shilling in the country, to have rallied round an administration, which, standing between two desperate factions, gave a sufficient pledge of its integrity, by incurring the displeasure of both. It was mere self-interest to defeat the orangemen, who were provoking a fanatical civil war; and to hold in check their opponents, whose objects, though more national, were equally dangerous. In point of fact, the great majority of the liberal Protestant gentry, and of the more wealthy Catholics, are with the government: but since the business

of the Leinster declaration, no public effort has been made in behalf of the opinion there embodied. Turn which way we can, faults, and worse than faults, have been committed, and stare us in the face. It makes us "strange e'en to the very nature that we owe," to witness the frantic and suicidal hostility of the Protestant gentry, who in separating themselves from their natural allies, and striving to maintain ascendancy, unsupported by English feeling, and in defiance of the imperial government, are playing guineas against counters. They know, and they feel, that they are not yet incorporated with the nation; nay, they boast of the antipathies that they cherish towards the "native Irishry," and which they, in turn, excite in it, yet are they contented to stake their estates on the attempt to re-conquer political supremacy; and with the blind gaiety of childhood, provoke a single-handed encounter with seven millions of hungry and revengeful foes. At the very moment, when every organ of the party proclaimed the country in open rebellion, and taxed Lord Anglesey with sleeping over the danger, when they were calling on their friends to arm and protect their religion from popish violence, almost the entire Protestant magistracy seceded from their duties, and strove to leave the country without law and without police, to gratify a splenetic grudge against Lord Plunket, and forsooth to turn out Lord Grey! and these are the loyalists, *par excellence*, the only men in Ireland on whom the king can trust for the maintenance of his authority!

The game of the opposite party is scarcely less extravagant. To talk of national gratitude perhaps is sheer nonsense; but what is to be gained for liberty, or for Irish interests, by ousting Lord Grey? Are the Duke of Wellington and Lord Eldon more likely to make a Catholic barrister master of the rolls, or secretary for Ireland? Will they abolish tithe, or give premiums for public meetings and popular oratory? Will they make municipal offices elective, or enter upon a crusade against grand jury jobbing? Or, say that a purely Tory administration is out of the question, is more to be expected from an *omnium gatherum salmagundi* of ex-Whigs and ex-Tories, an amalgum of all parties, of all opinions, and of no opinions, *rudis indigestaque moles, non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum?* Yet it is currently reported, and generally believed, that an attempt will be made, at the approaching elections, to unite the green party with the conservatives, and to return a Tory and a Repealer, for wherever there is a chance of such an unholy compromise. If there be any truth in this suspicion, the madness of party never perpetrated a greater crime. There is not a single object which the Irish liberals profess to seek, in which they would not be diametrically opposed by their new allies. There is not a measure which the conservatives would propose, that would not be a stab at Irish liberty. Yet these men are to become repealers for the nonce, and club their broad Scotch voices, to vote the expulsion of the Saxon! Where's the man so divested of reason to believe it?

In the management of these factions, the present administration have not been eminently fortunate. To tranquillize Ireland, an even hand should have been borne between both parties; but both should have been held in check, both (as factions) should have been equally

disregarded. Instead of this, both parties have been caressed, and compromises of principle have been made to each, which have lost the administration character, without conciliating support. The Whigs, as a party, are too much afraid of their enemies, and too careless of their friends, to pass safely through an epoch of transition. They have not made themselves strong enough to carry all the good they intend, or to resist all temptation to convenient evil. But in Ireland, they have had no justice done to them, they have had no credit for their honesty of purpose, no allowance for the difficulties in their way. One party has wanted persecution; the other unbridled license; and because the government has yielded to neither, it has been attacked, almost in concert, by both. Personally, Lord Anglesey is too frank, too open-hearted, and too honest, (for an honester man never represented majesty,) to contend successfully with such contingencies. In his gestion of Irish affairs, he has too much "worn his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," and the daws have mistaken themselves for eagles. Still, amidst many petty errors, the only really great mistake that has been made in Ireland, has been in the affair of tithe. In putting the hand to the plough of church reform, there is no turning back. The subject once touched, it must be honestly and fearlessly sifted to the bottom. Nay more, if the union with England is to be preserved, the Protestant church supremacy must be abandoned and destroyed. A Catholic nation will no longer tolerate such an anomaly, when even the Protestant people of England are tired of the abuse, and are calling for religious equality. The sooner, therefore, the adjustment is made, the better for all parties: and before all things, let the ministry remember, that there must be no shuffling, no compromise, no half measures, no weakness. To the empire at large we would observe, that the state of Ireland is the just retribution which the eternal nature of things provides to punish oppression. The people of England owe Ireland a heavy debt, for having stood the tranquil observers of ministerial aggressions against that portion of the empire. They have permitted the aristocracy of England to treat Ireland like a province, and they now suffer from its struggles. Let the universal people of Great Britain, then, observe towards Ireland that policy, which a landlord would practise towards a farm that is out of condition. Let them postpone immediate financial gains, and lay themselves out, to put it into heart: and let them show themselves in their determination to see justice done to that country, at once wise politicians and honest men; otherwise, the integrity of the empire is gone; and its supremacy among European nations forfeited for ever.

M.

CHIT CHAT.

I HAVE been away some time, gentle readers, and I flatter myself that I have been missed, when you have conned over the Magazine: but that you may not suppose that it has been from idleness or any disrespect to you, I will tell you the reason. It was out of respect for a maiden aunt, who has many thousands in the three and a half per cents. to dispose of, and who, at the first alarm of the cholera, insisted upon my paying her a visit, under the dread of my falling a victim. Now, although I have no fear of the cholera myself, yet I have a great fear of disobliging my aunt, at whose demise I have reason to expect a pretty addition to my income, if I behave to her satisfaction. The consequence is, that I have been playing shilling whist and cribbage for these two months, independently of devoting myself to the finding out of riddles, enigmas, charades, and conundrums, a very favourite passion of my aunt's, and for every successful attempt at which I put myself down for at least five hundred pounds more in her will. I wish those people may be severely punished who so exercised their ingenuity in inventing them. I think that I was punished by at least two thousand of them before I made my escape. Two I recollect, more for the names attached to them than for any liking for them. One is by Sheridan—

> "The nation's glory and the nation's shame
> Differ in use, but differ not in name."

This, gentle reader, is "Stocks," and I recollected it because it reminded me of my aunt's three and a half per cents; indeed, it was thinking of them which made me find it out. The other is by Canning—

> "There is a noun of plural number,
> A foe to peace and tranquil slumber,
> But add to it the letter S,
> O mighty metamorphosis!
> The plural S is plural now no more,
> And sweet becomes what bitter was before."

This, fair ladies, is *Cares*, adding the S it becomes *caress*, and I can tax my memory with no more, at which perhaps you are not sorry.

Now, unfortunately for the parties concerned, but fortunately for me, three supposed cases of cholera occurred in our village. I represented them as *true blue*, and my aunt shut up her windows and set me at liberty, desiring me to proceed forthwith to Cheltenham, or any other decidedly favourite sojourn of Hygæia, and there purchase as much as I could with a checque upon her banker, which she slipped into my hand. I promised obedience, and here I am in London again on my way, just remaining a little while or so until I have taken counsel as to the most advisable resort, which of course will be determined by that which proves to be most fashionable. I find London nearly deserted, but that is all the same to me; London would still be

London, if London was to *let.* I have lived in it all my life, and I am never happy if away from it more than a week. The Tories are out of town, to vent their spleen and disappointment in the country; and when the sporting season comes in, every partridge that they bring down with their Mantons or Beckwiths will be a *Whig,* every pheasant a *Radical.* Every seceder from their party will be a *Hare*—the rabbits, they will of course have a respect for as *Boroughmongers.*—The Whigs are all out of town, to recruit their energies, worn out by such constant badgering, and consulting upon the means of strengthening a weak and unapt administration. His Majesty is out of town, to wonder why the people do not huzza him, as they used to do. Some are out of town to recruit finances, others are grouse shooting, others are yachting: in short, there is nobody in town except the few from necessity, and me from choice. I like it; I have my lodgings at a guinea and a half instead of three guineas, and the civility and attention divided by the waiters at the club among so many during the season, is now wholly at my service. Moreover, I am not now obliged to watch a newspaper, having the whole periodical press at my instantaneous command. Even all the sights have quitted the metropolis; I had just time to catch the Papyro Museum, a variety of little men and women made by some young ladies for charity's sake, very ingenious, and a very befitting occupation for the sex. There is, however, one exhibition stationary, which is well worth the attention of the scientific, as well as those who only seek amusement. It is in a splendid room near to the Lowther Arcade, behind St. Martin's church. The centre of the room is occupied with large basins and canals of water, upon which beautiful models of various steam-boats ply about in every direction, as if guided by some unseen fairy power. The whole room is dedicated to a variety of important and interesting inventions, among which stands pre-eminent the steam-gun of Mr. Perkins, discharging seventy or eighty bullets in a second into a target at some distance. As they are so fond of exterminating duels in America, this engine, with a duplicate, should be purchased by the government, to settle all the differences which arise so frequently in their land of independence.

One thing which has surprised me is the number of cheap periodical publications which have started up since I left London. There were several before I went out of town, but now they appear innumerable. I purchased nine newspapers or magazines the other day for a shilling, and a very cheap shilling's worth I found them. All were very amusing, but I think the "Original" pleased me best. The cheapest of all, considering the size, was the "Thief," which contained extracts from all the best magazines. When I read this paper, which at least has honesty to recommend it, (as its title proves,) I thought of the story of the two fellows who sold birch-brooms. "How do you contrive," says one to the other, "to undersell me, Jem; I steals all my stuff?" "Vy, Bill, I'll tell you vy—I steals my brooms ready made." Now, the "Thief" is so very cheap, that it's a query to me whether he does not only steal his matter, but steals his *paper* too.

I certainly was in hopes that I should hear no more of the Reform

Bill, but it appears a most unquiet spirit, never to be at rest. Now, it appears that his majesty's ministers have not understood their own Bill, and could not explain it, when questioned in the House. The people of England are in an awkward dilemma; they have to choose between talent with knavery, and imbecility with honesty. Neither will in future be permitted to carry on the government of this country. The Whigs must strengthen themselves, or prepare to surrender up their trust to Reformers and Radicals.

Coming up to town in the mail, I was amused with my two fellow-passengers—one of them a stout gentleman of a certain age, evidently a man of business, and very little inclined to be talkative; the other a young man, who could not hold his tongue, but chattered incessantly for talking's sake. The hour of daylight which remained after we set off, I defended myself from him by a book which I tried to peruse, and as soon as it was dark, and I was forced to lay it down, I answered the first interrogatory put by a loud snore. The talkative gentleman returned to my fellow-passenger, who had already evinced considerable impatience, but who at last resorted to my plan of covering his head with a handkerchief, and pretending to be asleep. Still this could not make the young man silent, who at every stoppage to change horses would address him with a "Well, how do you feel yourself now, sir?" "Pretty well, I thank you, sir," was the constant tart reply. This polite question having been answered about ten times, the stout gentleman lost his patience, and at last, when the query again came, "Well, how do you feel yourself now, sir?" he replied, "Sir, I beg to inform you for the last time that I feel quite as well as usual. Should any alteration take place in my health between this and the end of our journey, I pledge myself that you shall be the first to receive the information."

Cholera still terrifies, and what is worse, carries off many of his majesty's loyal subjects. The fear of disease has made a certain class of people very bold, and an inquisition has taken place, and is generally submitted to, which nothing but a search warrant could justify.

Rather an amusing circumstance relative to this point was told me the other day by a friend who had arrived from the sea coast. A very orthodox divine took upon himself to enter every house in his vicinity, and examine them from the cellar to the garret, to ascertain if all was sweet and clean. Amongst others, he ventured into one belonging to a smuggler, during his absence. The wife was afraid to refuse admittance, and as, fortunately, there were no run goods at the time in the house, he was permitted to poke his nose into every corner. "Really pretty well, my good woman," said the clerical gentleman, after a most deliberate examination; "a little paint here, a little whitewash in the garrets, and the yard better swept, and, on the whole, it does you much credit." So saying, he departed. The smuggler returned, and was duly informed of this inquisitorial visit. "This will never do," observed he; "if he comes again, he may spy more than I wish, so I'll put a stop to it." The next morning the smuggler called at the parsonage; the door was opened by a maid-servant, he brushed by her, and ascending the staircase walked into the bed-room of the clergyman's lady. The maid, horror-struck and

alarmed at such sacrilege, ran in haste to her master, informing him of what had occurred, and expressing her opinion that the man had come to rob the house. The reverend gentleman, who was rather choleric, hastened up stairs in great wrath, when he discovered the smuggler surveying the furniture of his bed. "What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel, by coming up into Mrs. P——'s room; do you come to rob the house?" "By no means, sir, only to return your visit. I have examined this room, and will now, if you please, go into all the others. As far as I have seen, you are very clean; a little paint here, and a little whitewash on the ceiling, may improve it; but on the whole, it is highly creditable both to you and Mrs. P." As the reverend gentleman had no intention that people should return his calls, the practice was discontinued.

Talking about cholera, that work of Dr. Stevens on the blood is one of the most interesting that has been published for some time. The faculty are generally opposed to it, and for that very circumstance I think well of it. There is envy in all professions. Dr. Stevens has started a new theory, borne out by considerable practice, in which he states that in all febrile complaints there exists a want of saline matter in the blood. Long practice in the West Indies has proved it in the yellow fever, and it has since been to a certain degree established to be the fact in the cholera, which has been, if his assertions are well founded, treated most successfully, by supplying to the human body the saline matter deficient. It is not to be supposed that a thing in its infancy can be altogether correct, but that sufficient has already been established to lead to very important results, there cannot be a doubt. I hope before I am called away that we may send up a small vial of our blood by the mail, requesting a remedy for our disease by return of post.

I have already mentioned the Somerset House Exhibition at the commencement of the season; but there is a little episode connected with it, which I shall narrate here. A very young man, the son of a market gardener, had been seized with the mania of painting. He had for some months astonished his father and mother with fac similes of cabbages, &c., and many were the pottles of strawberries, the revenues of which had been sacrificed by them to purchase materiel to enable him to prosecute his studies. In a few months he despised "still life," as it is termed, and would not take the portrait of any cabbage, on any consideration. He commenced portrait painter—and instead of being young Squills, the self-taught artist, he was Mr. Squills, portrait painter. At the time that I first made his acquaintance, he was patronized by a whimsical lady of my acquaintance, who with nothing very peculiarly interesting in her face, had a remarkably well turned neck and shoulders. One day I entered the room, when I found Miss L—— sitting at the fire, reading a book, and this young man taking a back view of her. It certainly was so very like, that every one recognized it, and the fame of Mr. Squills was considerably augmented from this successful attempt; for, argued those who knew nothing about it, if he can take a likeness that every one knows it, without your seeing the face, what extraordinary likenesses must he be able to make with the assistance of eyes, nose, mouth, and all those

et ceteras! This was my first acquaintance with Mr. Squills, and the lady pressed me so very hard to encourage such remarkable genius, that I consented, and, for the sum of five guineas, I agreed that he should take a likeness, (not of myself, for I have a great objection to being taken off,) but of my study. At his particular request I allowed him, however, to insert a picture of myself, hanging on the wall in a gold frame. Altogether it was not a bad attempt, and I lent it to the same lady, who still retains it, with a view of showing the remarkable versatility of genius in her protegé.

Thus did I constitute myself one of his patrons. A few months afterwards, and a few weeks previous to the opening of the Somerset House Exhibition, I received a visit from Mr. Squills, who had cut his father and mother, and the market garden, and now lived in Frith Street. It was to request that I would oblige him by condescending to call in at his *rooms*, to give my opinion of what he might say that he considered as his *chef d'œuvre*, and which he was about to send to the Exhibition. A patron could do no less, and I consented. The next day I called according to my appointment, and found that Mr. Squills had lodgings over a carver and gilder of frames, very convenient in case of great demand. I was received in a small room, with two windows, of which the shutters of one were open, and the other closed, to avoid cross light. The performance itself was veiled with two checked aprons, borrowed, I presume, from the maid of all work. After a few bows and introductory depreciations of his performance, this humble veil was withdrawn, and there appeared upon about four square yards of canvas, Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise, walking right out of the picture towards you, their faces covered up with their hands. This was a front view certainly, but it reminded me of the back view of my female acquaintance; and although here again the features were not exposed, yet there was no mistaking Adam and Eve, from the associating concomitants of the fig leaves. I looked for some time in silence. "What do you think of the muscular anatomy, sir," said the artist, who perhaps thought that I ought to have spoken before. It was the very thing that I was thinking of. It was muscle, and all muscle. Adam was horrible, and Eve disgusting. It was development with a vengeance. Every joint of Eve's toes appeared to have a bunnion on them. Adam's were more like eagles' talons; and the more you receded from the extremities, the more monstrous they became. Even the fig leaves appeared to have been cut out of double block tin. From the appearance of Eve, I was very much inclined to ask Mr. Squills, whether this was intended as a representation of the parting about eight months after their ejectment, but I held my tongue on that score, that I might not wound his feelings.

"You have attempted a difficult style, Mr. Squills," observed I; "the historical is the summit of the art." "It is, sir," replied he; "I hope you think there is a little merit in the attempt." "There is great boldness," replied I evasively; "but, Mr. Squills, as it is not much more than two years since you laid down the dibble for the pallet, may I ask you if you have ever studied the human figure from living models?" "Not much, sir; I have never had an opportunity." "Because it appears to me that the contour of the female form is never

to be perfectly acquired without. You say you have never drawn from a living female model." "Never, sir, never," stammered Mr. Squills, blushing up to the eyes; "I really cannot say that I——ever saw a lady——without her gown." "I thought so," replied I. "Well, then, Mr. Squills, taking that circumstance into consideration, I think it is not surprising that your Eve appears to me to be a little harsh in her contour." "I can soften it down." "Do so," replied I; "and whilst you are about it, it may be as well to polish up Adam, for you recollect that he was not obliged to labour with the sweat of his brow in Paradise, and it is only by exercise that the muscles become so extremely prominent. I wish you every success." So saying, I departed, nor did I see my friend Squills again until yesterday. I certainly looked for his picture in the Exhibition, and was rather glad not to find it, as I know how much he would have been mortified at the critiques upon it. Yesterday, however, he called, looking very sorely, and after a few preliminaries I inquired about his *chef d'œuvre*. He shook his head, replied that it certainly was not in the Exhibition, having been sent to another place—to wit, the pawnbroker's. "These little accidents are incidental to the profession, sir," observed he; "I could not redeem it in time, and there it remains." I expressed my regret at the circumstance, and was curious to know what sum he might have obtained for it. "Thirty shillings!" was his reply, "but pawnbrokers are no judges of paintings." I thought that in this instance the pawnbroker certainly was, but there was no necessity to tell him so. The conversation ended in the request of a loan of five pounds, to be punctually repaid in a very short time. This I consented to, observing that he must not ask me again; and thus I hope I have got rid of my patronage of Mr. Squills, whose prospects of repayment appear to be very distant.

I do not know more intellectual agreeable companions than painters, and I generally court their society. I have often been amused with their anecdotes. I recollect one that was told me of a lady who was sitting to a portrait painter. A few minutes after the gentleman commenced, the lady interrupted him with, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I think it right that I should mention that I have had nineteen children, and I hope you'll make allowance for them."

Running over the French papers, I was amused with the following description of a philanthropist in the *Nouvelliste*. It would appear that they have "saints" in France as well as in this country.

"A Philanthropist.—A philanthropist is a being whose zeal in the cause of humanity engrosses his every thought; he loves all men by profession, more especially robbers and assassins, and this he takes every advantage of making known through the public journals. He never goes abroad without the plan of a penitentiary system in his pocket, and is always ready to accept, at the cost of humanity, any sinecure place of about ten thousand pounds per annum, with an indemnity for travelling, postage expenses, &c."

So the Marquis of Londonderry has been presented with a young bear—was it by the marchioness? Sympathetic affections are remarkably curious, and little understood. His lordship has been growling like a bear with a sore head, this last year, about the Reform Bill, and his continual choler may have engendered such a progeny.

As the House of Lords is closed for the present, his lordship must arrange for a temporary bear-garden, or keep it in the nursery. When Theodore Hooke heard of it, he exclaimed, "More mischief *Bruin*."

I sat down in the United Service Club for two hours the other day, without one member making his appearance. At last old Admiral —— came hobbling in, and I accosted him as a wayfarer in a desert.

"So the last levee is over, sir, at last." "Yes, yes," growled the admiral. "Over indeed. His Majesty thinks himself on board ship again, and has as many levees as we used to have clean shirt days. There's such a thing as overdoing a thing." "But, sir, you forget that the variety of orders and ribbons, which are so generously distributed, require a succession of levees to show them off." "Yes, yes; but, sir, I can tell you that we consider this an act of *injustice*. Old officers who have served their country, and who could not obtain, without fighting up to their knees in blood, what is now made as common and as cheap as printed calicoes, consider this an act of injustice—a description of robbery." "Indeed, sir, I hardly comprehend you. His Majesty has certainly a right to distribute honours as he may please." "Sir, he has no right, any more than he has a right to distribute the money of the country. When orders of merit are the reward of service, they are of value; but the moment that they are given to those not entitled to them, they become of no value—the distinction is lost. If therefore they have become of no value by injudicious distribution, it is clear that the property of those who obtained them for hard service is depreciated. His Majesty may knight the whole of his Foot Guards, and *Guelph* the whole of the cavalry, if he pleases; but the Order of the Bath is only for service in the field, and he has no right to give it to those who have seen none. R—— and I were looking into the list the other day, and we have made an exposé of it, which I shall send to one of the periodicals. I wish you good morning, sir." So saying, the old admiral hobbled, growling, out of the room. "There's no pleasing some people."

"Well, I've decided at last—I'm off to Portsmouth. The Vernon has proved what naval officers prophesied of her. She beats the Castor and every other ship, and I shall accept an invitation to mirth and good fun on board of Lord ——'s yacht, that I may see with my own eyes."

SCRAPS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER.

Geneva, 1819.

Even here, in this region of wonders, I find
How light-footed Fancy can leave Truth behind;
Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turn her astray
By the golden illusions he flings in her way.

That scene, on whose glory, last evening I gazed,
Was it all then a vision,—a fairy-land raised
On the wreck of the sunset?* that lengthen'd array
Of magnificent Alps, shining still with a light
More holy and pure than the radiance of Day,
As if nearness to Heaven had made them thus bright!—
Then the dying, at last, of those splendours away
From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,
One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,
O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly hung,
Like the last sunny step of Astræa, when high
From the summit of earth to elysium she sprung!
And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the sight
Till they mingled with heaven, now shorn of their light,
Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,
Like the ghosts of a giant Creation gone by!

That scene—I have viewed it this morning again,
By a sunlight as radiant as hung o'er it then,—
There was all, in its features, that pencil or lay
Of so grand a reality e'er could convey;
The valley, the lake, in their tenderest charms,—
Mont Blanc, in his awfulest pomp,—and the whole
A bright picture of Beauty, reclined in the arms
Of Sublimity, bridegroom belov'd of her soul!

But where are the mountains that round me, at first,
One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst?
Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on
Like the waves of eternity—where are they gone?
Clouds—clouds—they, alas, were but clouds, after all!
That chain of Mont Blancs, which my fancy flew o'er,
With a wonder which nought on this earth can recal,
Were but clouds of the evening, and now are no more!

* It is often very difficult to distinguish between Alps and clouds, and, on the evening when I first saw this magnificent scene, the clouds were so disposed along the whole horizon, as to deceive me into an idea of the stupendous extent of these mountains, which, on my viewing the scene again next morning, was of course somewhat painfully dissipated.

O Fancy, why is it there lurks in thy beams
More pain than delight for the heart where they fall?
Without thee, life loses its sunniest dreams,
And *with* thee, life's brightest realities pall.

Milan.

Went to *the Brera*—saw a Dance of Loves,
By smooth ALBANO; him, whose pencil teems
With Cupids, countless as in summer groves
The leaflets are, or motes in summer beams.

'Tis for the theft of ENNA's flower* from earth
These urchins celebrate their dance of mirth,
Round in a ring, like fays upon a heath;—
Those that are nearest link'd in order bright,
Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a wreath;
And those at distance showing, from beneath
The others' wings, their little eyes of light.
While see, among the clouds, their eldest brother
But just flown up, tells, with a smile of bliss,
This prank of Pluto to his charmed mother,
Who turns to greet the tidings with a kiss!

Well might the Loves rejoice,—and well did they,
Who wove this fable, picture, in their weaving,
That blessed truth (which, in a darker day,
ORIGEN lost his saintship for believing,)
That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless ray
Nor Time, nor Death, nor Sin can overcast,
Even to the depths of Hell will find his way,
And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last!

GUERCINO's *Agar*,—where the bond-maid hears
From ABRAM's lips that he and she must part,
And looks at him with eyes so full of tears,—
As if no more were left within her heart.

Exquisite picture!—let me not be told,
By pedant tongues, of colouring tame and cold;
Of faults, whose memory only could have dwelt
In minds o'er which such beauties shone unfelt.—
If thus to conjure up a living face,
Living with thought, and there the story trace
Of all that woman suffers, when the stay
Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away;
If thus to touch the bosom's inmost spring,
By calling into life such eyes as bring
Back to our sad remembrance some of those
We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes,

* The Rape of Proserpine.

Filling them thus with tears, like tears we've known,
Till all the pictur'd grief becomes our own;
If such the boast, the victory of Art,—
If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart
Before all eyes, be Genius—it is *there!*

Venice.

O poets, poets, dream at home,
If you would *still* have visions haunt you;
Trust me, if once abroad you roam,
That mar-all, Truth, will disenchant you.
Still think of VENICE, as in dreams
You've seen her, by her ocean-streams;—
Fancy the calm and cool delights
Of gondolas on summer nights;
Of sailing o'er the bright Lagoon,
And listening, as you glide along,
To lays from TASSO, by that moon
Whose beams, alas! he felt too strong,
And of whose mad'ning philters all,
Who feel the Muse's genuine call,
Are doom'd, at times, to drink as deep,
As did Endymion in his sleep!

Still by your fire-sides sit, and think
Of palaces, along the brink
Of ocean-floods,—whose shadows there
Look like the ruins, grand and fair,
Of some lost ATALANTIS, seen
Beneath the wave, when heaven's serene.
People those palaces with forms
Lovely as TITIAN ever drew—
Bright creatures, whom the sunbeam warms
With that ethereal gas, all through,
Which finds a vent at lips and eyes,
And lights up in a lover's sighs.
Fancy these young Venetian maids
Listening, at night, to serenades
From amorous lutes, where Music, such
As southern skies alone afford,
Echoes to every burning touch,
And thrills in each impassion'd chord.

All this imagine, and still more,—
For whither may not Fancy soar,
If Truth do not, alas! too soon,
Puncture her brilliant air-balloon—
But go not to the spot, I pray;
O do not, *do* not, some fine day,

Order, like STERNE, your travelling breeches;—
All's lost, if once upon your way,
The passport of Lord ———
  Is death to Fancy—like his speeches.

If you would save *some* dreams of youth
From the torpedo touch of Truth,
Go not to VENICE—do not blight
Your early fancies with the sight
Of her true, real, dismal state—
Her mansions, foul and desolate,—
Her close canals, exhaling wide
  Such fetid airs as—with those domes
Of silent grandeur, by their side,
  Where step of life ne'er goes or comes,
And those black barges plying round
With melancholy, plashing sound,—
Seem like a city, where the Pest
  Is holding her last visitation,
And all, ere long, will be at rest,
  The dead, sure rest of desolation.

So look'd, at night-fall, oft to me
That ruin'd City of the Sea;
And, as the gloomy fancy grew
Still darker with night's darkening hue,
All round me seem'd by Death o'ercast,—
Each footstep in those halls the last;
And the dim boats, as slow they pass'd,
All burial-barks, with each its load
Of livid corpses, feebly row'd
By fading hands, to find a bed
In waters less choked up with dead.

* * * * * *

THOMAS MOORE.

(To be continued.)

THE EFFECTS OF THE REFORM BILL.

THE popular cause has now finally triumphed, and those by whom it has been so long and so steadily supported, may now rejoice in the pleasing expectation that the country is about to enter upon a new career of happiness and prosperity, and that each succeeding year will still more manifestly prove the advantages of that great measure, which has now passed into a law. The people are now virtually their own rulers, and it depends upon them, and them alone, whether in future the government is to act according to those rules which are calculated to promote the real benefit of the country, and to fix upon a permanent and extended basis those rights and privileges, which have so long been the pride and glory of Britain. We cannot but flatter ourselves with the delightful hope, that the influence now acquired by the intelligent and well educated part of the community, will impart new vigour to the working of the constitution, and repair those defects in its practical operation, which all have acknowledged and lamented, but for which no adequate remedy has yet been found. We do not pretend to underrate the many blessings which the people of this country have enjoyed under the present constitution, but all must admit that our established institutions, however excellent in their origin and principle, have in progress of time contracted many abuses, and can only be restored to their former efficiency by being brought into harmony with the spirit of the age, and the feelings and opinions of the people. To whatever department of the state our attention is directed, improvements are visibly necessary, and it would surely be highly desirable that these improvements should be effected as speedily as possible, that the people may not learn to confound establishments, useful in themselves, with the abuses which have been engrafted upon them, and thus be prepared to listen to those who will attempt to persuade them that nothing but an entire overturn of our present system can restore purity and usefulness to the government.

We firmly believe that in the complicated state of our society, and amidst the contending interests of so many different classes, all seeking their own particular advantage at the expense of the public, no vigorous or extensive measures of improvement could have been adopted, without a previous and effectual reform in the representation of the people. In our estimation, the great benefit to be derived from the Reform Bill is, that it enables the people to return to parliament a large and independent majority, which, deeply convinced of the necessity of these improvements which are so loudly called for, will not be deterred from effecting them by the clamours of private interest or party prejudice. Men are still, indeed, but men, and members of parliament will not probably be less accessible than before to those indirect motives, which have too often influenced their past conduct; but happily the people will not now be compelled to trust solely to the virtue of their representatives, but will exercise over their deliberations a powerful and commanding influence, which they will not deem it safe or expedient to resist. Even at present, indeed, public opinion exercises, in the long run, a powerful and irresistible influence over the proceedings of the government and the deliberations of the senate; but now its influence will become direct and immediate, and no administration, however bold—no parliament, however servile—will dare to propose or sanction measures condemned at the bar of this impartial judge.

But it would be consistent neither with the lessons of history, nor with a knowledge of human nature, to assert that that great measure, the

success of which is now spreading joy and hope throughout the land, must, as a matter of course, be attended with those beneficial effects to which we have above alluded, and the realization of which must be so ardently desired by every true lover of his country, to whatever party he belongs. It is a lamentable truth, that political measures, however excellent in themselves, and however well intended, may, by the influence of causes which human prudence can neither foresee nor control, be productive of those very dangers and misfortunes which they were devised to anticipate and prevent. Besides, it cannot be denied that those privileges which are conferred by the Reform Bill, if they are powerful for good, are equally powerful for evil; and it must not be forgotten that there will soon arise men who will seek to delude the people, and to imbue them with those prejudices which may most effectually answer the purposes of their own wild and unprincipled ambition. The people, indeed, are well intentioned, and if they saw in their true light measures which can terminate only in anarchy, confusion, and general misery, they would revolt from them with horror and detestation; but, unfortunately, when their passions are inflamed, and powerful appeals made to their natural prejudices, the dictates of reason are disregarded, or reason itself, shamefully perverted, appears to sanction what, if properly enlightened, it would most loudly condemn. This danger becomes greater and more urgent, when we take into consideration the fact that there still exists a large and powerful party, which, by every means in its power, has sought to thwart the wishes of the people in regard to reform, and which still remains firmly opposed to the ulterior changes which are the necessary consequences of the Reform Bill, and without which that bill would, in the estimation of the people, be deprived of half its value. The Tories may be still said to rule in the House of Lords, and to possess no small influence at court; and in these two circumstances we confess we see the seeds of much future mischief, unless the aristocracy, warned by past events, should see the folly of opposing the popular current, and would gracefully and cheerfully yield up that which they can no longer retain. Deeply impressed with these considerations, sincerely desirous that the country may derive from the Reform Bill all those advantages which it is naturally calculated to produce, we cannot refrain from offering a few observations on those means which are most likely to secure those inestimable blessings, and triumphantly to disappoint those gloomy anticipations which have been held out by the enemies of reform, and which cannot fail sometimes to fill with anxiety its most ardent friends.

It must be admitted by all, whatever may be their opinions or their party, that on the character of the first reformed parliament every thing depends, and that the measures of that assembly must be the fruitful source of good or evil, not only to the present, but to many succeeding generations. The House of Commons will indeed be placed in an arduous and trying situation; and it is only by a union of firmness and prudence, that it can overcome those difficulties by which it will be surrounded, and avoid those dangers which will beset it on every side. All men look forward with eager and longing expectation to the destined period, when the true representatives of the people shall meet together, every faction and every party fondly anticipating the triumph of its own principles, and the people confiding in their exertions for the relief of that distress which now so severely presses upon them. Many hopes are now entertained, which are doomed to be disappointed; but we trust, that the measures of a reformed House of Commons, will satisfy every reasonable desire, and that its conduct will prove it to be sincerely devoted to the best interests of the people, and determined to promote their real welfare, equally disregarding the smiles of power, and the clamours of faction. By refusing to lend itself to the support of any particular party; by a cautious

and careful, but searching inquiry, into the abuses which prevail in the public establishments of the state; by a temperate and gradual, but firm and persevering, course of general reform, the House of Commons will command that public respect and confidence, without which no legislative assembly can efficiently perform its duties. Urged forward, on the one hand, by the ardent desires and extreme opinions of the democratical party, and thwarted and restrained on the other hand by the crown and the aristocracy, it will require no ordinary exertion of patriotism and virtue, to refuse its exclusive support to either of these parties, and to pursue that course which may gain the approbation of the great body of the people, who are attached to no party, and are ever ready to support any plan which may appear conducive to the permanent welfare and tranquillity of the country.

But it is evident, that the conduct of the House of Commons, and the character of its members, depend entirely upon those by whom our new legislators are to be chosen; and that there now devolves upon the electors of Great Britain one of the most solemn and important duties which men and citizens can be called upon to discharge. It becomes each individual on whom has been conferred the right of voting for a representative in parliament, to remember that he is strictly responsible for the exercise of this important trust, and that in its execution, he cannot, without a great moral crime, allow himself to be biassed by any private interest or feeling. He ought to remember, that the elective franchise is not a mere idle privilege, or a means of promoting his own private benefit, but a great and valuable right, by the strict and impartial exercise of which, he may confer great and important advantages upon his country and the world. Although it cannot be expected that an ordinary elector should possess that extensive political knowledge, without which no man is qualified for forming a correct opinion upon those great questions of foreign and domestic policy, which must be agitated in parliament, he may at least, with tolerable accuracy, judge whether the candidate who solicits his vote is fitted for his post by his capacity, knowledge, and experience. It is a truth but too well known, not to be readily acknowledged, that hitherto, many of those who have been regarded as very reputable members of parliament, have been little distinguished by those moral or intellectual qualities, without which no man is entitled to become the legislator of a great country, or, indeed, of any country, great or small. The electors themselves have very rarely instituted any particular inquiry into the character and capacity of a candidate, provided he possessed that rank and fortune which they conceived necessary to a member of parliament, and have thought themselves at perfect liberty to dispose of their votes from motives of private friendship or interest; or, indeed, from any motive except a conviction that the individual whom they supported would become either an able or useful member of the legislature. Unless a very extensive and radical reform takes place on this point, the reform which we have now gained had been better withheld; and whatever character the new parliament may assume, whether it may become an aristocratical or democratical assembly, the majority of its members will, as before, remain incapable of judging for themselves on those political questions which must be decided by their vote—will, as they have hitherto done, follow the opinion of some chosen leader, ignorant and careless whether the measures which he supports are right or wrong. It is, indeed, a matter of necessity, that in a large public assembly, there should be particular leaders, supported by particular parties; but if the ordinary members of that assembly are men of intelligence and capacity, their leaders must be proportionably distinguished by such qualities, and must propose measures really good in themselves, and sanctioned by reason and experience.

It would be ridiculous, however, to assert, that the people upon the present occasion ought implicitly to rely upon the professions of candidates; and because they strenuously affirm that they are entirely independent and unfettered, and that all their proceedings will be dictated by a pure regard to what they believe to be the best interests of the country, ought, without hesitation, to give their vote in favour of such firm and disinterested patriots. It is impossible that at present the people can be expected to know much of the character or ability of those who have never yet come forward in public life, and where self-recommendations are the only guarantees for their ability suitably to execute that trust, the responsibility of which they are so ready and anxious to take upon themselves. The Reform Bill has called into the field a vast number of new candidates, who, unable to adduce their past lives as evidences of their political capacity and experience, launch out into most ample professions as to what they will do, and address themselves to all those motives which are most likely to influence the people. This circumstance, and many others, ought to render the new electors very cautious as to pledging themselves, which might become a matter of regret, when those pledges interfered with the dictates of their more enlightened judgment.

All the candidates who now come forward, may be said, with few exceptions, to belong to one or other of the three great parties into which the country is now divided, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals. Many, indeed, stoutly assert their entire independence, and add, that they belong to no party but that of the country; but their acknowledged principles or known partialities clearly enough indicate the party whose opinions they adopt, and whose measures they will in general support. The Whig candidate commences his address with congratulating the people on the success of Reform, declares his determination to support the administration which proposed and carried the great measure, and concludes by gently hinting at the necessity of further Reform, and expresses his intention of opposing all abuses, and supporting all useful and salutary improvements. The Tories must find it no easy matter to frame their addresses in a manner not inconsistent with their former professions, and yet not offensive to those whose favour they are soliciting; and, accordingly, we find that they allude both to their past principles and future conduct, in a very vague and general manner. Some thought the Reform Bill did not go far enough, others deny not that they were opposed to the Bill, but since it has now become the law of the land, they are willing to yield it all due obedience and respect, and are even more anxious than its warmest friends that it may double the good which was anticipated from it. As to their future conduct, they apparently affect great independence, for they take no notice either of the ministry or the opposition, and as to the future measures which they are inclined to support, they are not very explicit, but decline giving any pledges which may interfere with the impartial exercise of their own judgment. The Radicals being yet a small party, and not indulging, we suppose, many present hopes of office, speak more openly, and fearlessly point out by name all those abuses in church and state, which they are resolved to extirpate with the least possible delay.

In that great struggle which has now commenced, and which will continue to agitate the country during the next six months, it is evident that the great contest must lie between the Whigs and Tories, as the Radicals do not yet constitute an acknowledged and distinct party, and are besides destitute of that external influence which is possessed by the two great parties into which the country has been hitherto divided. That there will be a few men of extreme opinions returned to parliament cannot be doubted, but the great majority of the new members will probably consist of moderate reformers, or those who are opposed to all fresh innovation. The provisions of the Reform Bill are so various, extensive, and

impartial, that their practical operation must be as yet a matter of great uncertainty, and it must be scarcely possible to procure materials on which to ground any probable opinion as to the ultimate prospect of the contending parties. In the counties and rural districts the Tories must possess great influence, and it is natural to suppose that the ties which connect the agricultural electors with the great proprietors will in some degree influence the disposal of their votes, not only from motives of private interest, but also from feelings of local respect and attachment. Tenants are in so many ways, and to so great an extent, placed in the power of their landlords, that there is much reason to apprehend that the latter will endeavour to control the former in the free exercise of those rights which have been now conferred upon them. This course may be attended with a present and partial success, but let those who resort to it remember that in the present excited and jealous state of the people, this is the most likely means to produce a revolution against all rank and property, the possessors of which will begin to be regarded by the body of the people as their natural enemies and oppressors. In the chief cities and large manufacturing towns, the results of the new elections may be calculated with something more nearly approaching to certainty, and it is highly probable that these will in general return men of liberal and reforming principles, who are friendly to the present government, and to the moderate reform of existing institutions.

The original introduction of the Reform Bill, and its final success, without any material alteration, no doubt afford to the Whigs a great advantage in the approaching elections, and must constitute a strong claim to the favour of the new electors, who, but for their exertions, would never have acquired their present privileges. The Tories by their moderate but almost factious opposition to this great and popular measure, certainly greatly alienated from themselves the affection of the people, and they must now feel it a little awkward to solicit the votes of those whose admission to the elective franchise they resisted with so much obstinacy and bitterness. The Whigs are therefore at present at a height of a popularity, which is always, at least, the immediate reward of those who maintain the popular cause, while the Tories labour under a load of public odium, resulting from the agitation and distress which have pervaded all classes in consequence of the protracted discussion of the Reform Bill. The Whigs, therefore, enter upon the contest under the most favourable circumstances, while the Tories engage in it under the the greatest disadvantage, and this circumstance will probably produce no small effect upon the final issue of the struggle. Besides, the great majority of the new electors are strongly impressed with the necessity of a very extensive reform in the church establishment of England and Ireland, in the administration of the laws, and in almost every branch of the executive government. Now, as the Whigs have already made so great and important a concession to public opinion, the people must naturally suppose that they are resolved to march on at the head of the public opinion, and to carry reform into every quarter where its purifying and invigorating influence is or may become necessary. But the Tories, by their acknowledged principles, and by their past conduct, are regarded as the natural enemies of all improvement, and their present vague and ambiguous professions of political faith cannot fail greatly to increase that distrust as to their future intentions, which already exists in the public mind.

Although it must be rash to form any positive conclusion as to a matter of so much uncertainty, we are inclined, taking all circumstances into consideration, to believe that the first reformed parliament will contain a great majority of Whig members and supporters of the present administration. Should this prove to be the fact, we will hail it as a very for-

tunate event, and one which is calculated to produce the best effects upon the present and future interests of the country. It cannot be denied, and ought not to be concealed, that after the long and violent excitement which has prevailed in the public mind, there remains a feverish restlessness, and a certain appetite for political change, which is too apt to become at once habitual and agreeable, and which cannot too soon give place to those quiet and peaceful habits which are absolutely necessary to secure the peace and prosperity of the country. In such a state of the public feeling as the present, a strong, vigorous, and popular government, adequately supported by Parliament, is most urgently required; and if anything can tend to produce a revolution, it must be frequent changes of ministry, or a weak and vacillating policy on the part of the existing administration. The history of every revolution strikingly illustrates the bad effects which are produced, when those great political changes, which occasionally become necessary in every country, are forcibly extorted from a reluctant and hostile government; and had the Tories, compelled by the powerful expression of public opinion, granted a Reform, opposed to all their acknowledged principles, it would probably have been the commencement of a long series of changes, destined only to terminate in the entire overthrow of every existing institution. It is a political truth, inculcated by reason, and confirmed by all experience, that no concession can be safe unless freely granted by a strong and well-established government, which, possessing the confidence of the people, can so anticipate and direct the influence of public opinion, as to render it truly and practically beneficial. But let it never be forgotten, that no government can attain or preserve this proud and commanding position, which does not carefully watch the progress of the public mind, and so frame its measures as to meet the growing opinions, which, undetected by superficial observers, only await some accidental circumstance to become the watchwords of a people resolute and unanimous in the pursuit of one common object.

Should the present government, therefore, as we earnestly hope and desire, procure in the New Parliament a large and decided majority, there will devolve upon it the serious responsibility of adopting those ulterior measures, which may at once satisfy and tranquillize the public mind. There exists among all classes of the community, a deep-seated and daily-increasing conviction, that great and extensive reforms are still necessary, but as yet there appears to be no very general or decided opinion as to the exact nature and extent of such changes. It is this circumstance which constitutes at once the delicacy and difficulty of that task which is imposed upon government, and every step which is now taken might be attended with the most important, and may be with the most fatal and irreparable consequences. The present ministers, so far at least as their intentions are concerned, possess the confidence of the country; and by exhibiting their determination not to rest satisfied with what they have already done, may be enabled to establish a decided, but gradual system of amelioration which may conciliate, without injuriously exciting public opinions. Were the Radicals in possession of office, they must, as a matter of course, immediately prepare the most extensive and sweeping changes; and the Tories would, if in power, be compelled to adopt nearly a similar course. The Whigs alone can adopt that moderate policy, which is consistent with their known principles, and which, if firm and decided, and honestly persevered in, will prove acceptable to the great body of the people.

Amidst those great and perplexing questions which must at the commencement of a new Parliament engross the attention of the government and the legislature, there are two points in our domestic policy, on which, before concluding this article, we cannot refrain from offering a few obser-

servations. We allude to the distress which so obviously prevails among the working classes, and to the alarming state of Ireland, which hourly assumes a more formidable and threatening aspect. Both these questions are of surpassing interest and importance, and cannot be much longer neglected, without leading to consequences which, however little anticipated, will not therefore be the less dreadful and dangerous.

All those who have directed their attention to the condition of the people, are well aware that for some years past they have been subjected to many, and most severe privations; and that numerous bodies of vigorous and industrious labourers have been compelled to depend upon the poor laws for a scanty and degrading subsistence. There now exists among the agricultural and manufacturing population, a scarcity of employment which is rapidly reducing the wages of labour to that point, when the poor man, sacrificing every comfort and indulgence, must content himself with what is barely necessary to support his wretched existence. That the excitement and agitation produced by the Reform Bill has, for the time, considerably aggravated this distress, cannot be denied; but it would be a gross and most fatal mistake, to imagine that the temporary impulse imparted to trade by the passing of this great measure, will, to any great extent, or for any lengthened period, improve the situation of the labouring population. The depression which at present prevails, both in commerce and agriculture, cannot justly be ascribed to any temporary embarrassment or passing excitement; but has apparently resulted from the long peace, the great changes which have taken place in our commercial policy, the activity of foreign competition, and other causes which it is not necessary particularly to specify.

But it requires no tedious investigation, nor lengthened inquiry, to discover that unless some immediate measures are adopted to improve the condition of the working classes, the most serious consequences may be apprehended from the disappointment of those hopes which have been excited by the Reform Bill. There may, indeed, be little reason, for a time at least, to fear any external violence and outrage; but what would perhaps be a still greater evil, the people, inflamed by demagogues, will contend for the most sweeping changes in the political constitution, fondly expecting from them that relief which they have not derived from the success of reform. In these circumstances, it is certain that a great majority of the middle and upper classes, regarding every other evil as unspeakably less dreadful than the danger of a popular insurrection, will join in the general cry, and at last succeed in extorting those concessions which will only serve to aggravate the misery which they were intended to relieve, and thus lead to new demands and new concessions still more fatal and inefficacious. It ought, therefore, to be the great object of government to promote, if possible, some relief for that distress which so generally prevails among the lower classes, and to devise some plan which may meet those evils which have resulted from causes, the effects of which are in future more likely to be increased than diminished. At a time of such urgent necessity, the wealthier classes of the community ought willingly to make any sacrifices which may be required, and their very readiness to do so will of itself exercise a beneficial and tranquillizing influence on the minds of the people. That this is a subject surrounded with difficulties cannot be denied, and amidst those conflicting opinions which are entertained regarding the causes and remedies of our present domestic embarrassments, the most enlightened and experienced statesmen may well pause before they prepare measures which, however well considered, may prove not only ineffectual, but even injurious.

If, in the present situation and future prospects of Great Britain, there is any thing truly ominous or alarming, it must be sought for in her connexion with Ireland, and in the distracted and divided state of that un-

happy country. Amidst all the jarring statements of opposite parties, there is one melancholy truth denied by none, that Ireland is at this moment a prey to almost every evil which can afflict human society, the virulence of contending factions, the savage outrages of an ignorant and infuriated peasantry, and the wide spread misery of an overgrown and half-famished population, all unite to render her condition beyond measure wretched and deplorable. The great body of the people, ardently attached to the Catholic faith, and implicitly obedient to the Catholic priesthood, view with deep and sullen jealousy the riches and splendour of the Protestant establishment, which so forcibly contrast with the poverty and simplicity of their beloved pastors, whom they respect as their spiritual rulers, and love as their best and almost only friends. The Protestants, on the other hand, resenting the loss of their former supremacy, and distrusting and fearing the intention of the Catholics, loudly complain that they have been deserted and left exposed to the fury and vengeance of their deadliest and most inveterate enemies. Agitators on both sides still further inflame the people, and the Catholic population, ranged under its self-constituted leaders, is ready to bear down upon every public question with the weight of irresistible physical force, a strong proof of which has been lately afforded in the concerted and unanimous resistance to the collection of tithes. What may be the ultimate plans of Mr. O'Connel and his friends, we do not pretend to divine—perhaps they themselves are yet ignorant of them—but certain it is that there is small prospect of an end being put to the system of agitation, when the repeal of the Union is held forth as the only means for accomplishing the regeneration of Ireland. We regard the repeal of the Union, and the dissolution of the connexion between England and Ireland, as one and the same thing; and it would argue little political sagacity to imagine that Ireland, with a Catholic population, a Catholic church establishment, and a Catholic Parliament, would long remain even nominally subject to the crown of England. The great curse of Ireland has been her anomalous situation in a religious point of view, and the establishment of an intolerant religious faction, which has sacrificed all the best interests of the country to its own security and aggrandizement.

We suspect that ministers will find the government of Ireland to be one of the greatest of those difficulties with which they are surrounded, and that they will be thwarted at every step in their endeavours to establish that equitable system of administration, which Ireland so much needs, but to which all her factions are, from different motives, equally hostile. There is besides too much reason to apprehend that these disputes and contests, which now divide Ireland, will at no distant period be merged in the great controversy between Catholics and Protestants; and we need scarcely say how much this would add to the perplexities of a liberal and enlightened government. Prudent and firm measures may yet, however, avert the threatened calamity; but let it be remembered that these measures, to be successful, must be speedily devised, and must accord with the advanced state of public opinion, and with the real wants of Ireland. Such measures never could have been prepared, nor carried, but in a reformed parliament; for, to accomplish their object, they must be entirely opposed to that exclusive party spirit, which has hitherto been the bane of all legislation for Ireland, and whose influence it may not be easy even yet entirely to overcome. But nothing can effectually oppose the efforts of an honest government and an honest House of Commons; and in spite of all the apprehensions which we cannot but entertain upon the subject, we would earnestly hope that a reforming administration, and a reformed parliament, may yet succeed in securing the peace and happiness of that miserable and divided country.

ELECTIONEERING.

"Let the galled jade wince."—SHAKSPEARE.

SIR CHARLES SUPPLE had just been visiting his cucumber and melon frames, and had calculated that in conjunction with forming a new bed for asparagus, they would afford ample occupation for the ensuing season, when, on turning his eye, he beheld Mr. Screwum, his attorney, just quitting the pleasure grounds, and as he made his last obsequious departing bow to Lady Supple, who was standing at the door, a slight pressure of his finger to his lip indicated that something had passed between them, to which secrecy had become a binding stipulation.

There was in the manner also of this virtuous type of legality, not his usual pompous blustering gait, but a quiet, unobtrusive, mincing mien, which did not pass unobserved, but awoke the curiosity of the worthy horticulturist.

This same curiosity is as pretty a mode in theory as may well be imagined, and all our greatest results may no doubt be traced from its source; but in common life it unhappily but too often finds vent in a manner more tortuous than can be commended.

Taking it for granted, therefore, that some mighty mystery existed, Sir Charles repaired to his lady, and put as many indirect and peering questions as might well serve for a dozen cross-examinations at the Old Bailey, and to his mortification elicited nothing beyond an acknowledgment that the worthy attorney had called, but that it was solely on a visit of pleasure. "And why," retorted her ladyship, well knowing it better to fight in an enemy's country than on her own ground, "are you for ever poking in that horrid garden, and leaving it to me to entertain all visitors. We shall have you strike root there one of these sunny days: why not seek employment becoming your rank and station?" Sir Charles loved quiet, and sought it in silence.

Nevertheless, that Mr. Screwum, a man cumbered with business, should idle away his time in a mere gossipping call, appeared marvellously improbable; but yet the wherefore was unsolved. Her ladyship was not a woman of expense, she could not therefore require him as an agent for money; besides he knew to the price of her last bonnet her exact outgoings; much less had she money to part with. She had no property to bequeath, it could not therefore be a matter of parchment. Mr. Screwum was said to be a dissipated man; and here all the horrible suggestions in Othello rose to memory. But his lady had never been a beauty of the first order, and a quiet life and healthful appetite had rendered her figure, never peculiarly delicate, a subject even for mirthful sarcasm; for some kind-hearted, sincere friend, Sir Charles being himself of the poplar tribe, had designated them, but requested it might go no further, as latitude and longitude; and this was the first occasion the width of his lady had proved a source of consolation.

If the utmost ingenuity of Sir Charles was unable to decypher the purport of this ominous visit, neither, gentle reader, with any certainty can I; and yet there is a clue to which I attach some degree of importance, and which may perchance assist to unravel the mystery. On the evening of the same day to which I have alluded, Lady Supple proposed to take her husband an airing in her own easy chair, which was a proceeding always particularly grateful to his feelings; indeed, her whole conduct throughout the day had been strikingly soothing and pleasant. In the course of their common-places during the ride, her ladyship carelessly observed, "I wonder who will come forward for the county? Mr. Screwum said there was some talk of the Muckingforks."

"The Muckingforks!" retorted her partner; "impossible! Why his mother sold rabbit-skins! I have as much pretension myself."

"It is just what I said," replied the dame; "but these are strange times. And indeed, my dear," continued she, looking most winningly in his face, "I have always said that want of ambition was your greatest failing. You have ability and application, and they are only thrown away on grafting codlings and pruning pearmains. Why not assert your pretensions?"

"Pretensions, my dear? it would be nothing but pretence. It must be a good old family, and a name that the world has been used to, that must aspire to such honours. Besides, what are my politics? Between ourselves, you know I vacillated sadly about that horrid Catholic Question, and my conduct on the Reform Bill has not been the most unflinching."

"As to politics, my dear," retorted his wife, "plenty of time to think of them when you have resolved to declare your intentions. You are not bound to take one particular side; it is very possible to be liberal without being democratic, and equally so to be a friend of the people without losing sight of the just prerogatives of the crown.

"Very true, very true; but one must," interrupted Sir Charles, "side a little with one's connexions; and our cousins, the Blacks, have interest, but they carry things so very far—why they would hoot him in the United States."

"If we are connected with the Blacks, we are as nearly related to the Whites," sturdily replied the dame; "and surely this must tell one way or the other. However, all this is easily managed. Mr. Screwum would put us on the right scent in a moment; and now I remember, he said he should be passing this way to-morrow, and would bring you a present of a new species of double-bearing tree."

"*Pæony Polyandria digynia Ranunulacæ*," muttered the baronet; and an entire new train of thought totally absorbed and blotted out all the aspirations after honour, his good lady had been so piously kindling. On the whole, however, she had no reason to complain; he had entertained the thought with less reluctance than she had imagined; indeed a whole host of arguments which she had treasured up to combat his supposed impediments, had fallen to the ground stillborn; and by the united aid of Mr. Screwum—God prosper his disinterestedness!—she trusted to effect her purpose, and already indulged in a long vista of pomps and vanities thereon attendant.

Sir Charles was early on the look out for his new treasure; and the kind-hearted attorney was true to his appointment, but was vexed beyond expression—the plant had died—he feared it would—and yet it looked so healthy. He knew it would be a blank, and therefore thought it better to call, and himself announce the mishap.

"Had it been potted?—raised in an exhausted bark bed?—had the heat been beyond sixty?"

To all of which questions, the answers of Mr. Screwum were so modest, and so natural, as not to raise a suspicion in the mind of Sir Charles that, as must in truth be confessed, the birth of the plant was as ideal as its decease.

Somehow my lady chanced to broach the subject of elections, with an innuendo in favour of the qualifications of Sir Charles. It was a new light. Mr. Screwum confessed it surprised him—it had never before crossed his mind—so obvious—no man in so imposing an attitude.

The protestations of the baronet seemed but to add strength to their arguments, since they were all and individually shown as additional reasons in his favour; and taking advantage of that facility of purpose, which the wary lawyer well knew to be a leading feature in his character, it was finally arranged that an address to the worthy and independent electors of the county of —— should be put in immediate circulation.

Mr. Screwum was well aware that much depended on the address that should be issued, and proceeded to concoct one with such adroitness, as that it should give offence to no party whatever: partaking somewhat of the nature of a political salad, in which, although albeit excellent in its kind, if a fault was to be discerned, some might have asserted that the oil was too favoured an ingredient.

Promising to return on the morrow, and in the meanwhile to make whatever arrangements were necessary, this benevolent man

> "Took leave with such an air of satisfaction,
> As good men wear who've done a virtuous action."

A grand round of entertainments, evincing the hospitality as well as the patriotism of the aspirant, was deemed the first indispensable outset of his career; and Mr. Screwum, kind-hearted man, offered that his wife and two daughters should for some time become inmates at the house, to assist and relieve her ladyship from the fatigues attendant on so bustling a season.

Bursts of applause and ready gratulations, as Mr. Screwum could testify, were showered forth wherever the intentions of Sir Charles were announced; and the ways and means, which, as he was assured, under the new arrangements must be very trifling, seemed now the only source of solicitude. He had property to a considerable amount, but it was chiefly vested in land, and not therefore easily attainable for immediate use; and here again Mr. Screwum's benign spirit poured itself forth. He would lend the money—he chanced to have a little by him—he was not, said he, laughing, like Moses in the School for Scandal, obliged to get it at a great discount. Securities were mentioned; Screwum laughed at securities—he had the se-

curity of an honest man—it was quite at Sir Charles's service. So be it. It quite casually, however, occurred to him that there was a small estate abutting on his own belonging to Sir Charles; perhaps, for mere form's sake, it might be as well to have a conveyance made out—a mere temporary arrangement—just for appearances.

After the handsome way in which the money had been offered, Sir Charles had no alternative but to say in return—"So be it."

But brief time elapsed before it was deemed advisable that Sir Charles should take the field in person, and the day of the corn-market in the neighbouring town was selected as a fitting opportunity.

He himself was a little diffident as to his powers of oratory, but being assured that no man could possibly tell till he tried, put his case quite on a new footing, and greatly relieved him. Happily they were all of one way of thinking; an extravagant price for corn, and all other commodities dirt cheap, were all they required.

He assured them he was their friend; their cause was his cause; they must stand or fall together. He loudly inveighed against free trade, and was duly applauded; and finding this theme the most popular he could broach, he inveighed against it again, and "thrice he slew the slain," and returned home amidst the cheers of a rabble, whose stomachs, by their hollow yells,—God save the mark!—appeared the depository of wind alone.

Mr. Screwum declared the canvass quite beyond expectation, and with a little caution, he did not entertain a doubt but that Sir Charles would be the successful candidate. "There was but one fault," observed this single-minded attorney, "that with all his vigilance he could discover; he thought his worthy friends had been perhaps a little too explicit. The art and end of oratory, he conceived, was not so much to say a great deal in a few words, as in many words to say nothing at all: an essential ingredient, if not the essence of oratory, was flowery language; it was therefore depriving it of its happiest attribute: like its sister poetry, it should leave something to be filled up—some scope and range for the imagination. And what, perhaps, on the whole, was more to the purpose, it might on the present occasion prove very inconvenient; there was more than one class of voters to deal with, and, to use a vulgar adage, what was one man's meat, might be another's poison."

"Sir Charles retorted, they were his unbiassed opinions, he was proud of them, and would stand by them."

"No man was more prepared, or more happy to see this, than Mr. Screwum; it was a course of conduct he could not but admire. Consistency and singleness of purpose should always have his support; indeed, it was on these grounds chiefly, he felt anxious to advocate his cause; but, as he justly observed, the more firm Sir Charles was in upholding these opinions, the less necessity there was to declare them, as they would of consequence develope themselves." Reasoning so cogent who could withstand?

A party to dine with the baronet was arranged for the day following; it was to be on a large scale, both with a view to convince that his partizans were not limited in number, nor restricted to one narrow circle of politicians. Mr. Screwum was a little on the fidget, as

to how the worthy candidate would perform his functions, some little oversights having occurred as to the due adjustment of the guests.

Among the number were one or two individuals, so notoriously opposed to each other, as that it was next to impossible that the worthy aspirant could agree with both; yet this was a consummation greatly to be desired. Anxious to put Sir Charles on his guard, the vigilant man of parchment took early occasion to observe, "that in one respect they were highly fortunate, for if the worthy baronet was gifted with one faculty more than another, it was the happy tact with which he evaded unwelcome queries, and warded off inopportune examinations. Old Sir Robert Walpole had said, there was only one subject at a political dinner he made it a point to avoid—politics, and he was no mean authority. London Bridge, or the Thames Tunnel, were trite, perhaps, but they were subjects well founded, and beyond controversy: he could easily figure to himself Sir Charles calmly acquiescing in that happy phrase, 'exactly,' which like Captain Absolute's 'recruiting,' 'would suit surprisingly,' and neither pledging or denying, served all purposes." Until this positive assurance, Sir Charles was barely aware how much tact he possessed.

In good old times, the opinions of the representative were always circulated at his own table, with the circulating bottle; the Catholic Question was noways the one there the most likely to be put; the army estimates were then solely estimated by the chance of procuring for an elector a commission; and the only freedom contemplated, was to be free of the house: and many are the senators who have gone to their fathers, if not in glory, at least in sunshine, much more indebted to the faces of their wives, than to their own knowledge of the face of affairs; and to the address of their ladies, rather than to their own address in parliament. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

But had such things been, verily I doubt if the profit of Sir Charles would have been great. Excellence in this wicked world is not always attractive; and there was certainly nothing of that superiority of manner in his lady, which confers honour while it seeks its own end, and condescends, with winning grace, to pursue its own exclusive benefit.

Unused to the polished modes of the higher circles, Lady Supple yet held a supremacy, and all she said and did was voted legitimate, in the narrow coterie of her own immediate neighbourhood; and whatever was lost in elegance was thrice repaid in self-satisfaction.

There was an honest urbanity in her manner, and a glow of loyal benevolence in her well-bronzed countenance, that involuntarily, although her figure was not sufficiently assuming, brought to remembrance the favoured song of "Rule Britannia."

With respect to her coadjutor, Mrs. Screwum, she was of that butterfly tribe, which on a sunny day may always be seen in a market town, flitting about in rich brocade, the admiration and envy of her poorer neighbours; and as to the two daughters,

> "Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
> The names of these blind puppies as of those;"

but I have a shrewd guess from the number of band-boxes, and curious little trunks which came in their train, that they were in no-wise

on ill terms with the world, and still less with themselves; and were quite on the alert to avail themselves of any chance that might befal, on so unlooked for and elevating an occasion.

The visitors arrived duly, and there was an air of self-satisfaction and independent confidence throughout the whole assemblage, which divines say virtue alone can inspire, and which therefore spoke volumes for the innate dignity of the worthy candidate's constituents. Myself, I am no casuist, and rejoice in so simple a solution; but to me it savoured much of worldly inflation.

Is there any one among my readers, who has been so circumstanced as never to have been present at a party to dinner in the country, at an establishment of the old school? Who has never heard the arbitrary and indescribable names announced on entrance; or seen coachmen, unpastiled, duly marshalled behind the chairs of their respective mistresses: seen dishes *vis-a-vis*, black and white, not without reason, for without this happy aid, who, unless he can describe with accuracy sufficient to identify a stolen horse, can hope to obtain the dish desired? The dreadest of Homer's battles, with the shield and the lance, and the shout for quarter, but describe, under less happy auspices, the turmoil of a country dinner, with the bray of the knife and platter, and the cry for small beer.

Among the guests was a gentleman of consideration, who was watched by Mr. Screwum with considerable anxiety. He was of a disputatious turn, and occupying the post of honour next the worthy baronet, no happy result was augured. He contented himself, however, with a tirade against tenants, as thankless and rapacious; advocated with happy irony, the enfranchising footmen, as the most independent subjects his majesty was blessed with; and his observations were pretty generally acceptable. Some slight difference of opinion, where Sir Charles had unwarily swerved from his safeguard "exactly," seemed however as if increasing into a wider breach; but the ready man of law declared it called to his remembrance an Irish story, in the telling which it was much easier to discern the humour than the application. But our argumentative friend was not to be foiled thus. No sooner was the laughter at the narrative hushed, than he rose again in windy clamour. "It was a little hard," Mr. Screwum observed, "as soon as he could obtain a hearing, that pledges should be exacted on speculative points, or an undeviating line of conduct insisted on, in matters that must vary according to circumstance; but in this case, pursued he, the honourable gentleman had misunderstood Sir Charles, he had himself been an attentive listener, as who would not be, on matters the honourable gentleman so thoroughly understood, and expounded so lucidly, and in all main points they had coincided—wonderfully coincided."

"I know not what meaning you, sir, may attach to the word coincide," retorted the man of controversy; "but this I do know, that I have been putting the case throughout hypothetically, adopting the arguments of my opponents, and Sir Charles has acquiesced in every iota; and I now give him warning, that I shall take an early opportunity in public, of ascertaining, if he has any fixed principles, what they may be."

Poor Screwum devoutly wished that arguments, like triangles, had three sides; but he clearly saw a voter, one of weight too—lost—lost by his own prescription.

The dread of meeting this doughty opponent on the hustings, nearly deterred Sir Charles from again coming forward in public; but he was assured by his friend Screwum, that in all probability, it was nothing more than a momentary ebullition of spleen; "but, sir, should it be otherwise, with your firmness of purpose, and rectitude of intention, what is there to fear? It was happily said by Lord Chesterfield," continued he, "that language was given man to enable him to disguise his real thoughts; and without carrying the theory so far, it may serve as a hint; for instance, what so easy as on your visit to-morrow to ——, which is a town mainly supported by its manufactories, if asked your opinion on the Corn Laws, to declare, that after maturely balancing every department of life, it is your unbiassed conviction, that trade is the sinews of the country, and every burden on the manufacturers must of necessity be a burden ultimately on all; let them live and all will prosper: not forgetting on your round to ——, our best corn market, yourself to ask—is not bread the staff of life? unless we encourage to the utmost the growth of this commodity, what part of the community is there that will not be depressed? Think you, sir," pursued the lawyer, full of native virtue, "I would have you play fast and loose, hot and cold? by no means—I scorn it. These opinions are by no means irreconcileable; it is but a just balance—an equitable adjustment—the giving to each man his wants; and speaking moreover to each class, as who would not, on the subject he best understands. Again—if our notions on church reform are demanded; if we would check those gross abuses which have crept in, and lulled asleep its very guardians, are we to give them warning of the purge we propose for their benefit,—give them arms to oppose us? No, sir; let them slumber. Talk of ancient institutions—of the props of the state—remind them that it is easier to pull down than to build up. Much less if those who would suck the very heart's blood of religion, exact our opinions, are we to open their eyes? Bid them fair—speak of weeds—of rottenness—of pampered luxury. But beware! never in these times join the words church and state; by tacit agreement they seem to act on the principle of the doubtful lady, who forbad the company of her fair friend of easy virtue, saying, 'It will never do for us to join, you have no virtue at all, and I have not enough for two.' And why," concluded this patriotic attorney, "do I say these things to you? Because you are above vulgar prejudice—can appreciate them; indeed, I am not certain that I am not 'rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' that it was not from your own lips that I first imbibed them."

Gentle reader, Sir Charles with these truly philosophical principles, yet pursues his canvass; should these pages meet the eyes of any of his constituents, may I, in his name, solicit their support? Although, to be candid, if you ask me the course I myself adopt—as he gives no pledge, neither do I.

C.

THE UNITED STATES.

Ferrall's Ramble of Six Thousand Miles through the United States of America. Effingham Wilson.

History of General Jackson. By an American Officer. New York.

Ouseley's Remarks on the Statistics of the United States. Rodwell.

THERE is no country in the world towards which the eyes of other nations, and especially those of Great Britain, are directed with so much interest, as the United States of America. The "working" of a republic, composed of such heterogeneous parts, whether we refer to its climates, its productions, or its interests; a nation, the existing race of which is descended from a medley of all other nations blended and intermixed, but generally speaking, of those who have fled from tyranny and oppression to this land of freedom; where opinions, civil, religious, and irreligious, are permitted by the government to such an extent that even the doctrines of atheism are suffered to be openly inculcated, and in one city have already gained twenty thousand converts; where land is at its minimum, and the labour of man at its maximum of value; the "working" of such a republic as this must be a source of great interest to the subjects of the different monarchies of the old world, now that a spirit of revolution and reform, avowed or repressed, has spread so generally over the whole continent of Europe. It is with the view of ascertaining whether, from the undeniable evidence of our own time, we may collect data which may serve as a guide to our conduct, or as a beacon to warn us of danger, that we enter into an examination of the present state and future prospects of the republic of America.

We have beheld a vast country colonized, the aborigines nearly exterminated, and the colonists separating from their mother country and asserting their independence rather than submit to injustice. Their independence acknowledged—cities starting up like magic—trade carried on successfully with every quarter of the globe, rewarding enterprise with wealth—a second war manfully and creditably maintained against a powerful maritime enemy—again, the country rising from the effects of this war, which had paralysed her exertions and checked her advancement, more formidable than ever—paying off her national debt, and proposing to apply her revenues, collected without proving a burthen to the people, in the improvement and to the advantage of the country at large; all this have we witnessed in the short space of seventy years.*

When we contemplate the vigorous efforts of this infant Antæus, we are naturally led to inquire the causes which have produced such unrivalled powers of exertion. And as a good or bad government is one of the chief causes which raises or depresses the energies of its

* The independence of the United States was declared on January 20, 1783; but we have added twenty previous years, as about that time the country assumed the form of a well-established colonial state.

subjects, we are induced to consider whether the republican government, in opposition to that of a monarchical form, has produced such extraordinary effects. Upon mature reflection, we decide that although a mild and liberal government will always tend to the welfare and must advance the interests of the people, in this instance it has contributed but little, and that the American states under any form of government, not decidedly oppressive, would have advanced in an equal ratio to their present prosperity.

Labour is wealth. A new country, which offers the amplest means of livelihood by exertion, will flourish, while that which offers wealth, without exertion, will decay. We have the proofs of this assertion in the two Americas. Now, when a vast country is opened to enterprise and industry—when land is to be obtained without purchase, and the fruits of his labour are the profit of the cultivator without deduction, it is not surprising that emigration to a country which holds out such allurements should be excessive, or that the population transplanted there should increase with wonderful rapidity, compared with that of other nations.* Under such advantages, there is a stimulus instead of a check to increase, marriages take place in early life, every child born is an addition to the capital of his father, and "happy is the man who hath his quiver full of them." The causes of mortality in infancy, as well as in more advanced age, are removed in a scattered population, following up the healthy pursuits of agriculture. This is the first stage of a colony which offers such ample means of subsistence to individual exertion.

Commerce succeeds, and in traffic a new country has a great advantage over an old. Unfettered by heavy imposts, the return cargo finds a ready market, and the profits of commerce are much greater, not only on this account, but because every article of necessity being cheap in the country, a greater proportion of his profits can be hoarded by the speculator. Money being scarce, it is more valuable, and as the balance of trade is always in favour of a new country, wealth accumulates, or rather, we should say, what is considered wealth in such a country, accumulates as rapidly as the *population*. The enormous extent of land ready for the labour of the increasing population, the advantages of communication by magnificent rivers, which enable the back settler to send his produce to market at a trifling expense, check any advance upon the necessaries of life which an increasing demand would otherwise create; and thus in America population increases, trade flourishes, capital accumulates, and still the necessaries of life remain cheap. And there is every prospect that this will continue for a long series of years, without any sensible alteration.

Now, it is evident, that under any government, which did not oppress, a colony of this description must, under such advantages, have made the rapid strides which we have witnessed. England is notorious for injustice to her colonies; she forgot, in taxing her American possessions when in their infancy, that they could not bear it, that the taxes imposed upon them, although to this country they

* The population of the United States in 1790 amounted to 3,929,827.
in 1830 . . 12,856,437.

appeared trifling, became, from the relative value and scarcity of money in the colonies, excessive to them. It was nipping their energies in the bud, and she was justly punished by the loss of them for her thoughtlessness and avarice. Had she had the wisdom and foresight to foster instead of crush them, what resources might not have been now drawn, what assistance might they not have afforded in manning our fleets, what numerous advantages might we not have reaped from a country fondly devoted to the land of its forefathers, proud of her success, and rejoicing in her military grandeur! But we oppressed America, and we lost her. Extremes meet; her love is changed to hate, and in another half century we shall have more to fear from our own offspring, than from any other rival nation. It is America, and America alone, that will ever wrest from England her supremacy on the seas.

To assert that a republican form of government has not contributed to the prosperity of America would be absurd. It is a cheap government, and in every respect best adapted to an infant state; but that America, under a fostering mother country, would have made even more rapid advances, is fair to be supposed. We think therefore we may safely assert, that it is not to the republican form of government, but to natural causes peculiarly favourable, that America has become so prosperous.

The next question which presents itself is, whether America will continue to advance to the apex of her power under a republican form of government. There are many reasons which induce us to believe that the States will not only separate, but that eventually the monarchical form of government which the Americans hold in such abhorrence, will be substituted for the present, which they now consider as all perfect. In ancient times republics were formed and did exist much longer than that of America probably will; but the experience of ages has proved, that although republicanism may be the form of government most congenial to the feelings of an infant people, it has invariably merged into monarchy. Monarchy, without severe restrictions, has degenerated into despotism. Despotism, carried to excess, produces revolution. From the last, the nation like a phœnix from its ashes, springs up from the wreck of tyranny, and commences *de novo*. Such has been the lesson of history, and such is the cycle in which, as they are successively called into action, are destined to revolve, the passions, the virtues, and the vices of civilized man. We hold it as an axiom, that a republic, which has become wealthy, cannot exist long. Wealth and vice walk hand in hand, and a republic can only be upheld by virtue, that is, a general virtuous feeling pervading its members. That feeling will only exist in its purity during the time that the republic is poor. America, as a republic, has risen to wealth and power with a rapidity almost inconceivable. In proportion to the rapidity of her progress, so will be shortened the duration of her existence under her present form of government. As we shall hereafter show, already have the sterner virtues of the days of Washington disappeared; the seeds of monarchy have been already sown.

It may be argued, that as long as the population is scattered, and there still is unoccupied land for the emigrant, the republican form of

government may exist—but this does not follow. The change may take place while thousands upon thousands of acres yet remain uncultivated. Revolutions in governments are not produced by the population of a country at large; but by cities and those parts adjacent, where the population is dense and concentrated into a focus. Where the inhabitants are but few to the square acre, the difficulties of communication prevent any coalescence to examine into their condition. The backwoodsman would hear of a change in the form of government without much interest, and millions scattered over prairies, or lining the shores of stupendous rivers, would quietly submit to those changes which would be effected by the machinations of some thousands collected in the densely peopled cities. Examine into history, and we shall be convinced of this truth.

We have asserted it as our opinion that this change in the American form of government will eventually take place—when it takes place will depend upon her prosperity; the more prosperous she is, the sooner will it occur—as it is her wealth which will effect the change. Probably for some time yet, the States will hang together, and the government be able to carry the balance of justice so as to satisfy the whole; but as each state becomes more wealthy, so will their separate interests oftener come into collision. It is a well known fact, that had we continued the last war with America for another year, confining ourselves to the destruction of her commerce, and not venturing upon carrying the war into the country, to meet with defeat and disgrace, and to rouse a general feeling of indignation which re-cemented their differences, the northern states would have separated from the southern, and we should have witnessed the dissolution of the republic in less than fifty years from its original formation.

But it is not only on the score of separate interests that we prophesy this change, but from a knowledge of mankind. Why is it, that as soon as a country has advanced to a certain point of wealth and civilization, that monarchy has generally been selected as the form of government? The reason is obvious. In a new country, where all are from poor to moderately rich, the distinction is not so great but that they may to a certain degree preserve the outward show of that equality, which is in fact *Utopian*. Like the pebbles on a shingle beach, none of which are of very superior magnitude, the attrition occasioned by the constant collision wears down their mutual asperities, and they jostle without injury. But as a country advances in wealth, so will the wealth be more disproportionately distributed, and the more fortunate or the more enterprising will obtain the portion of Benjamin. Now a poor republican and a rich republican cannot amalgamate. Allowing the poor to be contented, the rich will not be; what is the value of his wealth if it does not raise him above his fellow men? The ambition which obtained the wealth is gratified, and it must have something else to feed upon. In heart, he is no longer a republican. When tyranny was overthrown and a republic formed in Rome, how distinct and separate did the patricians keep from the people. And who were these patricians? Those of superior wealth, *ab initio*, a self-constituted class. As in

all other republics, the struggles of these patricians among themselves, and their rivalry for power, ended in the empire being governed by one man. Now the Americans are likely, for other reasons, to arrive at this point sooner than former republics. They have the variety of rank in all the dynasties of Europe constantly before their eyes—they mix with the subjects of these nations continually, and find themselves without rank. They pretend to despise it, but they do not; they invariably pay homage to rank when they meet it, and they have frequently complained that, having no rank, they are not admitted into those circles to which, as American gentlemen, they consider themselves entitled. Already do they sigh for distinctions, and as these distinctions cannot be obtained under a republican form of government, as soon as the *patricians* of America become sufficiently powerful, that form of government will most assuredly be changed. We argue from human nature, which no human power can control.

We have been led into the above remarks from the perusal of a work by Mr. Ferrall, now lying on our table, which, by its superiority to the variety of publications relative to America that have lately appeared, has pleased us much. Mr. Ferrall has written as a traveller ought to write. He has fairly and conscientiously given us the results of his inquiries and observations. Captain Hall was deceived by the Americans; they were aware of his literary talent, and his intention to publish, and they were prepared for him. Captain Hall believed all that they asserted. As far as Captain Hall's own observation was permitted, we are convinced that every word is correct; but with the exception of those pages, the work may be said to have been written by Americans, and not by an observing and acute traveller. We are convinced that had Captain Hall travelled under another name as an English gentleman, and had he been left to his own judgment, we should have had a very different work; but the Americans were resolved that every thing should appear to him *en couleur de rose*, and they succeeded. This was all fair, and we blame neither party.

Mr. Ouseley's Remarks are favourable to the Americans, and in most points correct. The resources of America are shown to be immense. There is one which as yet can hardly be said to have been taken advantage of, but which will soon be called into activity—one not generally known. We refer to her vast extent of gold mines—a most dangerous possession to a republic, as it must contribute to accelerate its downfall.

"In 1825, there was published in the 'American Journal of Science and the Arts,' an account of these mines by Professor Olmsted, who estimated the gold country at only one thousand square miles; but it has since been found to be vastly more extensive; and a succession of gold mines has been discovered in the country lying to the east of the Blue Ridge, extending from the vicinity of the river Potomac into the State of Alabama. These mines are now wrought, to a greater or less extent, in the states of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

"In an account of a Tour in North Carolina, published in a New York Journal, there is mention made of the gold mines. From this writer we learn that the State is rich in gold mines. The gold is far more extensive in that State than is generally supposed; it commences in Virginia, and extends south-west through North Carolina, nearly in the middle of the State as regards its length; along the northern

part of South Carolina into Georgia, and thence north-westwardly into Alabama, and ends in Tennessee. The mines in North Carolina and Georgia are now worked to a great extent; those of Virginia and South Carolina to a small extent; and those in Tennessee have not been worked at all, although it is probable that they will be soon.

"These mines have not been worked to any considerable extent for more than about five or six years, or probably much less. And yet many of them are worked upon an extensive scale, and mills for grinding the ore, propelled by water or by steam, are erected in vast numbers. The company of Messrs. Bissels, which is one of the most considerable, employs about six hundred hands. The whole number of men now employed at the mines in these southern States is at least twenty thousand. The weekly value of these mines is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, or more than one million sterling annually. But a small part of the gold is sent to the United States' mint. By far the larger part is sent to Europe, particularly to Paris.

"Of the working miners the greater number are foreigners—Germans, Swiss, Swedes, Spaniards, English, Welsh, Scotch, &c. There are no less than *thirteen* different languages spoken at the mines in this State! And men are flocking to the mines from all parts, and find ready employment. Hundreds of land-owners and renters work the mines on their grounds on a small scale, not being able to encounter the expense of much machinery. The state of morals among the miners or labourers is represented to be deplorably bad. This may be attributed to the absence of any general organization as yet for the police and regulation of the mines, combined with the usual effects of gold upon the uneducated and needy classes of men, (often not the most favourable specimens of their various nations,) who generally seek employment in the gold districts. The village of Charlotte, in Mecklenburgh county, is in the immediate vicinity of several of the largest mines. It is increasing rapidly.

"These gold mines prove that the whole region in which they abound was once under the powerful action of fire. And it is a fact, not generally known, that the miners who have come from the mines in South America and in Europe, pronounce this region to be more abundant in gold than any other that has been found on the globe. There is no telling the extent of these mines; but sufficient is known to prove they are of vast extent."

We feel that we ought not to mention such a work as "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," by Mrs. Trollope, in company with those of Captain Hall and Messrs. Ouseley and Ferrall; but we do so, from a knowledge that a work of this description is of a most noxious tendency, and to express our indignation at its contents. If that lady had taken as much pains to find out the real merits and worth of the Americans, as she has to find out their faults and peculiarities, it had been better. Trifling as the work is, it is most effective in its intention, that of creating ill will, and increasing national animosity. The cause of Mrs. Trollope's spleen has, however, been accidentally laid open to us in an observation of Mr. Ferrall's, by which it appears, although the lady is silent on the subject, that she speculated on opening a bazaar at Cincinnati—a fact which throws great doubt upon the whole of Mrs. Trollope's assertions, who describes Cincinnati as a perfect *pig-stye*, with the ordure collected in the centre of the streets, and the inhabitants as fit occupiers of such a place. Let us hear now Mr. Ferrall.

"Cincinnati is built on a bend of the Ohio river, which takes here a semicircular form, and runs nearly west; it afterwards flows in a more southerly direction. A complete chain of hills, sweeping from one point of the bend round to the other, encloses the city in a sort of amphitheatre. The houses are mostly brick, and the streets all paved. There are several spacious and handsome market houses, which on market days are stocked with all kinds of provisions—indeed I think the market of Cincinnati is very nearly the best supplied in the United States. There are

many respectable public buildings here, such as a court-house, theatre, bazaar, (built by Mrs. Trollope, but *the speculation failed*,) and divers churches, in which you may see well-dressed women, and hear orthodox, heterodox, and every other species of doctrine, promulgated and enforced by strength of lungs, and length of argument, with pulpit-drum accompaniment, and all other requisites *ad captandum vulgus.*"

Now this is a very different description from Mrs. Trollope's; the streets are all paved, and it is a handsome town. Which are we to believe? When it is considered that Mrs. Trollope thought the town of such importance as to speculate on building a bazaar, we must lean towards the statement of Mr. Ferrall. It is a singular thing that a lady of her refined delicacy, who complains of Yankee "spitting" in every chapter, should have considered that such a pig-stye as Cincinnati was sufficiently advanced to patronize a bazaar, a fashionable lounge introduced into this country but a few years. Either therefore this lady showed very little judgment in her speculation, or has not adhered to the truth. We consider, from the corroboration of Mr. Ferrall, the latter to have been the case; and when we find a deviation from truth in one part of a work, we feel ourselves justified in rejecting the whole. We shall, however, dismiss this lady with one remark, which is, that we think she would have shown a more proper regard for virtue and morality by associating with the "spitting" Americans, than by travelling in company with a woman who has the weakness to disregard common decency, and openly avow and preach doctrines which should be rewarded by a little wholesome discipline at the cart's tail. And thus we conclude our episode upon Mrs. Frances *Cincinnati Bazaar Trollope!*

Amongst the many sound remarks upon America in Mr. Ferrall's work, we know none so justly severe as those on their conduct towards the Indians. The first treaties with these honourable people, (for, in good faith, they have always put the white man to the blush,) were to a degree fair and equitable. Since that time, the Americans have cheated them of a large portion of the territories reserved to them by treaties, and employed every art to raise dissensions, and induce these unfortunate people to destroy each other. Latterly, however, the Indians have become more civilized—they no longer follow their wandering life, but build their habitations, and cultivate the ground. Some of the tribes write and read in their own language. They have rejected all offers made to induce them to surrender up their reserved lands, and now it appears that, contrary to justice and written treaties, it is the intention of General Jackson to wrest their property from them by force.

"The Indians here, as every where else, are governed by their own laws, and never have recourse to the whites to settle their disputes. That silent unbending spirit, which has always characterized the Indian, has alone kept in check the rapacious disposition of the whites. Several attempts have been made to induce the Indians to sell their lands, and go beyond the Mississippi, but hitherto without effect. The Indian replies to the fine speeches and wily language of the whites, 'We hold this small bit of land, the vast country of our fathers, by *your* written talk, and it is noted on *our* wampums—the bones of our fathers lie here, and we cannot forsake them. You tell us our great father (the president) is powerful, and that his arm is long and strong—we believe it is so; but we are in hopes that he will not strike his red children for their lands, and that he will leave us this little piece to live upon—the hatchet is long buried, let it not be disturbed.'

"Jackson has lately published a manifesto to all the Indian tribes within the limits

of the United States, commanding them to sell their reserves; and with few exceptions, has been answered in this manner."

"The Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, as they were called by the English, from the circumstance of their holding their great 'Council-fire' on the banks of the Delaware river, were once the most powerful of the several tribes that spoke the Delaware tongue, and possessed an immense tract of country east of the Alleghany mountains. This unfortunate people had been driven from place to place, until at last they were obliged to accept of an asylum from the Wyandat, whom they call their uncle; and now are forced to sell this, and go beyond the Mississippi. To a reflecting mind, the scene was touching beyond description. Here was the sad remnant of a great nation, who having been forced back from the original country of their fathers, by successive acts of rapacity, are now compelled to enter into a compact which obliges them, half civilized as they are, to return to the forest. The case is this,—the white people, or rather Jackson and the southerns, say, that the Indians 'retard improvement'—precisely in the same sense that a brigand, when he robs a traveller, might say, that the traveller retarded improvement—that is, retarded *his* improvement, inasmuch as he had in his pocket what would improve the condition of the brigand. The Indians have cultivated farms, and valuable tracts of land, and no doubt it will improve the condition of the whites, to get possession of those farms and rich lands, for *one tenth of their saleable value.* The profits that have accrued to the United States from the systematic plunder of the Indians, are immense, and a great portion of the national debt has been liquidated by this dishonest means."

The arguments brought forward by General Jackson are, that having made a conditional promise to the state of Georgia, that she should have the Indian lands, *if they could be purchased*, that the States are bound to keep their faith with Georgia. Admirable reasoning indeed! and very much reminding us of the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

"The executive government pretends not to argue the case with Georgia, and is left no alternative but either to annul its *conditional* treaty with that state, or to cancel *thirteen distinct treaties* entered into with the Indians, despoil them of their lands, and rob them of their independence. Jackson's message says, 'It is too late to inquire whether it was just in the United States to include them and their territory within bounds of new states, whose limits they could controul. That step cannot be retracted. A state cannot be dismembered by Congress, or restrained in the exercise of her constitutional powers.' Here the executive government acknowledges that it made promises to Georgia, which it has been unable to perform—that it guaranteed to that state the possession of lands over which it had no legitimate control, on the mere assumption of being able to make their purchase."

Mr. Ferrall's own observations upon this want of faith cannot be improved upon.

"To talk of justice, and honour, would be idle and visionary, for these seem to have been thrown overboard at the very commencement of the contest; but I would ask the American *people*, is their conduct towards the Indians politic?—is it politic in America, in the face of civilized nations, to violate treaties? is it politic in her, to hold herself up to the world as faithless and unjust—as a nation, which, in defiance of all moral obligation, will break her most sacred contracts, whenever it becomes no longer her interest to keep them, and she finds herself in a condition to do so with impunity? is she not furnishing foreign statesmen with a ready and powerful argument in defence of their violating treaties with her? can they not with justice say—America has manifested in her proceedings towards the Cherokee nation, that she is faithless—that she keeps no treaties longer than it may be her *interest* to do so—and are *we* to make ourselves the dupes of such a power, and wait until she finds herself in a condition to deceive us?"

This is republican honour, republican justice! Do we require more proofs of the tottering state of this republic. Would Washington have behaved in this manner? Never. He was an honest man, and the republic was then in its purity. Let us extract from Mr. Ouseley's

work a part of his address to his fellow-citizens, when he declined being a candidate for their future suffrages.

"Observe *good faith* and *justice* towards all nations; *cultivate peace* and *harmony* with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and (at no distant period) a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! it is rendered impossible by its vices!"

He further says:—

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let *them be fulfilled* with *perfect good faith*. Here let us stop."

Such are the sentiments which ought and must pervade a republic, to ensure its duration. It is a form of government which is only to be held together by virtue in its members, and good faith towards others.

The conduct of the President has induced us to make some inquiry into his history, and we have now a work before us, in which the events of his life are recorded. The writing is truly American, and a fair specimen of the contents of the newspapers and various other publications which are so extensively circulated in that country. It appears that General Jackson first made himself "glorious" in his own country, by commanding the Tennessee militia against these unfortunate Indians, whom he continues to persecute. We have waded through the whole book, and the excursions against the Indians are the usual skirmishes, in which so many scalps, &c. are lost or won. The author, however, does not think so lightly of these feats of arms, and he winds up the first campaign of General Jackson in the following manner:

"When it is considered what troops General Jackson had to command, and what enemies he had to fight, the *two* victories at *Emuckfaw*, on the 22nd, and the signal one of *Enotachopco*, on the 24th, will bear a comparison with any in modern warfare. The liberal applause the general bestows upon the brave, and the excuse he finds for those whose '*retreat ought rather to be ascribed to the want of conduct in many of their officers, than to any cowardice in the men*,' must endear him for ever to the soldier. The '*venerable Judge Cocke*,' (who survived,) and '*the brave Lieutenant Armstrong*,' and Captains Hamilton and Quarles, (who all fell,) are placed, by the general's report, upon the rolls of fame."

Again, we have a slight degree of panegyric:

"Never, since the discovery of America, did an American officer leave the command of an army to his superior officer, under circumstances more auspicious, than did Major General Jackson, of Tennessee Volunteers, to Major General Pinckney, of the United States army. He assumed the command of the troops, only to disband them. Their work was done, and well done. General Jackson, for a number of weeks previous, had moved with his army, with the celerity of lightning, and like that, had prostrated every thing that opposed them. He might have said with Cæsar, '*Veni, vidi, vici*,'—I came—I saw—I conquered!"

In consequence of his gallant conduct against the Indian tribes, and such well-earned renown, General Jackson was appointed to the com-

mand of the seventh military district during the last war with this country. That General Jackson did his country good service in this war we acknowledge, but here we cannot omit the observations made by the author of the work upon the several addresses of Colonel Nichols, of our service, and General Jackson, to the inhabitants of Louisiana, each inviting them to join their respective causes. The addresses are too long to insert; it will suffice to say, that there is no peculiar merit in either of them. Giving the preference to the general, we shall first quote the author's observations on *his* address.

"Considering the nature of the people and of the troops he had to address, it is difficult to conceive of an appeal more appropriate. The native Americans are pointed to '*the oppressors of their infant political existence.*' The natives of France to the '*eternal enemy of their ancient country—the invaders of the one they had adopted.*' Spaniards, too, are reminded of '*the brutal injuries inflicted*' upon their country, '*by men who dishonour the human race.*' It was *argumentum ad hominum*—an appeal to *men*; which is generally more effectual than arguments deduced from *principle.*"

Now for the colonel.

"It would be difficult to determine whether weakness, ignorance, arrogance, or falsehood predominates in this British state paper; and whether it was the production of a cabinet council at London, or of the individual labour of the redoubted Colonel Nicoll. It would be 'stale, flat, and unprofitable,' to analyze or criticise it. It evinces the weakness of the author, his ignorance of the American character, the arrogance of a coward, and the baseness of a scoundrel."

But we have extracted enough. We shall only wind up General Jackson's career in arms with the language of the same author.

"Devoted to the cause of his country from principle, he scarcely breathed, after subjugating a savage foe, before he thundered defiance to the conquerors of the Old World. Upon the banks of the majestic Mississippi, he soared before his enemies in sheets of fire—he rendered every defile a *Thermopylæ*, and every plain an *Amarathon*."

If General Jackson has not promoted this Mr. *Amarathon*, who states himself to be an officer in the States army, to the rank of general, all we can say is, that he is very ungrateful.

One reason for our quoting so much from the last work is to corroborate the truth of Mr. Ferrall's observations as to the inimical feeling borne against England by the Americans. It is not to be wondered at, when we consider that they were oppressed by this country, and having established their independence after a sanguinary war, have since that time been at war only with us. People have an idea that, descended from the same parents, their animosities will be transitory, but let us remind them that no feuds are so deadly as those between kindred. This enmity is still kept alive by the discontented Englishmen who emigrate there, as well as by Trollopes who return disappointed. The following conversation is extracted from Mr. Ferrall's work:

"An account of his late Majesty's death was inserted in a Philadelphia paper, and happened to be noticed by one of the politicians present, when the landlord asked me how we elected our king in England. I replied that he was not elected, but that he became king by birthright, &c. A Kentuckian observed, placing his leg on the back of the next chair, 'That's a kind of unnatural.' An Indianian said, 'I don't believe in that system myself.' A third—'Do you mean to tell me, that because the last king was a smart man and knew his duty, that his son, or his brother

should be a smart man, and fit for the situation?' I explained that we had a premier, ministers, &c.;—when the last gentleman replied, 'Then you pay half-a-dozen men to do one man's business. Yes—yes—that may do for Englishmen very well; but, I guess, it would not go down here—no, no, Americans are a little more enlightened than to stand that kind of wiggery.' During this conversation, a person had stepped into the room, and had taken his seat in silence. I was about to reply to the last observations of my antagonist, when this gentleman opened out, with, 'Yes! that may do for Englishmen very well'—he was an Englishman, I knew at once by his accent, and I verily believe the identical radical who set the village of Bracebridge by the ears, and pitched the villagers to the devil, on seeing them grin through a horse-collar, when they should have been calculating the interest of the national debt, or conning over the list of sinecure placemen. He held in his hand, instead of 'Cobbett's Register,' the 'Greenville Republican.'—He had substituted for his short-sleeved coat, 'a round-about.'—He seemed to have put on flesh, and looked somewhat more contented. 'Yes, yes,' he says, 'that may do for Englishmen very well, but it won't do here. Here we make our own laws, and we keep them too. It may do for Englishmen very well, to have *the liberty* of paying taxes for the support of the nobility. To have *the liberty* of being incarcerated in a gaol, for shooting the wild animals of the country. To have *the liberty* of being seized by a press-gang, torn away from their wives and families, and flogged at the discretion of my lord Tom, Dick, or Harry's bastard.' At this, the Kentuckian gnashed his teeth, and instinctively grasped his hunting-knife;—an old Indian doctor, who was squatting in one corner of the room, said, slowly and emphatically, as his eyes glared, his nostrils dilated, and his lip curled with contempt—'The Englishman is a dog'—while a Georgian slave, who stood behind his master's chair, grinned and chuckled with delight, as he said—'*Poor* Englishman, him meaner man den black nigger.'—'To have,' continued the Englishman, '*the liberty* of being transported for seven years for being caught learning the use of the sword or the musket. To have the tenth lamb, and the tenth sheaf seized, or the blanket torn from off his bed, to pay a bloated, a plethoric bishop or parson,—to be kicked and cuffed about by a parcel of "Bourbon *gendarmerie*,"—Liberty!—why hell sweat,'—here I slipped out at the side door into the water-melon patch. As I receded, I heard the whole party burst out into an obstreperous fit of laughter.—A few broken sentences, from the Kentuckian and the radical, reached my ear, such as 'backed out'—'damned aristocratic.' I returned in about half an hour to pay my bill, when I could observe one or two of those doughty politicians who remained, leering at me most significantly. However, I—'smiled, and said nothing.'"

There are many other observations in Mr. Ferrall's work, relative to America, which we would quote and comment upon if our limits would permit us; particularly those upon the state of slavery, which in this free country is more revolting and degraded than in any other. One great merit of this volume is, that there is not a spice of ill-nature throughout its pages. Mr. Ferrall condemns what he considers wrong, and lauds where he can with justice. These are the description of travels which we wish to meet with; they not only impart information to us, but throw out useful hints to the people of the country, if they are wise enough to profit by them.

Every nation has its virtues, its vices, and its peculiarities. In most instances, when they differ from the general balance, these differences may be traced to the peculiar government by which they are swayed. The Americans are brave, but they are boasting; but who are more so than the English? Witness our national songs—

> "We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay,
> They never see us, but they wish us away."

How often is the case reversed? As for our military and naval despatches, they are too often more remarkable for the essence of

bombast than for the essence of truth. The Americans are enterprising, but they are selfish. This is the necessary consequence of their situation in a new country, where all are urging forward in the race of ambition. The Americans are inordinately fond of their own country, and consider their form of government to be perfection. So do we; and if this be a failing, long may we continue in the error! The Americans detest the English—not without just cause. As to the American peculiarities, Mr. Ferrall has shown his sense and knowledge of human nature, in not adverting to them. In a republic, where, as he observes, all are "gentlemen," we must not expect the tact and refinement of a "Pelham," but we may meet with more sincerity, which is preferable in the aggregate. Allowing that the Americans do prefer sitting with their heels higher than their heads, we must suppose that it is to ease their legs, American boots being *pretty considerable* heavy; and if they do spit, it is because they are patriotic enough to chew the staple commodity of their own country. Such peculiarities as these may from desuetude be unpleasant to the traveller, while many others even more revolting may be found in our asserted high state of refinement, to which custom has rendered us indifferent. What can be more bearish, more rude, or more selfish, than the custom of English gentlemen, who walk up to the fire on a cold winter's day, turning their backs close to it, and monopolizing the whole of the warmth, to the exclusion of the females; or what can be more indecent than, in the presence of the same females, to separate the tails of their coats, that they may receive additional warmth? Before we upbraid the foreigner for picking his teeth with his fork, or the American for spitting, we must ourselves get rid of this quintessence of vulgarity.

The Americans are what they must be expected, transplanted from civilization and excess of cultivation, to a more generous soil. Their virtues and nobler springs of action, as well as their vices, luxuriate into wildness and excess. Still the Americans are Englishmen; but they are Englishmen whose opinions and manners have changed under a new government in a new country. They inherit all our good qualities—our bravery, our love of freedom, our enterprise, our ingenuity, and our industry; and their vices and peculiarities are not more numerous, although they may appear to us more revolting and more ridiculous than our own.

The time may come, when America will dispute with us our maritime superiority, but we do not fear the time. When she has once become sufficiently powerful to cope with England, she will have become too powerful to hang together under her present government. She will then be divided and subdivided. Internal jealousies and internal policy will more than occupy her time, while external wars will exhaust her resources; then will the alliance and support of Great Britain be as much an object of solicitude to her separate powers, as it now is the object of hatred to her united strength.

F. M.

PETER SIMPLE.[1]

The master was the officer who had charge of the watch to which I was stationed; he was a very rough sailor, who had been brought up in the merchant service, not much of a gentleman in his appearance, very good-tempered, and very fond of grog. He always quarrelled with the boatswain, and declared that the service was going to the devil, now that warrant officers put on white shirts, and wore frills to them. But the boatswain did not care for him; he knew his duty, he did his duty, and if the captain was satisfied, he said that the whole ship's company might grumble. As for the master, he said, the man was very well, but having been brought up in a collier, he could not be expected to be very refined; in fact, he observed, pulling up his shirt collar—it was impossible "to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." The master was very kind to me, and used to send me down to my hammock before my watch was half over. Until that time, I walked the deck with O'Brien, who was a very pleasant companion, and taught me every thing that he could connected with my profession. One night, when we had the middle watch, I told him I should like very much if he would give me the history of his life. "That I will, my honey," replied he, "all that I can remember of it, though I have no doubt but that I've forgotten the best part of it. It's now within five minutes of two bells, so we'll heave the log and mark the board, and then I'll spin you a yarn, which will keep both of us from going to sleep." O'Brien reported the rate of sailing to the master, marked it down on the log-board, and then returned.

"So now, my boy, I'll come to an anchor on the topsail halyard rack, and you may squeeze your thread-paper little carcase under my lee, and then I'll tell you all about it. First and foremost, you must know that I am descended from the great O'Brien Borru, who was a king in his time, as the great Fingal was before him. Of course you've heard of Fingal."

"I can't say that I ever did," replied I.

"Never heard of Fingal!—murder! Where must you have been all your life? Well, then, to give you some notion of Fingal, I will first tell you how Fingal bothered the great Scotch giant, and then I'll go on with my own story. Fingal, you must know, was a giant himself, and no fool of one, and any one that affronted him was as sure of a bating, as I am to keep the middle watch to-night. But there was a giant in Scotland as tall as the main-mast, more or less, as we say when we a'n't quite sure, as it saves telling more lies than there's occasion for. Well, this Scotch giant heard of Fingal, and how he had beaten every body, and he said, 'Who is this Fingal? By Jasus,' says he in Scotch, 'I'll just walk over and see what he's made of.' So he walked across the Irish Channel, and landed within half a mile of Belfast, but whether he was out of his depth or not I can't tell,

[1] Continued from p. 68.

although I suspect that he was not dry footed. When Fingal heard that this great chap was coming over, he was in a devil of a fright, for they told him that the Scotchman was taller by a few feet or so. Giants, you know, measure by feet, and don't bother themselves about the inches, as we little devils are obliged to do. So Fingal kept a sharp look out for the Scotchman, and one fine morning there he was sure enough, coming up the hill to Fingal's house. If Fingal was afraid before, he had more reason to be afraid when he saw the fellow, for he looked for all the world like the monument upon a voyage of discovery. So Fingal ran into his house, and called to his wife Shaya, 'My vourneen,' says he, 'be quick now; there's that big bully of a Scotchman coming up the hill. Kiver me up with the blankets, and if he asks who is in bed, tell him it's the child.' So Fingal laid down on the bed, and his wife had just time to cover him up when in comes the Scotchman, and though he stooped low, he broke his head against the portal. 'Where's that baste Fingal?' says he, rubbing his forehead; 'show him to me, that I may give him a bating.' 'Whist, whist!' cries Shaya, 'you'll wake the babby, and then him that you talk of bating will be the death of you, if he comes in.' 'Is that the babby?' cried the Scotchman with surprise, looking at the great carcase muffled up in the blankets. 'Sure it is,' replied Shaya, 'and Fingal's babby too; so don't you wake him, or Fingal will twist your neck in a minute.' 'By the cross of St. Andrew,' replied the giant, 'then it's time for me to be off; for if that's his babby, I'll be but a mouthful to the fellow himself. Good morning to ye.' So the Scotch giant ran out of the house, and never stopped to eat or drink until he got back to his own hills, foreby he was nearly drowned in having mistaken his passage across the Channel in his great hurry. Then Fingal got up and laughed, as well he might, at his own 'cuteness; and so ends my story about Fingal. And now I'll begin about myself. As I said before, I am descended from the great O'Brien, who was a king in his time, but that time's past. I suppose as the world turns round, my children's children's posterity may be kings again, although there seems but little chance of it just now; but there's ups and downs on a grand scale, as well as in a man's own history, and the wheel of fortune keeps turning for the comfort of those who are at the lowest spoke, as I may be just now. To cut the story a little shorter, I skip down to my great-grand-father, who lived like a real gentleman, as he was, upon his ten thousand a-year. At last he died, and eight thousand of the ten was buried with him. My grandfather followed his father all in good course of time, and only left my father about one hundred acres of bog to keep up the dignity of the family. I am the youngest of ten, and devil a copper have I but my pay, or am I likely to have. You may talk about *descent*, but a more *descending* family than mine was never in existence, for here am I with twenty-five pounds a-year, and a half-pay of 'nothing a day, and find myself,' when my great ancestor did just what he pleased with all Ireland, and every body in it. But this is all nothing, except to prove satisfactorily that I am not worth a skillagalee, and the reason which induced me to condescend to serve his majesty. Father M'Grath, the priest, who lived with my father, taught me the

elements, as they call them. I thought I had enough of the elements then, but I've seen a deal more of them since. 'Teague,' says my father to me one day, 'what do ye mane to do?' 'To get my dinner, sure,' replied I, for I was not a little hungry. 'And so you shall to-day, my vourneen,' replied my father, 'but in future you must do something to get your own dinner: there's not praties enow for the whole of ye. Will you go to the *say?*' 'I'll just step down and look at it,' says I, for we lived but sixteen Irish miles from the coast; so when I had finished my meal, which did not take long, for want of ammunition, I trotted down to the Cove to see what a ship might be like, and I happened upon a large one sure enough, for there lay a three-decker with an admiral's flag at the fore. 'May be you'll be so civil as to tell me what ship that is,' said I to a sailor on the pier. 'It's the Queen Charlotte,' replied he, 'of one hundred and twenty guns.' Now when I looked at her size, and compared her with all the little smacks and hoys lying about her, I very naturally asked how old she was; he replied, that she was no more than three years old. 'But three years old,' thought I to myself; 'it's a fine vessel you'll be when you'll come of age, if you grow at that rate; you'll be as tall as the top of Bencrow (that's a mountain we have in our parts.)' You see, Peter, I was a fool at that time, just as you are now; but by-and-bye, when you've had as many thrashings, you may chance to be as clever. I went back to my father, and told him all I had seen, and he replied, that if I liked it I might be a midshipman on board of her, with nine hundred men under my command. He forgot to say how many I should have over me, but I found that out afterwards. I agreed, and my father ordered his pony and went to the lord lieutenant, for he had interest enough for that. The lord lieutenant spoke to the admiral, who was staying at the palace, and I was ordered on board as midshipman. My father fitted me out pretty handsomely, telling all the tradesmen that their bills should be paid with my first prize-money, and thus by promises and blarney he got credit for all I wanted. At last all was ready; Father M'Grath gave me his blessing, and told me that if I died like an O'Brien, he would say a power of masses for the good of my soul. 'May you never have the trouble, sir,' said I. 'Och, trouble! a pleasure, my dear boy,' replied he, for he was a very polite man; so off I went with my big chest, not quite so full as it ought to have been, for my mother cribbed one half of my stock for my brothers and sisters. 'I hope to be back again soon, father,' said I, as I took my leave. 'I hope not, my dear boy,' replied he; 'a'n't you provided for, and what more would ye have?' So after a deal of bother I was fairly on board, and I parted company with my chest, for I stayed on deck, and that went down below. I stared about with all my eyes for some time, when who should be coming off but the captain, and the officers were ordered on deck to receive him. I wanted to have a quiet survey of him, so I took up my station on one of the guns, that I might examine him at my leisure. The boatswain whistled, the marines presented arms, and the officers all took off their hats as the captain came on the deck, and then the guard was dismissed, and they all walked about the deck as before, but I found it very pleasant to be astride on the gun, so I remained where I was.

'What do you mane by that, you big young scoundrel?' says he, when he saw me. 'It's nothing at all I mane,' replied I; 'but what do you mane by calling an O'Brien a scoundrel?' 'Who is he?' said the captain to the first lieutenant. 'Mr. O'Brien, who joined the ship about an hour since.' 'Don't you know better than to sit upon a gun?' said the captain. 'To be sure I do,' replied I, 'when there's any thing better to sit upon.' 'He knows no better, sir,' observed the first lieutenant. 'Then he must be taught,' replied the captain. 'Mr. O'Brien, since you have perched yourself upon that gun to please yourself, you will now continue there for two hours to please me. Do you understand, sir? you'll ride on that gun for two hours.' 'I understand, sir,' replied I; 'but I'm afraid that he won't move without spurs, although there's plenty of *metal* in him.' The captain turned away and laughed as he went into his cabin, and all the officers laughed, and I laughed too, for I perceived no great hardship in sitting down an hour or two, any more than I do now. Well, I soon found that, like a young bear, all my troubles were to come. The first month was nothing but fighting and squabbling with my messmates; they called me a *raw* Irishman, and *raw* I was sure enough, from the constant thrashings and coltings I received from those who were bigger and stronger than myself; but nothing lasts for ever—as they discovered that whenever they found blows I could find back, they got tired of it, and left me and my brogue alone. We sailed for the Toolong fleet."

"What fleet?" inquired I.

"Why, the Toolong fleet, so called, I thought, because they remained too long in harbour, bad luck to them; and then we were off Cape See-see (devil a bit could we see of them except their mast-heads) for I don't know how many months. But I forgot to say that I got into another scrape just before we left harbour. It was my watch when they piped to dinner, and I took the liberty to run below, as my messmates had a knack of forgetting absent friends. Well, the captain came on board, and there were no side boys, no side ropes, and no officers to receive him. He came on deck foaming with rage, for his dignity was hurt, and he inquired who was the midshipman of the watch. 'Mr. O'Brien,' said they all. 'Devil a bit,' replied I; 'it was my forenoon watch.' 'Who relieved you, sir?' said the first lieutenant. 'Devil a soul, sir,' replied I, 'for they were all too busy with their pork and beef.' 'Then why did you leave the deck without relief?' 'Because, sir, my stomach would have had but little relief if I had remained.' The captain, who stood by, said, 'Do you see those cross-trees, sir?' 'Is it those little bits of wood that you mane, on the top there, captain?' 'Yes, sir; now just go up there, and stay until I call you down. You must be brought to your senses, young man, or you'll have but little prospect in the service.' 'I've an idea that I'll have plenty of prospect when I get up there,' replied I, 'but it's all to please you.' So up I went, as I have many a time since, and as you often will, Peter, just to enjoy the fresh air and your own pleasant thoughts all at one and the same time.

"At last I became much more used to the manners and customs of *say*-going people, and by the time that I had been fourteen months off Cape See-see, I was considered a very genteel young midshipman,

and my messmates, (that is, all that I could thrash, which didn't leave out many,) had a very great respect for me.

"The first time that I put my foot on shore was at Minorca, and then I put my foot into it, (as we say,) for I was nearly killed for a heretic, and only saved by proving myself a true Catholic, which proves that religion is a great comfort in distress, as Father M'Grath used to say. Several of us went on shore, and having dined upon a roast turkey, stuffed with plum pudding, (for every thing else was cooked in oil, and we could not eat it,) and having drunk as much wine as would float a jolly boat, we ordered donkeys, to take a little equestrian exercise. Some went off tail an end, some with their hind quarters uppermost, and then the riders went off instead of the donkeys; some wouldn't go off at all; as for mine he would go—and where the devil do you think he went? Why, into the church where all the people were at mass: the poor brute was dying with thirst, and smelt water. As soon as he was in, notwithstanding all my tugging and hawling, he ran his nose into the holy water fount, and drank it all up. Although I thought, that seeing how few Christians have any religion, that you could not expect much from a donkey, yet I was very much shocked at the sacrilege, and fearful of the consequences. Nor was it without reason, for the people in the church were quite horrified, as well they might be, for the brute drank as much holy water as would have purified the whole town of Port Mahon, suburbs and all to boot. They rose up from their knees and seized me, crying upon all the saints in the calendar. Although I knew what they meant, not a word of their lingo could I speak to plead for my life, and I was almost torn to pieces before the priests came up. Perceiving the danger I was in, I wiped my finger across the wet nose of the donkey, crossed myself, and then went down on my knees to the priests, crying out *culpa mea*, as all good Catholics do—though 'twas no fault of mine, as I said before, for I tried all I could, and tugged at the brute till my strength was gone. The priests perceived by the manner in which I crossed myself that I was a good Catholic, and guessed that it was all a mistake of the donkey's. They ordered the crowd to be quiet, and sent for an interpreter, when I explained the whole story. They gave me absolution for what the donkey had done, and after that, as it was very rare to meet an English officer who was a good Christian, I was in great favour during my stay at Minorca, and was living in plenty, paying for nothing, and as happy as a cricket. So the jackass proved a very good friend, and to reward him I hired him every day, and galloped him all over the island. But at last it occurred to me that I had broken my leave, for I was so happy on shore that I quite forgot that I had only permission for twenty-four hours, and I should not have remembered it so soon, had it not been for a party of marines, headed by a serjeant, who took me by the collar and dragged me off my donkey. I was taken on board, and put under an arrest for my misconduct. Now, Peter, I don't know any thing more agreeable than being put under an arrest. Nothing to do all day but eat and drink, and please yourself, only forbid to appear on the quarter deck, the only place that a midshipman wishes to avoid. Whether it was to punish me more severely, or whether he forgot all

about me, I can't tell, but it was nearly two months before I was sent for in the cabin, and the captain with a most terrible frown, said that he trusted that my punishment would be a warning to me, and that now I mght return to my duty. 'Plase your honour,' said I, 'I don't think that I've been punished enough yet.' 'I am glad to find that you are so penitent, but you are forgiven, so take care that you do not oblige me to put you again in confinement.' So as there was no persuading him, I was obliged to return to my duty again; but I made a resolution that I would get into another scrape again as soon as I dared ——"

"Sail on the starboard-bow," cried the look out man.

"Very well," replied the master; "Mr. O'Brien—where's Mr. O'Brien?"

"Is it me you mane, sir," said O'Brien, walking up to the master, for he had sat down so long in the topsail-halyard rack, that he was wedged in and could not get out immediately.

"Yes, sir; go forward, and see what that vessel is."

"Aye, aye, sir," said O'Brien; "and Mr. Simple," continued the master, "go down and bring me up my night-glass."

"Yes, sir," replied I. I had no idea of a night-glass; and as I observed that about this time his servant brought him up a glass of grog, I thought it very lucky that I knew what he meant. "Take care that you don't break it, Mr. Simple." "O then, I'm all right," thought I; he means the tumbler, so down I went, called up the gun-room steward, and desired him to give me a glass of grog for Mr. Doball. The steward tumbled out in his shirt, mixed the grog, and gave it to me, and I carried it up very carefully to the quarter-deck.

During my absence, the master had called the captain, and in pursuance of his orders, O'Brien had called the first lieutenant, and when I came up the ladder they were both on deck. As I came up the ladder I heard the master say, "I have sent young Simple down for my night-glass, but he is so long, that I suppose he has made some mistake. He's but half a fool." "That I deny," replied Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, just as I put my foot on the quarter-deck. "He's no fool." "Perhaps not," replied the master. "O, here he is. What made you so long, Mr. Simple—where is my night-glass?"

"Here it is, sir," replied I, handing him the tumbler of grog; "I told the steward to make it stiff." The captain and the first lieutenant burst out into a laugh—for Mr. Doball was known to be very fond of grog; the former walked aft to conceal his mirth; but the latter remained. Mr. Doball was in a great rage. "Did not I say that the boy was half a fool," cried he, to the first lieutenant. "At all events, I'll not allow that he has proved himself so in this instance," replied Mr. Falcon, "for he has hit the right nail on the head." Then the first lieutenant joined the captain, and they both went off laughing. "Put it on the capstan, sir," said Mr. Doball to me, in an angry voice: "I'll punish you by-and-bye." I was very much astonished, I hardly knew whether I had done right or wrong; at all events, thought I to myself, I did for the best; so I put it on the capstan and walked to my own side of the deck. The captain and first lieutenant then went below, and O'Brien came aft. "What vessel is it?" said I.

"To the best of my belief, it's one of your bathing machines going home with despatches," replied he.

"A bathing machine," said I; "why I thought that they were hauled up on the beach."

"That's the Brighton sort; but these are made not to go up at all."

"What then?"

"Why, to *go down*, to be sure; and remarkably well they answer their purpose. I won't puzzle you any more, my Peter, I'm spaking helligorically, which I believe means telling a hell of a lie. It's one of your ten-gun brigs, to the best of my knowledge."

I then told O'Brien what had occurred, and how the master was angry with me. O'Brien laughed very heartily, and told me never to mind, but to keep in the lee-scuppers and watch him. "A glass of grog is a bait that he'll play round till he gorges. When you see it to his lips, go up to him boldly, and ask his pardon if you offended him, and then if he's a good Christian, as I believe him to be, he'll not refuse."

I thought this was very good advice, and I waited under the bulwark on the lee side. I observed that the master made shorter and shorter turns every time, till at last he stopped at the capstan and looked at the grog. He waited about half a minute, and then he took up the tumbler, and drank about half of it. It was very strong, and he stopped to take breath. I thought this was the right time, and I went up to him. The tumbler was again to his lips, and before he saw me, I said, "I hope, sir, you'll forgive me; I never heard of a night telescope, and knowing that you had walked so long, I thought you were tired, and wanted something to drink, to refresh you." "Well, Mr. Simple," said he, after he had finished the glass, with a deep sigh, "as you meant kindly, I shall let you off this time; but recollect, that whenever you bring me a glass of grog again, it must not be in the presence of the captain or first lieutenant." I promised him very faithfully, and went away quite delighted with my having made my peace with him, and more so that the first lieutenant had said that I was no fool for what I had done.

At last our watch was over, and about two bells I was relieved by the midshipman of the next watch. It is very unfair not to relieve in time, but if I say a word, I am certain to be thrashed the next day upon some pretence or another. On the other hand, the midshipman whom I relieve is also much bigger than I am, and if I am not up before one bell, I am cut down and thrashed by him; so that between the two, I keep much more than my share of the watch, except when the master sends me to bed before it is over.

The next morning I was on deck at seven bells, to see the hammocks stowed, when I was witness to Mr. Falcon, the first lieutenant, having recourse to one of his remedies to cure a mizen-top boy of smoking, a practice to which he has a great aversion. He never interferes with the men smoking in the galley, or chewing tobacco; but he prevents the boys, that is, lads under twenty or thereabouts, from indulging in the habit too early. The first lieutenant smelt the tobacco as the boy passed him on the quarter deck.

"Why, Neill, you have been smoking," said the first lieutenant. "I thought you were aware that I did not permit such lads as you to use tobacco."

"If you please, sir," replied the mizen-top-man, touching his hat, "I'se got worms, and they say that smoking be good for them."

"Good for them!" said the first lieutenant; "yes, very good for them, but very bad for you. Why, my good fellow, they'll thrive upon tobacco until they grow as large as conger eels. I wonder that you are not dead by this time. Heat is what the worms are fond of; but cold—cold will kill them. Now I'll cure you. Quarter-master, come here. Walk this boy up and down the weather gangway, and every time you get forward abreast of the main-tack block, put his mouth to windward, squeeze him sharp by the nape of the neck until he opens his mouth wide, and then keep him and let the cold air blow down his throat, while you count ten; then walk him aft, and when you are forward again, proceed as before.—Cold kills worms, my poor boy, not tobacco—I wonder that you are not dead by this time."

The quarter-master, who liked the joke, as did all the seamen, seized hold of the lad, and as soon as they arrived forward, gave him such a squeeze of the neck as to force him to open his mouth, if it was only to cry with pain. The wind was very fresh, and blew into his mouth so strong, that it actually whistled while he was forced to keep it open; and thus he was obliged to walk up and down, cooling his inside, for nearly two hours, when the first lieutenant sent for him, and told him that he thought all the worms must be dead by that time; but if they were not, the lad was not to apply his own remedies, but come to him for another dose. However, the boy was of the same opinion as the first lieutenant, and never complained of worms again.

A few nights afterwards, when we had the middle watch, O'Brien proceeded with his story. "Where was it that I left off?"

"You left off at the time that you were taken out of confinement."

"So I did sure enough; and it was with no good will that I went to my duty. However, as there was no help for it, I walked up and down the deck as before, with my hands in my pockets, thinking of old Ireland and my great ancestor Brien Borru. And so I went on behaving myself like a real gentleman, and getting into no more scrapes, until the fleet put into the Cove of Cork, and I found myself within a few miles of my father's house. You may suppose that the anchor had hardly kissed the mud, before I went to the first lieutenant, and asked leave to go on shore. Now the first lieutenant was not in the sweetest of tempers, seeing as how the captain had been hauling him over the coals for not carrying on the duty according to his satisfaction. So he answered me very gruffly, that I should not leave the ship. 'O bother!' said I to myself, 'this will never do.' So up I walked to the captain, and touching my hat, reminded him that I had a father and mother, and a pretty sprinkling of brothers and sisters, who were dying to see me, and that I hoped that he would give me leave.' 'Ax the first lieutenant,' said he, turning away. 'I have, sir,' replied I, 'and he says that the devil a bit shall I put my foot

on shore.' 'Then you have misbehaved yourself,' said the captain. 'Not a bit of it, Captain Willis,' replied I; 'it 's the first lieutenant who has misbehaved.' 'How, sir?' answered he, in an angry tone. 'Why, sir, didn't he misbehave just now, in not carrying on the duty according to your will and pleasure? and didn't you sarve him out just as he deserved—and isn't he sulky because you did—and arn't that the reason why I 'm not to go on shore? You see, your honour, it 's all true as I said; and the first lieutenant has misbehaved, and not me. I hope you will allow me to go on shore, captain, God bless you! and make some allowance for my parental feelings towards the arthers of my existence.' 'Have you any fault to find with Mr. O'Brien?' said the captain to the first lieutenant, as he came aft. 'No more than I have with midshipmen in general; but I believe it is not the custom for officers to ask leave to go on shore before the sails are furled and yards squared.' 'Very true,' replied the captain; 'therefore, Mr. O'Brien, you must wait until the watch is called, and then if you ask the first lieutenant, I have no doubt but you will have leave granted to you to go and see your friends.' 'Thank'e kindly, sir,' replied I; and I hoped that the yards and sails would be finished off as soon as possible, for my heart was in my mouth, and I felt that if I had been kept much longer, it would have flown on shore before me.

"I thought myself very clever in this business, but I never was a greater fool in my life; for there was no such hurry to have gone on shore, and the first lieutenant never forgave me for appealing to the captain—but of that by-and-bye, and all in good time. At last I obtained a grumbling assent to my going on shore, and off I went like a sky rocket. Being in a desperate hurry, I hired a jaunting car to take me to my father's house. 'Is it the O'Briens of Ballyhinch that you mean?' inquired the spalpeen who drove the horse. 'Sure it is,' replied I; 'and how is he, and all the noble family of the O'Briens?' 'All well enough, bating the boy Tim, who caught a bit of confusion in his head the other night at the fair, and now lies in bed quite insinsible to mate or drink; but the doctors give hopes of his recovery, as all the O'Briens are known to have such thick heads.' 'What do you mane by that, bad manners to you?' said I; 'but poor Tim—how did it happen—was there a fight?' 'Not much of a fight—only a bit of a skrummage—three crowner's inquests, no more.' 'But you are not going the straight road, you thief,' said I, seeing that he had turned off to the left. 'I 've my reasons for that, your honour,' replied he; 'I always turn away from the Castle out of principle—I lost a friend there, and it makes me melancholy.' 'How came that for to happen?' 'All by accident, your honour; they hung my poor brother Patrick there, becase he was a bad hand at arithmetic.' 'He should have gone to a better school then,' said I. 'I 've an idea that it was a bad school that he was brought up in,' replied he, with a sigh. 'He was a cattle-dealer, your honour, and one day, somehow or another, he 'd a cow too much—all for not knowing how to count, your honour—bad luck to his schoolmaster!' 'All that may be very true,' said I, 'and pace be to his soul; but I don't see why you are to drag me, that 's in such a hurry, two miles out of my way out of principle.' 'Is your honour in a hurry to get home? Then I 'll be

thinking they 'll not be in such a hurry to see you.' 'And who told you that my name was O'Brien, you baste?—and do you dare to say that my friends won't be glad to see me?' 'Plase your honour, it 's all an idea of mine—so say no more about it. Only this I know; Father M'Grath, who gives me absolution, tould me the other day that I ought to pay him, and not run in debt, and then run away like Teague O'Brien, who went to say without paying for his shirts, and his shoes, and his stockings, nor any thing else, and who would live to be hanged as sure as St. Patrick swam over the Liffey with his head under his arm.' 'Bad luck to that Father M'Grath,' cried I; 'devil burn me but I 'll be revenged upon him!'

By that time we had arrived at the door of my father's house. I paid the rapparee, and in I popped. There was my father and mother, and all my brothers and sister, (bating Tim, who was in bed sure enough, and died the next day,) and that baste Father M'Grath to boot. When my mother saw me, she ran to me and hugged me as she wept on my neck, and then she wiped her eyes, and sat down again; but nobody else said 'How d'ye do,' or opened their mouths to me. I said to myself, 'Sure there 's some trifling mistake here, but I held my tongue. At last they all opened their mouths with a vengeance. My father commenced—'Arn't you ashamed on yourself, Teague O'Brien?'—'Arn't you ashamed on yourself, Teague O'Brien?' cried Father M'Grath.—'Arn't you ashamed on yourself?' cried out all my brothers and sisters in full chorus, whilst my poor mother put her apron to her eyes and said nothing. 'The devil a bit for myself, but very much ashamed for you all,' replied I, 'to treat me in this manner. What 's the meaning of all this?' 'Haven't they seized my two cows to pay for your toggery, you spalpeen?' cried my father. 'Haven't they taken the hay to pay for your shoes and stockings?' cried Father M'Grath. 'Haven't they taken the pig to pay for that ugly hat of yours?' cried my eldest sister. 'And haven't they taken my hens to pay for that dirk of yours?' cried another. 'And all our best furniture to pay for your white shirts and black cravats?' cried Murdock, my brother. 'And haven't we been starved to death ever since?' cried they all. 'Och hone!' said my mother. 'The devil they have!' said I, when they 'd all done. 'Sure I 'm sorry enough, but it 's no fault of mine. Father, didn't you send me to say?' 'Yes, you rapparee; but didn't you promise—or didn't I promise for you, which is all one and the same thing—that you 'd pay it all back with your prize-money—and where is it? answer that, Teague O'Brien.' 'Where is it, father? I 'll tell you—it's where next Christmas is—coming, but not come yet.' 'Spake to him, Father M'Grath,' said my father. 'Is not that a lie of yours, Teague O'Brien, that you 're after telling now?' said Father M'Grath; 'give me the money.' 'It 's no lie, Father M'Grath; if it pleased you to die to-morrow, the devil of a shilling have I to jingle on your tombstone for good luck, bating those three or four, which you may divide between you,' and I threw them on the floor.

"'Teague O'Brien,' said Father M'Grath, 'it's absolution that you 'll be wanting to-morrow, after all your sins and enormities; and the devil a bit shall you have—take that now.'

"'Father M'Grath,' replied I, very angrily, 'it 's no absolution that I 'll want from you, any how—take that now.'

"'Then you have had your share of heaven; for I 'll keep you out of it, you wicked monster,' said Father M'Grath—'take that now.'

"'If it's no better than a midshipman's birth,' replied I, 'I 'd just as soon stay out; but I 'll creep in in spite of you—take that now, Father M'Grath.'

"'And who 's to save your soul, and send you to heaven, if I don't, you wicked wretch? but I 'll see you d——d first—so take that now, Teague O'Brien.'

"'Then I 'll turn Protestant, and damn the Pope—take that now, Father M'Grath.'

"At this last broadside of mine, my father and all my brothers and sisters raised a cry of horror, and my mother burst into tears. Father M'Grath seized hold of the pot of holy water, and dipping in the little whisk, began to sprinkle the room, saying a Latin prayer, while they all went on squalling at me. At last, my father seized the stool, which he had been seated upon, and threw it at my head. I dogged, and it knocked down Father M'Grath, who had just walked behind me in full song. I knew that it was all over after that, so I sprung over his carcase and gained the door. 'Good morning to ye all, and better manners to you next time we meet,' cried I, and off I set as fast as I could for the ship.

"I was melancholy enough as I walked back, and thought of what had passed. 'I need not have been in such a confounded hurry,' said I to myself, 'to ask leave, thereby affronting the first lieutenant;' and I was very sorry for what I had said to the priest, for my conscience thumped me very hard at having even pretended that I 'd turn Protestant, which I never intended to do, nor ever will, but live and die a good Catholic as all my posterity have done before me, and as I trust all my ancestors will for generations to come. Well, I arrived on board, and the first lieutenant was very savage. I hoped he would get over it, but he never did; and he continued to treat me so ill, that I determined to quit the ship, which I did as soon as we arrived in Cawsand Bay. The captain allowed me to go, for I told him the whole truth of the matter, and he saw that it was true; so he recommended me to the captain of a jackass frigate, who was in want of midshipmen."

"What do mean by a jackass frigate?" inquired I.

"I mean one of your twenty-eight gun ships, so called because there is as much difference between them and a real frigate, like the one we are sailing in, as there is between a donkey and a race-horse. Well, the ship was no sooner brought down to the dock-yard to have her ballast taken in, than our captain came down to her—a little, thin, spare man, but a man of weight nevertheless, for he brought a great pair of scales with him, and weighed every thing that was put on board. I forget his real name, but the sailors christened him Captain Avoirdupois. He had a large book, and in it he inserted the weight of the ballast, and of the shot, water, provisions, coals, standing and running rigging, cables, and every thing else. Then he weighed all the men, and all the midshipmen, and all the midshipmen's

chests, and all the officers with everything belonging to them; lastly, he weighed himself, which did not add much to the sum total. I don't exactly know what this was for; but he was always talking about centres of gravity, displacement of fluid, and Lord knows what. I believe it was to find out the longitude, somehow or other, but I didn't remain long enough in her to know the end of it; for one day I brought on board a pair of new boots, which I forgot to report that they might be put into the scales which swung on the gangway; and whether the captain thought that they would sink his ship, or why I cannot tell, but he ordered me to quit her immediately—so there I was adrift again. I packed up my traps and went on shore, putting on my new boots out of spite, and trod into all the mud and mire I could meet, and walked up and down from Plymouth to Dock until I was tired, as a punishment to them, until I wore the scoundrels out in a fortnight.

"One day I was in the dock-yard, looking at a two-decker in the basin, just brought forward for service, and I inquired who was to be the captain. They told me that his name was O'Connor. Then he's a countryman of mine, thought I, and I'll try my luck. So I called at Goud's Hotel, where he was lodging, and requested to speak with him. I was admitted, and I told him with my best bow, that I had come as a volunteer for his ship, and that my name was O'Brien. As it happened, he had some vacancies, and liking my brogue, he asked me in what ships I had served. I told him, and also my reason for quitting my last—which was because I was turned out of it. I explained the story of the boots, and he made inquiries, and found that it was all true; and then he gave me a vacancy as master's mate. We were ordered to South America; and the trade winds took us there in a jiffey. I liked my captain and officers very much; and what was better, we took some good prizes. But somehow or other I never had the luck to remain long in one ship, and that by no fault of mine; at least, not in this instance. All went on as smooth as possible, until one day the captain took us on shore to a ball, at one of the peaceable districts. We had a very merry night of it; but as luck would have it, I had the morning watch to keep, and see the decks cleaned, and as I never neglected my duty, I set off about three o'clock in the morning, just at break of day, to go on board of the ship. I was walking along the sands, thinking of the pretty girl that I'd been dancing with, and had got about half way to the ship, when three rapparees of Spanish soldiers came from behind a rock and attacked me with their swords and bayonets. I had only my dirk, but I was not to be run through for nothing, so I fought them as long as I could. I finished one fellow, but at last they finished me; for a bayonet pressed through my body, and I forgot all about it. Well, it appears—for I can only say so to the best of my knowledge and belief—that after they had killed me, they stripped me naked and buried me in the sand, carrying away with them the body of their comrade. So there I was—dead and buried."

"But, O'Brien," said I.

"Whist—hold your tongue—you've not heard the end of it. Well, I had been buried about an hour—but not very deep it appears, for

they were in too great a hurry—when a fisherman and his daughter came along the beach, on their way to the boat; and the daughter, God bless her, did me the favour to tread upon my nose. It was clear that she had never trod upon an Irishman's nose before, for it surprised her, and she looked down to see what was there, and not seeing any thing, she tried it again with her foot, and then she scraped off the sand, and discovered my pretty face. I was quite warm, and still breathing, for the sand had stopped the blood, and prevented my bleeding to death. The fisherman pulled me out, and took me on his back to the house where the captain and officers were still dancing. When he brought me in, there was a great cry from the ladies, not because I was murdered, for they are used to it in those countries, but because I was naked, which they considered a much more serious affair. I was put to bed, and a boat despatched on board for our doctor; and in a few hours I was able to speak, and tell them how it happened. But I was too ill to move when the ship sailed, which she was obliged to do in a day or two afterwards, so the captain made out my discharge, and left me there. The family were French, and I remained with them for six months before I could obtain a passage home, during which I learnt their language, and a very fair allowance of Spanish to boot. When I arrived in England, I found that the prizes had been sold, and that the money was ready for distribution. I produced my certificate, and received £167 for my share. So it's come at last, thought I.

"I never had such a handful of money in my life; but I hope I shall again, very soon. I spread it out on the table as soon as I got home and looked at it, and then I said to myself, now, Teague O'Brien, will you keep this money to yourself, or send it home? Then I thought of father M'Grath, and the stool that was thrown at my head, and I was very near sweeping it all back into my pocket. But then I thought of my mother, and of the cows, and the pig, and the furniture, all gone; and of my brothers and sisters wanting praties, and I made a vow that I'd send every farthing of it to them, after which father M'Grath would no longer think of not giving me absolution. So I sent them every doit, only reserving for myself the pay which I had received, amounting to about £30; and I never felt more happy in my life than when it was safe in the post-office, and fairly out of my hands. I wrote a bit of a letter to my father at the time, which was to this purpose—

"Honoured Father;

"Since our last pleasant meeting, at which you threw the stool at my head, missing the pigeon and hitting the crow, I have been dead and buried, but am now quite well, thank God, and want no absolution from father M'Grath, bad luck to him. And what's more to the point, I have just received a batch of prize money, the first I have handled since I have served his majesty, and every farthing of which I now send to you, that you may get back your old cows and the pig, and all the rest of the articles seized to pay for my fitting out; so never again ask me whether I am not ashamed of myself: more shame to you for abusing a dutiful son like myself, who went to sea at your

bidding, and has never had a real good potatoe down his throat ever since. I'm a true O'Brien, tell my mother, and don't mane to turn Protestant, but uphold the religion of my country; although the devil may take father M'Grath and his holy water to boot. I sha'n't come and see you, as perhaps you may have another stool ready for my head, and may take better aim next time; so no more at present from your affectionate son,

"TEAGUE O'BRIEN."

"About three weeks afterwards I received a letter from my father, telling me that I was a real O'Brien, and that if any one dared hint to the contrary, he would break every bone in his body; that they had received the money, and thanked me for a real gentleman as I was; that I should have the best stool in the house next time I came, not for my head, but for my tail; that father M'Grath sent me his blessing, and had given me absolution for all I had done or should do for the next ten years to come; that my mother had cried with joy at my dutiful behaviour; and that all my brothers and sisters, (bating Tim, who had died the day after I left them,) wished me good luck, and plenty more prize money to send home to them. This was all very pleasant; and I had nothing left on my mind but to get another ship; so I went to the port admiral, and told him how it was that I left my last; and he said, 'That being dead and buried was quite sufficient reason for any one leaving his ship, and that he would procure me another, now that I had come to life again.' I was sent on board of the guard ship, where I remained about ten days, and then was sent round to join this frigate—and so my story's ended; and there's eight bells striking—so the watch is ended too; jump down, Peter, and call Robinson, and tell him that I'll trouble him to forget to go to sleep again as he did last time, and leave me here, kicking my heels, contrary to the rules and regulations of the service."

(To be continued.)

THE CURRENCY.

I WISH to warn the electors for the counties of Great Britain, especially agricultural counties, what I am profoundly persuaded is the most important of all the questions which ought to direct them in the choice of their representatives. I know that there is great difference of opinion on the subject; but I say that that difference is founded on the most unaccountable errors and false assumptions in the very outset of the dispute. The question I refer to is the CURRENCY.

All the mistakes of all other statesmen and legislators put together, are nothing in disastrous effect compared with those of Peel in his bill of 1819. From that alone has flowed every distress of the country that has since occurred—the ruin of all the solid property of the country; the starvation of the people; the destruction of loyalty; the hatred of the constitution; the fires; the insurrections; the death at the gallows!

I know of no infatuation like this in the history of any country. If there could have been any doubt in theory, the most clear experience, the most glaring facts, were all in favour of one side of the question. The vast start in the riches of the nation, which began soon after the commencement of Pitt's administration, was entirely owing to the adoption of a liberal and copious currency. And the wealth of the country continued to increase, in defiance of the waste of war, till the peace of 1815. Peace, which would still have augmented that increase, if it had not brought with it a restricted currency, thus accompanied brought poverty, palsy, disaster, bankruptcy, and ruin!

The Jews have done all this for their own private ends. It has been entirely owing to the manœuvres of the fundholders, and the Stock Exchange. The whole purposes of money are mistaken by those who contend for the necessity of a metallic currency, of equal intrinsic value. Money can be for no other purpose than as an instrument and measure of the exchange of two other commodities. The wealth of a country is in proportion to the quantity of its exchangeable commodities; but if the instruments of exchange are not sufficiently numerous, in that degree commodities cease to be exchangeable, and therefore cease to be wealth. Commodities, so long as they are locked up in a magazine, and are not marketable, are not wealth. Produce is not beneficial till it is properly distributable: and thus there may be abundance in Great Britain—and yet starvation!

> "Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
> And in the laden vineyard dies of thirst."

All the objections to a large paper-currency are either false or frivolous. A principal objection pretended is, that it encourages overproduction, and unsound speculation. I take all this to be a perfect bugbear! There cannot be over production as long as there are means of a proper distribution. And as to unsound speculation—two

parties go to that—the lender as well as the borrower: and who will incur deep responsibilities for another's gambling profits? The effect of what is called an excess of paper money would be this: it would increase nominal prices,—would it increase real costs? Perhaps it might, so far as this,—that the labourer would be more liberally paid: but is that an evil? And on this point is another enormous fallacy of Ricardo: he assumes that every increase of *wages* is so much deduction from *profits:* as if the price was fixed, however the costs might vary! Now, whenever more wages are paid, higher prices are obtained.

Price is the result of compound causes: viz. of cost, controlled or augmented by less or more demand. For a time, price may fall short of cost; or exceed it by exorbitant profits. But the measure of exchange is intended to represent an equal quantity of cost. If a gold guinea commands more labour than a promissory note of its nominal value, it is because the scarcity of gold has given it a value beyond its proper cost! it is not that paper is depreciated. The banterers and slangers call paper *rags:* in the same way are mortgage-deeds only *skins!*

As to foreign trade, there are two ways in which it is beneficial to a country: first, where a smaller quantity of labour is exchanged for a larger: secondly, where every country exchanges for an equivalent, which it cannot produce itself. The former may happen in various ways—by skill, capital, machinery, &c., the latter by the gifts of nature—by soil, climate, &c. But high nominal prices—so far as they operate at all—operate rather in favour of the profits by foreign commerce, than against them. Undoubtedly if the Bank is liable to pay its notes at the mint price, and not at the market price, it is so far a temptation for the merchant to demand gold for paper, that he may have the profit in carrying it to the foreign market: but after all, that cannot in the majority of cases be equal to the double profit of an exchange of commodities, where the merchant gains both on what he exports and what he imports.

As to what is called an excess of currency, it is as broad as it is long. If the measure of one commodity is seven one pound notes, instead of five, the same measure is applied to the commodity for which it is exchanged.

That system must be best, which produces the largest quantity of useful commodities at the smallest labour or cost. By that test must the comparative value of monetary laws and usages be tried. And by that test will the superiority of an ample paper-currency be established.

I do not say that no abuses in the system took place, while it was in full play: but they were excrescences, which might have been cut off with the greatest facility.

To enter upon untried schemes and unknown seas, might be bold; but after years had passed, and the seas had been traversed, and the voyages successful, and treasures of inestimable value brought home—then all at once to take fright, and cry, "We must embark no more; we may encounter tempests and shipwrecks: let us lay up our shipping to rot in the harbour, and leave all our crews to starve, and

ourselves to become bankrupts:" this is a piece of stupid infatuation, unexampled in the history of mankind! What! when thirty years had proved the incalculable prosperity attendant on a system, to abandon it in favour of an ancient exploded prejudice; and that a proveably false one too!

The old mumpers continue to repeat that money is an equivalent for a commodity, and paper is not; and then they look triumphant, and think the question is ended. But suppose it be found more beneficial to the production of wealth, to exchange upon promises than upon instantaneous payment! Which system is then the best? The reply will be, that it may sometimes happen that promises may not be performed! Admit it: and then balance the evil against the good. If this be an argument, it is an argument against all trade and credit; in all which, losses will sometimes occur.

It is said that when the bill to restrain cash payments was passed in 1797, there was a parliamentary engagement to resume them at the end of the war. But what reason was this for Peel's bill of 1819, which suppressed or curtailed the issue of paper money? Talk of statesmanship, or patriotism! What other statesman ever did to his country such mischief as this? Is this a man who pretends to be a follower of the politics of Pitt? Pitt was a man of grand ideas, and bold and comprehensive conceptions. Can this be said of Peel? Cold and narrow calculations; methodical deductions from ancient prejudices and obsolete authorities, exhibit neither genius nor high talents. Without imagination, a man has no wide prospects: he takes in but a little view, and *that* darkly!

But there is no excuse for such errors as those of the bill of 1819; they must have been committed by wilful and obstinate blindness.

The charge against paper-money is, that it has a tendency to excess which cannot be controlled.* I say that if there be that tendency,

* That the depreciation of the paper currency was not owing to over issue, is very clear, from the fact that out of all the failures of country banks, there was but a very inconsiderable number indeed which did not pay twenty shillings in the pound, under the disadvantage of the disposal of their securities, many of them below two-thirds of their value, and in the midst of the panic-stricken times. All the paper issued may therefore be taken as having been the representative of property to a full and fair amount. The ministry knew nothing about the matter. Mr. Rothschild has shown how the depreciation of paper (as it is styled) took place, and may again take place, in his examinations before the Bank Committee; and we fully infer therefrom that the paper money did not cause its own fall in value, but that it arose from the scarcity of gold, owing to its exportation, which, unless the price of gold fluctuated here, will always infallibly be exported to where it bears a price of five or ten per cent. or as any other commodity will go to the best market. It was not the fall of value in credit at home, but the rise in value of gold abroad, when wanted for particular purposes, that caused the difference. To remedy this, when gold was worth 4*l.* 10*s.* an ounce abroad from the demand for it there, ministers said it should only be worth here 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.*, and restricted the currency to keep down the gold. Could there be greater stupidity, except when they made parliament pass the lie that gold had not risen, nor paper fallen? If Russia or Austria want a million or two in gold for their armies, they will pay five or even ten per cent. to secure it, and when it is exported from England to those countries, credit paper here is said to be depreciated, though fairly and fully represented in property. Mr. Rothschild's evidence should be read by every one in proof of these facts. Our own remittances to the Peninsula,

it may be controlled in many ways. If a one-pound Bank note represents less value than the proper value of a gold sovereign, it may be said to be the result of excessive issue: but not so surely if it *commands* less value. A gold sovereign may command *more* than its proper value, from its scarcity compared with commodities; paper money can always keep pace with them, and may always be restrained from exceeding them. All jobbers in a commodity derive unjust profits from its scarcity; therefore Jews, who are dealers in money, would always have it scarce.

Commodities become unprofitable drugs to the producers, whenever there is a deficiency of the instruments of exchange, notwithstanding the supply may not exceed the wants of consumers; because those consumers have no means of purchase: for a resort to barter, or truck, must paralyse exchanges and deaden markets. In any other way, the charge of over-production is nonsense. But Lord Liverpool, when he talked of over-production and over-trading, unfortunately did not see this. As long as there are commodities to exchange with, and instruments of exchange, there cannot be over-production or over-trading.

H. M.

Leipsic, Aug. 14, 1832.

and the wars and wants of continental governments raised the price of gold in the market. In time it would have again fallen and have come back to us, without the ruin of thousands, the fall of property thirty-three per cent., and the pauperism of all classes, which Peel's bill produced. There can be no over issue of paper if it represent *bona fide* property.

EPITAPH FOR LORD FALKLAND.

Tread soft upon these ashes! here the wise,
Heroic, virtuous, patriot Falkland lies!
The Muse's votary, he the soft retreat
Of learning quitted, war and death to greet:
Lover of freedom, yet rebellion's foe,
His country's misery sunk his heart in woe—
The clang of spears, the trumpet's fearful roar,
Were better than the throne destroyer's lore:
The rascal hypocritic cant of fools,
Whose cries of peace were learn'd in ruin's schools;
Who had no view but their desires to feed,
And wrest by blood the spoils of honour's meed!
Then came despair upon him, and he sought
In glorious death a rest from troubled thought.
His mortal relics here in peace abide,
And o'er them tutelary saints preside.
Oft on the nightly breeze we hear their voice,
And his sooth'd spirit at his fate rejoice.
Let chaos come again, and thus by dim
Twilight shall future heroes win, like him,
The holy requiem of the angelic hymn!

Jan. 20, 1832. S. Egerton Brydges.

THE ADVENTURES OF CRISPIN CRISP.

"The drowsy world is dreaming, love."—Moore.

Crispin Crisp was the youngest son of a youngest son's youngest son; we may therefore augur, without *augury*, that he rolled not in riches. Crispin Crisp, nevertheless, abounded in——good-nature; the kindly god of that attractive quality had smiled at his birth and breathed it in his heart. Whim shaped his features, and bestowed upon him a little obstinacy. Mirth strung every chord and fibre that sensibility had left untouched; whilst Care, "mad to see a man sae happy," beset his path as he grew up—but without effect.

"I won't be a lawyer," said Crispin Crisp to his father, when offered the choice of a profession, "because I hate litigation; and he reminds me of a carrion crow gloating over the carcase of a cat, his prey having already been worried to death by the canine tooth of poverty. I won't be a tradesman, because professionals will look down upon me; and I won't be a chimney sweep, because his is neither trade nor profession; but I'll put my forty pounds per annum four per cent. consol. annuities, into my pocket, and trudge away my life in the character of a walking gentleman."

Crispin Crisp kept his word. (He was a man of his word—and, what is more, a man of few words—always avoiding a paragraph when he deemed a sentence sufficient, and dispensing with a sentence when a single word might answer his purpose.) He therefore footed it away over many a *foot* of ground, until the sum total was *some* thousand and odd miles. "What a large amount may be formed from little items!" said Crispin Crisp, as he reflected on this circumstance one evening while enjoying his pipe in a road-side ale-house on the coast of Devonshire, and known by the sign of the Cat and Kittens. Just then two strangers entered the place and seated themselves on a low settle near the fire.

"A brace of guineas from each will make up a cool hundred," said one.

"Yes, if they will but be tippy with the tip," replied his companion.

"They are collectors of charity subscriptions," thought Crisp, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"Aye," said the first speaker, "but it sha'n't be for want of knowing how. Let them whistle the symphony, and we'll show them how to make *canaries* fly."

"And let them into the secrets of *pigeon* training, into the bargain," returned the other.

"They are bird fanciers, I fancy," said Crispin to himself.

"What, if we get K—— to join us," said the speaker, No. one.

"Pooh!" said No. two; "he'll be useless—he's not worth a *tanner*."

"'A *tanner* will last some nine years,' according to Hamlet," muttered Crisp, practically refuting the position, by throwing his last sixpence to "mine host," in payment for his gin and water.

"Yes," said No. one, "but remember his title; that would carry us through many scrapes: however, if you object, we can honour all absent friends with peerages instead. Jem Banks shall be Chancellor of the Exchequer; C——d First Lord of the Treasury, and——but see how that quiz in the corner is eyeing us. Do you know us, sir?" he added, turning quick upon our hero.

"Excellently well; you're fishmongers," said Crispin Crisp, drily.

"Eh!—how know you that? C——d surely——"

"Nay, nay, don't disturb yourself; I merely guessed so by your appearing to be such extensive dealers in *place*," said Crispin.

"Ha! ha! a well-timed joke, sir," said No. two; "I see you are a bit of a wag, and shall be proud of your company over a bottle. The more the merrier, at a feast, they say."

"Inclination says Yes—prudence, No," replied Crisp. "I have no cash, and shall not receive my half-yearly dividend until four days hence."

The strangers, upon this, declared that they should feel hugeously offended if such an objection was again urged; and Crisp, overcome by such generosity, hinted to himself that they were princes incog., and, without further ado, consented to crack a bottle and joke in their society. Crispin Crisp had in truth a kindly heart, though moulded in a somewhat comical form, and he ever appreciated kindness in others. Good soul! he never suspected an evil motive to lurk beneath good-natured actions, and was therefore always open to deception; but, so unostentiatously amiable, so humorous, so quiet, and so amusingly eccentric was he withal, that few took advantage of him. 'Twould have been like strangling the Robin red-breast, which unsuspectingly flies to your window on a winter's day.

With a glass of claret before him, Crisp felt like the Indian chief when pronouncing wine to be the juice of women's tongues and lions' hearts. He chatted, he laughed, he sang, and finally related all he knew of himself—which, however, was not much; for he seldom troubled himself to notice the habits of *strangers*, and Crispin Crisp was less intimately acquainted with Crispin Crisp than with any man breathing; and after dwelling at some length upon the nobility of his family, and his ancient pedigree, he in the fulness of his heart threw the contents of his oar case to his new friends, with an invitation to partake of his father's hospitality at Crisp Hall, and inspect the antiquated deeds, &c. from whence he had gleaned his heraldic lore. The strangers laughed, but promised to comply; and, after drawing one more cork, they wished each other *bon repos*, and separated for the night.

Next day a third stranger made his appearance, and was greeted with significant looks by the two former ones. "Well, Harry, you see I am punctual," he said, "and now tell me——"

"Hush!" interrupted the person addressed, pointing to Crispin, who sat enshrouded in the sombre twilight of the chimney-corner. "Let us withdraw awhile and talk in private." They withdrew accordingly, and, after a confab of two hours, the new-comer made himself scarce, and "Harry," with his companion—whom he familiarly called "Tom"—invited Crisp to a stroll about the country.

"Have with ye," said Crispin, readily; "it's the finest amusement under heaven."

Away, thereupon, they went, over hill and dale, through glen and glade, ditch, swamp, wood, and wild. Crispin Crisp seemed monarch of all, and walked on with a sturdy independence, which might have entitled him to hold a distinguished place among the hardy inhabitants of a more rugged soil, whilst his companions were fairly beaten, and came panting and blowing like broken-winded horses after a hard day's exercise.

"A pretty dance you've led us," cried Tom, as he sat down exhausted to dinner.

"Pooh! 'twas but a country dance," said Crisp, performing an *obligato* accompaniment to his words with knife and fork upon a roast duck. Dinner ended, they smoked, sang, drank, and chatted as on the preceding evening, and finally retired to rest. Thus passed time away for three days; Tom and Harry insisting upon paying every expense. Crispin Crisp was charmed with so much goodness: in his simplicity he

treated his entertainers with the confidence of a brother, and in a short time not a family secret remained untold: at length a letter was brought him from London, containing a bank note for twenty pounds, (the half yearly moiety of his annuity,) "And now, my kind friends," he said, "you shall revel at my expense; and if the affair a'n't done to a merry tune, say that I don't know how to pay the piper."

To this offer the strangers would by no means agree. It was not agreeable, they said, to hear of any thing like a repayment of their civilities, especially as it would tend to straiten his circumstances.

"Nonsense," said Crisp, "I tell you I have now cash enough to roll in; the expense of a dinner and et ceteras will be a mere flea-bite, and I'm determined to have my own way."

"And we, ours," said Harry, with a shrug.

Crispin Crisp was firm; his friends obstinate, till at last the affair was compromised by an agreement to play cards after dinner, and he who lost most money to disburse the charges of it. Said, and agreed to; down they sat—shuffled, cut, dealed, played, and, and——Crispin Crisp rose a loser of his twenty pounds.

"After all, then, you have to pay for the entertainment," said Harry.

"You can't have more of a cat than his skin," said Crisp, "you've won my all, and I've scarcely the means of paying for another night's lodging."

"Then you are no gentleman!" returned Harry in a lofty tone. Our unsuspicious hero was at his wit's end to remove this imputation, when Tom *kindly* proposed accepting a bill at sight upon his father. Vexed, heated, and bewildered, Crisp acceded, upon which another bumper was offered him, and a proposal made to pursue the game to afford him an opportunity of regaining what he had lost. In the excitement of the moment, Crispin caught the bait; again he played, again drank, again lost, and again drew bills upon his father, until his head fairly reeled under the confluence of events, and, half insensible with mortification and intoxication, he hastened to bed—performing on the way as many gyrations as an Italian mountebank at a festival.

Thus is it ever with man; and thus, notwithstanding his vaunted superiority, is he frequently degraded to a condition beneath that of the vilest of brutes. The lion in his quest for prey will not glance at carrion; the dove suffers no temptation to lure him from the turtle's side, and the eagle in his sunward flight would scorn to permit a world of brilliance to withdraw his eye from the golden orb; while man—mighty, intellectual, *reptile* man—diverges from his settled objects at every petty inducement, and forfeits all the dominion which reason gives him at the shrine of self-gratification. In this manner our hero erred: the plan of life he had for the last five years pursued was that of wandering in search of the unfortunate—binding up the wounds of those in sorrow—relieving distress wherever his slender means permitted such an exercise of charity, and administering the cordial of consolation to all. From the future performance of this benevolent part he was now precluded by a bottle of wine, fifty-two disfigured slips of pasteboard, and a few lively sallies from designing strangers. O Crispin Crisp! Crispin Crisp! you shall dearly pay for this! But a truce to digression: be it ours to avoid the fault we have just been reprobating, and to pursue our narrative without allowing a single freak of fancy, or other (to us) attractive circumstance to wean us from it.

When Crisp awoke, the entire exigency of his circumstances flashed upon him with the first ray of light. That which was to have supported him for the next half year was already gone; his father would be too much exasperated at having to pay his bills to receive him at home, and nothing but manual labour or beggary could preserve him from starva-

tion. "I've done a pretty job for myself," said he, poking his legs out of bed, and thrusting aside his nightcap. He was soon dressed, and, with aching head and throbbing heart, descended to the parlour. His *friends* had gotten out of the way; "Shift for yourself, and we'll take care of your shirt," thought Crispin Crisp.

At this moment a poor woman with a child on her back and one in each arm entered the room and solicited charity; Crisp's honest heart melted: he had but one shilling left, and that he was about to expend for a breakfast, yet he could not hear this woman's tale of distress without desiring to relieve her, and thinking that if he must starve, he might as well do so to-day as to-morrow, he gave her the solitary coin, saying, that he was her debtor, for, had he not squandered his money, he should have given her five times as much.

"*Good luck* to your honour!" said the woman, "whether you've been frugal or free, this is more than many grand gentlefolks would give."

"I don't deserve your good wishes. I have foolishly spent four hundred times the amount of that shilling, and ought to be punished for it," said Crisp.

"Then may this be a peace-offering to your conscience, honey; may the sum you've given to feed the hungry when you wanted a *male* yourself be returned a thousand fold—and once more good luck to your honour!" said the grateful woman, as she hastened to buy her children some bread. She had scarcely departed when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard at the door, and, in another minute, a tall personage, dressed *à la militaire*, introduced himself into the parlour.

"Length and strength," thought our hero, eyeing him.

The officer summoned the landlord, and inquired if a gentleman named Crispin Crisp was in the house.

"That he is, I'll swear," said Crisp, advancing briskly, when he immediately recognized in the stranger a relation (some fortieth cousin, or so) who had sojourned for a time at Crisp Hall, previous to starting on his pedestrian scheme. After a warm greeting on both sides, the officer, who was named Randolph, proceeded to inform Crisp that he had some welcome news to impart.

"Yes, from home, I'll warrant," said Crispin, with an anticipatory shrug.

"No, from London," was the reply.

"'Ware hawks! The ill news cannot have reached there yet."

"*Ill* news! Why, do you know what I was going to say?"

"No—do you?" asked Crisp.

"To be sure I do," said Randolph; "I was about to tell you that Lord K—— has succeeded."

"The devil he has! And what's that to me?" exclaimed Crispin Crisp, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets.

"Nothing more than that you are now authorized to kill, slay, and take prisoner as many of his Majesty's enemies as may suit your convenience," returned Randolph.

"In the name of that chief of all misses, *mis-chief*, what are you driving at?" shouted Crispin.

"Why, man, how obtuse you are," said Randolph: "I mean that K—— has procured your commission. That you are now Ensign Crisp of his Majesty's ——th regiment. That Boney has sent Ney, Soult, and others into Spain; and that we, under Lord Wellington, must proceed forthwith to drive them out again!"

"O!——And how long have you been accustomed to humming?" said Crisp, with a roguish leer.

"*Drumming*, you mean, my dear fellow," rejoined Randolph. "Why I have now been a captain, in the regiment in which you are to serve, nearly

two years. It was owing to that circumstance that I became acquainted with K——'s friendly application on your behalf, and on learning his success I procured leave of absence, in order to communicate the welcome tidings myself. K—— gave me your card, else (thanks to your rambling propensities) I should never have known where to find you."

All this time Crispin Crisp had worn a look of dubious astonishment difficult to describe, and long after Randolph had ceased speaking, he maintained a profound silence: at length he started from his seat, and, slapping his forehead, exclaimed with elation, "I've hit it! I'm asleep, and this is all a tantalizing dream. How confoundedly disappointed I shall be on waking."

This idea never quitted our hero. He breakfasted, went to London, and embarked with his regiment;—still he fancied himself asleep. He reached Spain, joined the allied forces, and bore the British standard in front;—still he imagined himself to be asleep. He suffered privations and fatigue; underwent, with cheerfulness, long and harassing forced marches; fought, conquered, bled, retreated, (as the reverses of war were alternately favourable or unfortunate,) danced, laughed, and made merry;—still Crispin Crisp considered all to be a dream. He had read of persons achieving adventures, attaining honours, and even dying, yet, after all, waking and discovering the supposed events to be visionary. "I therefore," thought he, "may labour under the same delusion. Who is Lord K——? How came he to interest himself, unasked, for me? Why am I here? O! it's a palpable trick of fancy all through." There was one thing, however, puzzled him. If this really was a vision, how came he so well enabled to calculate upon it, and to be so thoroughly conscious of the fact? This query he satisfactorily answered, on recollecting that he had read in a work, explaining the illusions of fancy, an anecdote of one, who, for many years, nightly dreamed that he was pursued as a murderer, until, by a strong exercise of mind, he succeeded in convincing himself that it was a dream, and so dispelled the enthralling vision. "Now," thought Crisp, "this incident must have made a deeper impression on me than I suspected, and bears out the author's assertion, that things long forgotten will often recur to memory under the influence of sleep. *I am dreaming;* but the memory of the fancy-formed murderer's expedient to elude his troubled ideas is so forcible, as to convince me that it *is* a dream under which I labour. Well, I suppose something will shortly happen to wake me all of a sudden."

Notwithstanding these reflections, Crisp endeavoured to make himself as happy and agreeable as possible. There is, in almost every regiment, some one, who, (though, perhaps, most ignorant of military duties, and most remiss in their performance,) from his unvarying good humour and quiet wit is the darling of his brother officers—yet, not infrequently, their butt. Such was Crispin Crisp. He scarcely knew the manual exercise, still he was the delight, and conciliated the good-will of every body. He would fight a battle, and, immediately afterwards, lighten its attendant fatigues by the relation of some laughable story. He made the heart buoyant, when its frame was heavy in a march; and he planned expedients for converting a Spanish hovel into comfortable quarters. Was the mess table ill spread—it was Crispin Crisp who foraged to supply the deficiency. Was a suffering man to be relieved—it was Crispin Crisp undertook the charitable task. Was the sudden attack of an advance guard contemplated—Crispin Crisp sprang forward and undertook to lead the picquets on to it. In short, it was "Crispin here—Crisp there—Crispin Crisp every where."

One circumstance had supereminently entitled Crisp to the good-will of his brother officers. The colonel of his regiment was one of those little fubsy, paunchy fellows, we so frequently find raised through interest

rather than merit to their exalted stations, and looked not unlike an unwieldy hogshead, supported by a couple of spindles; added to this, he was arrogant, imperious, conceited and brutal—so that not a man in the corps bore any marvellous affection for him. When our hero first entered the barracks, on reaching London, he was so struck with his commander's appearance, that he could not forbear saying to Randolph aloud, "In the name of all that's fat and funny, who is that odd little body at the head of the table?"

Flashpan—for so we will designate the worthy officer, for fear of an action for libel, should we disclose his real name—hearing this question, said, with a look of great would-be-fierceness, "Silence, sir; and learn to talk more respectfully in the presence of your superior officer. It is your colonel who speaks."

Now Crispin Crisp thought that this being only a dream, it was rather hard for so fine a looking fellow as himself to be commanded by the object before him; and, conceiving it quite possible to reverse the affair, he put on a burlesque imitation of Flashpan's look—strutted up to him—and, gazing with ineffable contempt on his upturned, wrathful phiz, exclaimed, "I'm a bigger man than you, colonel." The outrageous laughter that burst forth from all sides at this unprecedented salutation, drove the colonel frantic, and, from that moment, he never missed an opportunity of annoying and affronting the cause of it, whilst the officers rejoiced at their commander's mortification, and idolized the man whose unsophisticated humour (as they imagined) had enabled him to effect it.

Meanwhile, our ensign dreamed on through a course of three years, without ever awaking, and at length grew tired of the deception which Somnus had put upon him. "This seems a dreary and a long night. Why the nap of the seven sleepers was nothing to it!" he said, one day whilst sitting in his tent. "I begin to suspect that I must be awake. But, if so, what brings me here? Aye, that's a poser—there's the rub." As he spoke he carelessly unclosed a book which had been lent him, and began to peruse its pages. It was a volume of the Spectator, and the number on which his eye rested was the one containing the well-known fable of a Persian prince dipping his head into a basin of water, and immediately withdrawing it, yet, during that short period of time, he had by the power of magic fancied himself a wanderer for seven years—a husband—a father—and finally a suicide. "By jingo!" quoth Crispin Crisp, "the murder's out, and this explains all; I *am* dreaming, then, sure enough; and deceitful fancy is stretching moments into days, minutes into months, and hours into years—I wonder when I shall awake!" Full of these reflections he quitted his tent to stroll awhile over the enchanting plains of Andalusia, on the frontiers of which far-famed province the brigade was encamped, awaiting reinforcements to assist in attacking a small fortified town in the mountains, which they were now prevented from attempting by a large body of French troops that held a position in front to defend it. He had scarcely proceeded half a mile before he met a young Spaniard, attired in the habit of the middling classes, who civilly requested his way to the tent of Ensign Crisp, of the ——th.

"What want you there? Its occupant stands before you," said Crispin.

"Then my walk will be all the shorter, senhor," said the lad. "My master desires me to say that he gives no credit to soldiers; he has therefore sent his bill for the goods you had of him, and requests payment in ready cash—as it is out of all course to take a note of exchange from an alien—and that too upon a person in England." As he spoke, the young man presented our hero with a paper, containing several items for jewellery, &c. which it stated he had bought.

"Now this *is* curious," thought Crisp, "and furnishes a fine exemplification of the inconsistency of dreams. Notwithstanding that I am away from England, and a soldier to boot; the bills I gave to Tom and Harry (curse 'em) are preying upon my memory, and so amalgamate themselves with present circumstances, as to become conglomerated into one mass of events. However, I may as well be honest in my sleep, and pay—while the short-lived power lasts to do so—as I don't question but that I've had the goods, and forgotten all that part of my dream." He accordingly pencilled an order upon the quarter-master to discharge the full amount of the bearer's demands, and then pursued his walk.

Evening was now drawing on, and the surrounding scenery received a tint of mellowed richness which nothing out of heaven but a setting sun in Spain can impart. The castellated mansion, the luxuriant vine, and the blue, far-off mountains, were all radiant with purple and gold. The sky seemed one ocean of living fire, and reflected its glorious hues in every shade of glowing beauty upon the fertile Andalusian plains beneath it, as now they swelled into gentle eminences, and then became buried in some peaceful glade. All around, too, slumbered in such profound repose, that had it not been for the occasional sound of some muleteer singing in the distance, the dull tolling of a convent bell, or the deep "All's well" of the drowsy centinel, our hero might have fancied himself in the peaceful wilds of paradise; and, struck by the loveliness of the view, he cried aloud with rapture—"O! that I might never wake from a spell like this to cold reality!" On, on he wandered; darkness rapidly approached, and the stars of night burned brightly through her sable mantle. Presently the skies opened and a flood of silver light touched nature with a new brilliance, and disclosed a broad refulgent moon, sailing to her western home in a sea of liquid pearl; Crisp was lost in an exstasy of amazement, and without heeding the fleeting time, still went onward till he found himself beneath the terrace of a small chateau, which stood embowered amid a cluster of orange trees that scented every gale with their fragrance. The extreme simplicity and elegance of the place struck our wanderer with fresh delight, and whilst he stood wrapt in admiration, a voice—clear and soft as distant music on a summer breeze—pronounced his name from above. "I am in fairy land, and this its presiding spirit," thought Crispin Crisp.

"Hist! senhor—senhor Crisp!" repeated the voice, in still more harmonious tones.

"Nightingales and elves!" said Crispin Crisp, looking about him.

"Speak, senhor, are you there?" inquired another voice.

"Yes, I am here—what do you want?" said our hero, lost in surprise at this new event.

"Then we will descend immediately. Hold the ladder firm," rejoined the second voice, and at the same instant a rope ladder was thrown down to Crisp, who instinctively caught hold of it, whereupon a form, which embodied all his ideas of sylphs and nymphs, descended. "Come, Isabella, quick, or we shall be discovered!" she exclaimed on reaching the ground. The summons was obeyed by a girl, who appeared to be her waiting woman, and, in another minute, Crisp found himself between two females, the principal of whom excelled in beauty all he had ever beheld. Her figure might have been termed voluptuous, but for the retiring and maidenly beauty which added a finish to its grace. Her face might have been thought too bold and dignified, but for the feminine and delicious languor which overspread it; whilst her eye—her large black eye—might have been pronounced by many to be too eagle-like in its glances, but for the entreating, winning expression, which enticed the soul to admiration and love. "O that eye! that eye!" mentally exclaimed Crispin Crisp, as he stood winking and blinking with expectation of what was to occur next.

"I am thinking," said Isabella, the maid, "that it is time to move onward."

"I perfectly agree with you—but whither?" said Crisp, taking the fair senhora's arm.

"Santa Maria! what voice do I hear?" cried the lady; then looking up, she exclaimed with a faint scream—"Angels protect me! this is some stranger."

"Then let us be strangers no longer. Here is my card—if ever you *walk* as far as England, drop in at Crisp Hall in your way."

"What mystery is here?" said Isabella; "this is the very counterpart of the card which Senhor Crisp presented my mistress, when first she met him. Is Crispin Crisp a chameleon?"

"We must allow for the usual anomalies of dreams," said Crisp to himself; and again an embarassed pause took place, which was at length broken by the senhora. "I have been deceived," she said, whilst a tear gemmed either eye, "cruelly deceived, yet I tremble at the thoughts of again entering that house."

"So do I," said our hero, fearing to lose so much beauty. "Cannot I conduct you to a place of refuge? I don't know who you take me for, but I am a British soldier, lady; and will pledge my sacred honour for your safety."

"And I am a Spanish girl full of romance and confidence. There is a convent three leagues across the mountains, where I could find a sure asylum. Lend me your protection thither, and may you never sue for woman's heart in vain."

"You shall have it against a host of assailants," cried Crisp. "Come, lean on my arm; we'll procure horses at the camp, and ere Diana reaches the third quarter of the heavens, her rival in loveliness shall be safe."

The senhora and her maid at once committed themselves to his care, and, keeping as much as possible in the shade, he conducted them to the outposts. On their way there the lovely fugitive, in answer to Crisp's inquiries, disclosed the particulars relating to her present situation. Her name was Isidora de Murilla; her father was a haughty grandee, whose only care through life was the aggrandizement of himself and family; her mother had secretly embraced the Protestant religion, and instilled its mild precepts into Isidora's mind. On being bereaved of this parent, it was intimated to Isidora that she was expected to take the veil; as two of her brothers were about to enter the army in order that the eldest son (by being left in sole possession of all the estates) might aspire to the hand of one of the wealthiest heiresses in Madrid, and so raise the name of Murilla to the pinnacle of grandeur.

"That was dirty behaviour towards the other children," said Crispin; "but I have somewhere read that the ladder of ambition must be fixed in mire to prevent its slipping—so that accounts for it."

(To be continued.)

SECRET THOUGHTS.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

Deep—deep within my silent breast
A hoard of mystic flowers I hold,
Eden's own hues—own sweets—invest
Their velvet buds—their crests of gold.
Long have they breathed and blossomed there,
Unknown—unwatched—undreamed of all;
Eye hath not seen their leaves grow sere,
Ear hath not heard their flowerets fall.

Each kindling summer sun renews
The gorgeous glory of their leaves:
Each autumn evening's freshening dews
Soft tendrils with their growth enweaves:
And if, at times, a wintry hour
Strip the frail blossoms from their stem,
Spring, sweet restorer, comes, with power
To breathe new life for me and them!

What! drag them forth to vulgar day?
Their fair unearthly hues defile
To charm some despot's rage away,
Or woo some wanton's listless smile?
Never!—The worldling's praise or scorn
Would crush them with its withering eye;
With *me* their loveliness was born—
With *me* their loveliness shall die!

There Love, a bee-like hoarder, hives
Hid in a rose its nectarous store;
There Hope, a cistus-flower, survives
But one sweet hour, and blooms no more;
There Fancy, like a harebell, swings
As the light breezes come and go;
There Truth, a mountain daisy, springs
With heart of gold and vest of snow.

But these are of the upper earth!
Still sweeter—still more soft, more fair,
The nameless buds of fairy birth
Blooming in lone oblivion there;
Some, evanescent as the wing
Of insects in a tropic clime;
Some, whose stern branches, oak-like, fling
A shadow o'er the brow of time!

Sweet flowers! sweet thoughts! untouched and pure,
My bosom-treasures—all my own!
From the vain scorner's breath secure
Bloom on—bloom on—for me alone.
With healing balm—with heavenly light
This world-worn spirit sanctify,
Till my soul's solitude grows bright
In blest communion with the sky.

FRENCH POLITICS.

PARIS is this moment a mass of intrigue. Every personage, from the peer to the shop-boy, is engaged in seconding his friend and his party, so that the former should be appointed minister. Louis Philippe is engaged in giving audiences daily to ninety-nine people. They *call* upon him in the familiar way as early as seven in the morn, as late as eleven in the night, each with a preamble and an argument, why this statesman should be advanced, that maxim adopted. And he has the patience to endure all.

I'll give you a sample of what citizen royalty is subject to. An Irish gentleman, of rather conspicuous politics, haunted Paris last winter, and was very well received. Amongst other attention, a card for the balls and concerts at the Tuileries never failed to be left at his hotel. However, having been engaged at a convivial party, the personage arrived so late at the palace, that although the festivities had not quite ceased, the royal party had retired. Our Irishman was indignant at such neglect, such an exceeding lack of courtesy, and he vented loudly the indignation which he felt, on finding the monarch not present to receive him. He talked so big, and so deeply of his disappointment, that some of the officers in waiting imagined that the wight had something important to communicate. They in consequence sought the monarch in his cabinet, or dressing-room, and mentioned to him the circumstance. The *debonnaire* monarch did not hesitate to re-habit himself in his state coat, re-enter the state-rooms, seek out Mr. ——, and ask him in plain, uncourtly language, his business or his wishes. Poor O—— was struck of a heap, surprised, but not altogether out of his self-possession. "Oh! I merely wanted to ask permission to shoot through your Majesty's forest of Villers Coterets," replied the nonchalant Hibernian. Louis Philippe purpled with anger, and with a *je ne puis pas vous la donner*, "You shall have no such permission, sir!" the monarch once more retired.

Now the French, though more polite than this, are not one jot less pushing. And one of the unfortunate consequences has been, that the citizen king has been obliged to surround himself with guards, huissiers, chamberlains, the pride and appareil of the old court. And yet he cannot get up the awful sanctity of character, for into his cabinet all men burst at all hours.

The same forwardness is amusingly evident in society. Have you a son at college, he comes home not stored with prosody or latin, but with a panegyric of the *mouvement* or diatribe against the *juste milieu*. Nor can you nod a paternal salute to a youth, but he will reply by attempting to thrust Barrot or Bignon down your throat.

Then there are no state secrets here. There are so many people behind the curtains, both of the state-room and the council-room, that public men are like the actors of the opera, jostled by the public behind the scenes, as well as hissed or applauded when on the stage. I don't blame this, mark you, I only record it; and this lest you should

imagine that I was affecting the magnifico, in detailing state secrets, and ministerial arrangements.

Dupin will be minister ere this is published. At least, so all allow, although he is this moment in a kind of huff. He is a singular character, Dupin, an ourang-outang in appearance, and somewhat in character. He is lively, talented, capricious, unprincipled,—that is, unprincipled more from want of thought and steadiness, than from interest or calculation. A blusterer, and yet timid; he was almost the only arrant coward in Paris during the great days of July, answering the journalists who at that period asked his advice as deputy, *Je ne suis plus deputé*, "I am no longer a deputy." Then he is vain and susceptible to such a degree, that it is impossible for him to tolerate a colleague of talent or influence in the ministry. He could not bear even Perrier for this reason. And the same feeling makes him repudiate Thiers, who is thrust upon him by the doctrinaires, and whom he certainly should accept, as a man whose rigidity of principle would never be in any man's way, whilst his talents would be always serviceable. In short, I think Dupin so much of the ape, that he must realize that famed old proverb touching the French, uttered by one of their greatest statesmen.*

Dupin enters on the express condition of not meddling with foreign affairs, yet external questions are the only important ones. No one of any character would have accepted a nominal premiership on such conditions. Where Dupin will be useful, will be as minister of justice. It is in this department that the imbecility of the present ministry is most obvious. Some time since the chief law officer in La Vendée came up to Paris voluntarily to give an account of the state of the province, and to receive directions in turn for his future conduct. He had an interview with the *garde des sceaux*, spent two hours with him, and was entertained with a vague declamation against the *mouvement*.

"I remember," said the officer in question, "having been once summoned for a similar purpose to the presence of Napoleon. I spent but half an hour with him, in which time I answered at least a thousand questions. *Je suais á grosses gouttes*, I perspired large drops from the speed and point at which he urged and pumped me, as it were. There was not a fact nor an opinion that he did not extract from me, and either approve or reprove. A pumpkin, in the hands of Napoleon, would be a better civil officer, than an angel under the orders of M. Barthe.

It is important that the Parisians have nothing to talk of this season, except the imbecility of their government, and the intrigue to replace it. Of old, there used to be such subjects of interest as a new play, or an interesting volume. But the drama seems to have died of the cholera, together with literature in general, and the chiefs of science. "Indiana," the joint production of M. St. Beuve, and a female friend, is the only readable book published of late. It contains chapters of great merit, and also others of superlative absurdity.

* "Les Francois semblent des guenons, (apes,) qui vont grimpant contremont un arbre, de branche en branche, et ne cessent d'aller jusques à ce qu'elles sont arrivées à la plus haute branche; et y montrent le cul quand elles y sont."

See Montaign, liv. ii. chap. 17.

THE FORGER.

"Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes."—Byron.

At a recent period, when forgeries were so common, and so many criminals expiated their guilt on the scaffold, it was a singular fact, that the sufferers were almost invariably poor wretches, who passed small notes for a miserable sustenance, whilst the great wholesale manufacturers of the forged paper contrived to escape with impunity. This was attributed to their large capital and immense profits, which enabled them to adopt many expedients to avoid detection; and, above all, to their influence on the lower orders of the police. Whether this latter assertion be true or calumnious, certain it is, that the detection of the wholesale manufacturers and dealers in forged bank notes was very seldom, and bore no proportion whatever to that of the thriftless starving wretches, whose vices produced the misery that made them resort to such criminal means of indulging in profligate habits. A few instances, however, did occur of great offenders being brought to justice; and the following history affords perhaps the most memorable of all such examples. The names are disguised from respect to the relatives of the principal criminal, whose family was reputable in conduct, and even well descended. This disguise of name is the only deviation from the strict truth of the history.

At a place called P——y Bridge, about five miles from the great manufacturing town of B——, there had resided a farmer who, though inoffensive, and, as the people said, "keeping himself to himself," still attracted more notice than any of his equals in the county. This was, probably, of all things that which he was the most desirous to avoid.

Mr. Desfield's farm was very large, but the land was poor, and the scene around him was sterile and desolate; and consequently his rent was low, and he required a greater number of labourers in his business.

He was a stranger in the county; nor could provincial curiosity discover from whence he had come, or who he was, though it was usually believed that he was a native of Kent; and whilst some asserted that he had been a captain in the army, dismissed for some irregularity of conduct, others, and probably with as little foundation, maintained that he had been a desperate smuggler on the coast.

Desfield was a tall, powerful man, whose turn and action of limbs, and carriage of person, not only indicated great energy, but the very reverse of vulgar, rustic, or undisciplined strength. His features were strongly marked and extraordinarily well formed; but the expression of his countenance was certainly the very reverse of prepossessing. He appeared calm and reflective, a man of unconquerable firmness; but with a nobility of brow that carried pride and self-possessed haughtiness to the extremes of repulsive severity, whilst the drooping of the corners of his mouth, which was well-

formed, and arose out of a short, thick, and firm chin, was more expressive of scorn than any thing I ever witnessed.

Such was the man who had long been suspected of being the great Dagon of all forgerers; and it was rumoured that he had brought more men to the gallows than all others in that iniquitous trade. But suspicion appeared to me to arise, in the first instance, from very inadequate causes.

Desfield, or Mister, or Gentleman, or Esquire Desfield, as he was called in derision by his "*brother* farmers," had given great ground of offence to all his neighbours of his own class.

In very difficult times, he was almost the only farmer that had paid his rent punctually, and without claiming or accepting any deductions of his landlord. He was on equally good terms with the rector, albeit disputes of the quantity had recently given way to discussions on the principle of tithes. He had occasioned even a deadly hatred in his brother farmers, by refusing to let any labourer in his employ receive aught of his wages out of the poor-rates; and each of them was paid from two to even five or six shillings a-week (if they had families) more than the labourers employed on the neighbouring farms.

To these substantial sources of enmity in a Christian country, were added others of almost equal heinousness. Mrs. Desfield was a plain, vulgar, hard-working woman; but then she was above going, or, what was the same thing, she did not go to market like other farmers' wives; and then her daughter, the fresh and delicate, the graceful and beautiful young Emily Desfield, not only eclipsed all girls of her station in dress on Sunday, but her father had bought her a grand pianoforte at a sale of a bankrupt-banker's furniture, and the very master from B—— who taught singing and music to the rector's daughters, likewise taught her the same accomplishments. She rode a very fine horse, not to market, but "out a pleasuring, like any lady;" and when these things were talked of, as they always were, by the farmers at the inn dinner on market days, some kind-hearted neighbour would generally add, "Ah! no good will come of it, I'm sure;" whilst some equally kind Samaritan would add, "I'll be bound she's no better than she should be." Notwithstanding all this, Emily Desfield was a mild, unassuming girl, who always appeared pensive and unhappy; and the beauty of her father's attention to her was heightened by its appearing almost the only human sympathy of which he was possessed. Except at public places, he associated with nobody. Not a person had ever been regaled in his house. He was, of all men, the most scrupulously punctual at places of worship; for though good men may abstain from this, bad men never can; for the outward show of devotion is an indispensable muniment of the game they have to play in the world.

What, probably, hastened the determination of the police to suspect Desfield of forgery, was his unaccountable imprudence in denouncing the police officers as a set of bribed and corrupt persons; and this he never scrupled to do upon all occasions. His fate was sealed.

This man's courage, boldness, and vigilance, with his extreme cun-

ning and numerous resources, rendered it a task of no ordinary difficulty to capture him; that is to say, legally, and with the double object of securing the machinery which was to establish his guilt—if he was guilty—a thing that was, as yet, only surmised upon envy, and strengthened by the fact that the man had always the command of large sums of money.

The capture resolved upon, the mode of effecting it occasioned much discussion. The most determined and experienced police officer was entrusted with the warrant, and it was at last resolved that he should employ for his purpose a small party of the —— regiment of heavy dragoons, that was stationed in the barracks of —— in consequence of the disturbed state of the neighbourhood.

This unusual mode was absolutely necessary; for not only were Desfield's men attached to him by a long course of kindness and liberality, and therefore dangerous instruments under the command of so wily and desperate a leader; but the population was in a temper of mind that disposed them to thwart any civil force, however proper its conduct, or justifiable the object for which it was employed.

A party of eight men was selected from the regiment, and they were placed under the orders of the police officer, who, to prevent the possibility of suspicion, was disguised in a dragoon's undress-jacket. The military commander, however, was a serjeant, a tall, powerful, enterprising fellow of brutal courage, who, in the campaigns throughout the Peninsular war, had given frequent and memorable proofs that, like Sylla, he had a head to plan, and a heart to execute any enterprize, however desperate.

Desfield for years had been a punctual attendant at the market of ——, where his dealings had always been correct and liberal. The market day was selected to effect his capture. It was calculated that the party, by surprising his house in his absence, could overpower resistance and overcome stratagem with sufficient promptitude, to make themselves masters of all Desfield's machinery of trade, after which the capture of the man was of less consequence, or at least of more easy attainment.

The party of dragoons, in their drill jackets, proceeded carelessly, as if exercising their horses, upon the highway, until they came to the corner of the lane which led to the house. Putting their horses suddenly upon the quickest trot, they hoped to surprise the place, which was about half a mile from the road. To their astonishment, they found every gate locked, and every impediment thrown in the way of their approach. These obstacles overcome, they next found that the house itself was fastened and barricadoed in a formidable manner. Not a sound was heard within, excepting the rushing wind of the strongest draft furnace, the smoke of which was issuing from the roof, and first occasioned a supposition that the building was on fire.

Whether it was merely a matter of chance, or whether Desfield had obtained any information of his danger, was never ascertained; but that day, he had sent his wife and daughter to the market, and had himself stayed at home, and was thus prepared for the attack. There were probably two reasons for him to be on his guard. After he

had ceased to keep the police in his pay, his natural sagacity warned him that his impunity was at an end; but he had, I believe, "made his fortune," and his hope was to "leave off business, and retire upon his earnings," and thus set the police at defiance. He had, moreover, among his old adherents, a superintendent of his workmen, a shrewd, crafty, hard-headed Scotchman, a very Bibo at potations, but with the difference that his brain seemed to have some chemical repulsion to liquors. This fellow used to drink and sing among the troopers and police officers, and worm out their secrets; and he would, in a similar way, pick up all the gossip of the neighbourhood, and report it to his master. These are sufficient clues to elucidate the fact of Desfield's attitude of defence. That day he was laying the foundation of his future safety: his fate depended on his undisturbed state for a few hours.

The serjeant contrived to widen a gap in the hedge, through which he passed with his men, whilst the policeman, with two of the troopers, forced a gate off the hinges in front of the house. The soldiers were placed at intervals to prevent any person's escape; and the serjeant with the police officer, throwing themselves off their horses, immediately assailed the front door, demanding admittance in the name of the king.

The house, however, was very different from a modern structure. It was the centre division of a building which had been erected by a small society of Roman Catholics, in the latter part of the reign of Charles II., and it very far surpassed even the massy character of the rural domestic architecture of the period. It was full of secret contrivances for concealment, whilst its strength evinced the apprehensions of its occupants that they might be exposed to the attacks of their infuriated persecutors; it likewise but too clearly spoke the hopes of the party, that the power of the Duke of York might enable them to repel force by force.

The police officer tried his staff and small iron crow-bar against the massive oaken door, studded with nails and crossed in every direction with ribs of iron. After a contemptuous laugh at these puny efforts, the Herculean serjeant seized a huge log of wood which had incautiously been left in the yard, and like a giant thundered with his battering ram against the portal. The executor of the civil law had his revenge of the wielder of the law of force. The panting, exhausted trooper threw down the timber, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead, damned the door and swore that nothing less than a nine-pounder could burst it open. Both were at fault: each looked at the other in the character of persons utterly foiled in their presumptuous confidence.

The bold trooper again took the lead. He espied a short ladder under a hedge, and placed it beneath one of the lower windows. The whole tier of windows, however, were secured with the strong iron matted bars of former days, and they had massive oaken shutters within. The stone sill and coping of the casement were honeycombed with age, and the brawny arm of the trooper wrenched one of the iron stauncheons from its sockets; but the inner shutter resisted his utmost force. He was again foiled. He thought a moment, de-

scended the ladder morosely, and cursed the unsoldierly service he had been sent on.

"The game is up," said the hero of the municipal law—the representative of the body politic. "If Desfield is within, he'll have time to destroy all his notes, plates, and presses before we can get at him—but, pshaw! whether he is in the house or not, what does it signify? You might as well think to get into parliament without money, or out of chancery with it. We may as well be off."

"Humph!" said the musing serjeant; "have you a half-crown about you? for that will get us in fast enough."

"Twenty half-crowns, and twenty to them, are at your command; but who the devil is there here that we can bribe?"

"Give me the half-crown. Don't you know that campaigns and battles are won by gold dust? Gold is gunpowder—gold is bayonet, sabre, musket, cannon, charge, and assault in war—gold rules the camp, the court, the grove, and silver, in this case, will do as well; so, Master Bailiff, or what do you call yourself, your half-crown.—Corporal, ride quick across the heath to the farm at the break of the moor. Take two men with you; seize the tallest ladder those fellows are working with. Chuck them the half-crown for their civility in lending it, and trot with it here on hard service."

"Now, friend civilian, I'll be in my saddle, and you may lie on the grass, keeping watch with me till my men return with the scaling ladder, which will reach the windows in the roof. If old Beelzebub himself is in the house we can't get him out till the ladder comes; and if old Beelzebub were defended by the pope and the great Turk, see if he escapes Serjeant ———, of the —— Heavy Dragoons, when the men bring the ladder."

Presently the troopers were seen upon a hard trot, returning across the moor. The serjeant leaped from his horse, and placing the ladder against a small window in the roof, he thrust aside the police officer and gaily ascended.

"You are my prisoner."

"With all my heart; but at my personal pleasure and convenience," replied a manly voice in a slow, firm, and composed tone.

"Surrender, in the name of the king, or by G— I'll fire," said the serjeant, seizing his pistol, and thrusting his arm through the glass, and tearing away the frame work.

"Fire," replied Desfield, in the same resolute, confident tone; "fire and be d—d; miss me, and throw away powder; hit me, and you'll be hanged."

The serjeant instantly fired: his pistol burst, and shattered his hand, and part of his arm to pieces.

"Ha! ha! ha! well, an old campaigner, and not take better care of his fire arms—ha! ha! ha!"

"Burn another paper, and you are a dead man," said the serjeant, with undaunted resolution, as he withdrew his mutilated arm, and thrust in his left hand with the remaining pistol.

"I'm a dead man, perhaps, if I don't burn them," replied Desfield, with the same tone of composure.

The serjeant again fired.

"Ha! ha! ha!—what, an old peninsular—a Waterloo man—and no better shot; come, trooper, try it once more, if you don't hit you shall quit the —— Dragoons; you're a disgrace to the service."

"Curse the fellow, he's the devil," said the serjeant, morosely, as he descended the ladder. "Corporal, just take out your knife, and cut off these two fingers, that are dangling to the skin, like ragged colours—there—that's a good fellow; now take your teeth and pull out that large bit of bone that sticks out of the arm, and then just strap me up below the elbow, to prevent a fellow's bleeding to death; and I shall be all comfortable till I get to the barracks."

Whilst this rude surgery was going on, the policeman ascended the ladder.

"Come, come, now, Mr. Desfield, what's the use now of resistance? you know I've got eight dragoons below."

"Seven and a fraction, for you can't call the serjeant a whole man."

"Now, Mr. Desfield, what is the use of chaffing? Give over burning them papers; you know I have always been merciful in the execution of my duty—and to you——"

"Merciful to me! and what have you been to those who could not pay you for your mercy?" cried Desfield, in a tone of bitter irony. "Where is your blood-money for poor innocent Winston? and where are his wife and children? O yes! you are merciful. Merciful as the gambler to the confiding stripling—merciful as the lecher to the orphan; aye, as the beadle to the pauper; aye, aye, you are merciful—your tribe is merciful—as the law is merciful to the lawyer."

"Then, I suppose, there is no longer any honour or understanding between us. Will you surrender?"

"When it suits my purpose—wait!"

The officer rested on the ladder for ten minutes, until Desfield had destroyed his papers. "And now," said Desfield, rising from the forge, "I am at your service—I will go quietly to the magistrate. I surrender, on condition that you offer me no violence; that you do not take me ignominiously through the crowd."

"I promise, on my honour."

"Then I will let you enter the house; ten times your strength could not have forced an entrance."

"I will take you quietly, and without any disrespect."

Desfield left the garret, and descended to open the front door.

When Serjeant —— had mounted the ladder, which was too short to admit of his reaching the window, further than his chest, he beheld Desfield, in the low, deep, and dark garret, seated before a strong blast forge, with an expression which seemed to be between composure and fortitude. He was surrounded by shallow tin trays, divided into compartments of about the size of a bank note. From each of these compartments he was taking small parcels of forged notes, between a pair of tongs, with which he held them on the top of the fire until the strong draft consumed them, and they were then replaced by others. The object of the serjeant in firing, was not to hit Desfield, but to intimidate him, and knock the funnel or iron chimney

pipe of the forge to pieces, and thus prevent his further destruction of the paper.

As soon as Desfield opened the door the police officer sprung upon him. Desfield indignantly struck his arms from his neck and grappled him by the throat. The passage was dark; a fierce but short struggle ensued, and both were heard to fall through a trap into some cellar. A trooper flashed his pistol across the opening, and by the light was seen the officer on his back, with Desfield keeping one knee in the pit of his stomach, and his thumbs pressed in front of his throat. Four of the soldiers fearlessly dropped into this cellar, and after a short struggle, numbers prevailed, and the criminal was secured. A light was brought, and the swollen protruding tongue, the purple face, and eyes bursting from their sockets, presented a shocking spectacle, and told too plainly, that the delay in the rescue even of a few seconds, would have been fatal to the policeman. He was restored with difficulty.

Handcuffs were placed on the criminal, and a strict search of the premises took place. Even the funnel of the stove was taken down, on the idea that some of the notes, imperfectly consumed, might have lodged in the soot. Desfield laughed sardonically, and taunted his persecutors, as each effort proved abortive.

The search was over—it had been totally fruitless; but whilst they were lashing the arms of Desfield, to convey him on horseback to the county jail, the serjeant stood grinding his teeth with rage, at the manner in which he had been mutilated, foiled, and laughed to scorn by his prisoner.

"For a fellow to go through all the Spanish campaigns, and wear the Waterloo medal, and at last to lose his arm and be laid up a pensioner for life, from such a cursed thief-taking skirmish as this! The devil take all who would employ the king's troops in such dirty service. Let's be off with the prisoner." As the serjeant fiercely spoke the overflowings of his rage, he gave a furious kick to a bit of the iron funnel that lay in the door-way. It fell to pieces by the blow, and from a joint or elbow, tumbled out several bits of paper, partially burnt, or only singed.

The triumphant and flushed countenance of Desfield turned ghastly. He burst from his keepers, to seize the fragments. He evinced his ferocious nature, and fought desperately for that on which his life depended; but he was handcuffed, and his efforts were therefore in vain.

As they were taking him to the jail of ——, they met the wife and daughter returning home. This affectionate and unhappy girl evinced the deepest affliction, and implored that she might be allowed to follow her beloved father. "Child," said the stern Desfield, "my fate is fixed; I have but one unhappy feeling—it is for you. You alone can make the short time I have to live, either happy, or extremely wretched. Bear your own lot with your father's fortitude; think not of me—be happy, and I am happy. The blood about me is that of my captors. Wife, bring me clean linen to-night. I must see you at the jail. Sweet child, remember the education I have given you; be happy till we meet."

Desfield spoke with a commanding firmness, in order to produce the

effect he wished. But when they had made him proceed, the father filled his heart—the struggle was in vain; and the long gathering drop rolled down his cheek, and was followed by a gush of tears. The troopers jeered him for crying like a woman. It was the only point in which he was more manly and better than themselves.

Except on this one point, the most stoic mastery of the mind over the feelings never forsook him. He was convicted principally, upon the evidence of the notes rescued from the furnace.

The last interview with his family was extraordinary. The wife reproached him for bringing her to poverty. "I always told you what would come of it," said the selfish woman; "and you have got what you deserve." It was not thus with the young and beautiful Emily. She called upon "her own kind father—her fond and good father." She hung upon his neck, fell on her knees, and clasping his legs bathed them with her tears, poured forth in the agony of her broken heart. The piteous wailings of her young affections were succeeded by the sobs and gaspings of her exhausted senses; and when she found they had removed her from him in her state of insensibility, she went off into the frenzy of maniac grief.

Desfield had pressed her to his heart with a fondness and despair truly agonizing. With his stoic heroism, he urged all that could be urged to mitigate her sufferings, and he conjured her to find consolation in the precepts he had taught her from her cradle. His countenance was calm and almost cheerful, until her fit of insensibility. As he pressed her to his heart, his face was strongly agitated; but when they unclasped his arms, and took her from him, his features were convulsed—he looked after her with a wild stare, and falling on the side of his iron bedstead, he wept long and piteously, with his face hid in his hands, and supported between his knees. The bold, bad man—the iron-hearted criminal was, with his child, as fond and as weak as childhood. The scene was too painful to be witnessed by any possessed of feeling; and recalled to memory even now, it harrows every sense, and cannot be endured.

But for the crime for which he suffered, Desfield's conduct throughout the last scenes of his existence, would have afforded a deep impression of philosophic grandeur.

The concourse of people to witness his execution was immense; and the Press Room, as it is called, was full of the gentry of the neighbouring counties, with several public characters, attracted from London by the extraordinary circumstances of the case.

The solemn dignified composure and strong reasoning powers of the culprit, left him as the jailor advanced to secure his wrist. Clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, with a voice and manner which struck every person with terror, "In the name of God, I implore you not to let my crimes or fate produce unkindness or neglect towards my poor child: she was ignorant of my course of life, and my guilt made me more careful of her spotless purity of mind. I see around me the richest gentlemen of the county—have mercy—be charitable! Oh! there are fathers among you, and will none soothe a father's last agony, which implores protection to the orphan—the helpless, innocent victim of his errors?"

" You have confessed nothing—you have repelled our faith, and refused all the rites of our holy religion, and the Lord visits the sins of the father upon the children, to the third and fourth generation."

A thrill of horror, an involuntary shuddering was felt by every person, as a clerical magistrate thus insulted and tortured the dying man. Poor Desfield trembled, and cast his eyes to heaven in beseeching misery, and his head at length sunk on his breast.

" Hard-hearted, bad man!" said a tall, grey headed old gentleman, pushing aside the apoplectic, plethoric magistrate, and advancing to the culprit.

" Mr. Desfield, I am old and childless—fortune has just deprived me of the fondling of my old age—the comfort of my gray hairs. I will be to your orphan as a father, and my wife shall take her to her bosom. O no! God cannot persecute the innocent, the young and fatherless!"

" And God will be your judge, and reward you," earnestly replied the criminal, falling on his knee, and weeping over the old man's hand, which he pressed to his lips. One sigh seemed to tear his bosom as he rose from the ground. He turned to the executioner with perfect composure, was secured, and led to the scaffold.

" I thank the God of mercies for my child's safety," said the culprit, as the drop fell. The rope stranded with his weight, and was broke by his struggle. He was placed apparently dead in a chair, but as he gradually revived, he stared around with wildness, as yet unconscious whether he had not awoke in the other life.

" Why put me to unnecessary pain," he at last faintly said to the sheriff. The cause was explained, and the miserable man was supported in the chair, whilst they sent into the town for another cord.

As they placed this more fatal instrument on his neck, he again spoke feebly to the sheriff. " I entreat you, sir, to conceal this accident, if possible, from my Emily; do not afflict the poor child with a knowledge that her father suffered such an unusual infliction."

The last office of the law was again inflicted, —— and the father's sorrows for his daughter ceased.

D. E. W.

THE PASHA OF MANY TALES.[1]—No. XI.

THE next morning the Pasha hurried over the business of the day, for Mustapha had intimated that the renegade considered his fifth voyage to be one of great marvels. Selim was introduced as before, and commenced the narrative.

FIFTH VOYAGE OF HUCKABACK.

Your highness may be surprised, that being in the possession of wealth, rank, and my charming Cerise, I should have again ventured upon the treacherous ocean. Of course your highness has heard of the revolution which took place in France, and all the horrors which attended it.

"France! Yes, I believe there is a country of that name; I can't say that I ever heard of the revolution. Holy prophet! but these people have strange ideas," continued the Pasha to the vizier; "they imagine that we must know or care about what is going on in their barbarous countries. You may proceed, Huckaback."

It will be necessary to say a few words upon the subject, your highness, but I will be as concise as possible. One day, a party of men from my native city, (Marseilles,) dressed in red caps, their shirt sleeves tucked up, and armed with various weapons, surrounded my chateau, insisting upon my immediately informing them whether I was for the summoning of the estates-general. I answered, most certainly, if they wished it. They cheered me, and went away.

Shortly afterwards, they came to ascertain if I approved of the national convention. I answered, that I approved of it excessively. They were satisfied, and again disappeared. They came a third time, to inquire if I was a republican, to which I gave the affirmative. A fourth, to know whether I sided with the Girondists; I declared myself one of that party, and hoped that I should be asked no more questions. But before two or three months had passed away, another party came to ascertain whether I was a real Jacobin, which I solemnly pronounced myself to be;—a second time, to know whether I thought proper to be called citizen, or have my head cut off; I declared in favour of the former, and made them a present of my title of marquis. But at last they surrounded my house with loud cries, declaring that I was an aristocrat, and insisted upon carrying my head away upon a pike. This I considered a subject of remonstrance. I assured them that I was no aristocrat, although I had purchased the property, and that, on the contrary, I was a citizen barber from Marseilles; that I had relinquished the title of marquis, which I had bought with the property, and had therefore no claim whatever to aristocracy. But they insisted upon proofs, and ordering my valets to bring down the materials, desired me to shave a dozen of their party. I shaved for my life, and acquitted myself so much to their satisfaction that they all embraced me, and were about to depart, when one of the women demanded that my wife (whose aristocratical descent was known) should be surrendered up, as a proof of my sincerity. We all have our moments of weakness; had I had the prudence to comply with the request, things would have ended happily, but I was foolish enough, although I had been married twelve years, to demur at the perspective

[1] Continued from p. 406, vol. iv.

of the head of my charming Cerise being carried away on a pike. I represented to them, (as she clung to me for protection,) that although of noble descent, she had reduced herself to my level by marrying a citizen barber. After a short consultation, they agreed that she was sufficiently degraded to live. They contented themselves with breaking open my cellar, that they might drink my health, and departed. But, your highness, I had soon cause to repent of my folly. Cerise was a charming woman, and an affectionate wife in adversity, but prosperity was her ruin, as well as mine. She had already had an affair with a Compte, who had lately been dismissed for a handsome young abbé; but we do not mind these little *egaremens* in our country, and I neither had leisure nor inclination to interfere with her arrangements. Satisfied with her sincere friendship for me, I could easily forgive a few trifling infidelities, and nothing had disturbed the serenity or gaiety of our establishment until this unfortunate *exposé* which I was obliged to make, and to prove the truth of in her presence, viz. that I had been a barber. Her pride revolted at the idea of having formed such a connexion, her feelings towards me were changed to those of the most deadly hatred; and although I had saved her life, she ungratefully resolved to sacrifice mine. The little abbé's head had been taken off several weeks before, and she now formed a liaison with one of the jacobin associes, on condition that he would prove his attachment, by denouncing me as an aristocrat.

Fortunately, I had notice given to me in sufficient time to make my escape to Toulon. Leaving my wife, and, what was of more consequence, the whole of my property, in the hands of the jacobin, I joined the mob, and vowing vengeance upon all aristocrats, became one of the most violent leaders of the *sans culottes*. Two months afterwards, when the gates of Toulon had been opened to the army, and I was assisting at a noyade, I had the pleasure of seeing my jacobin *locum tenens*, who had been denounced in his turn, tied back to back to a female; it was my adored Cerise. I had no time to speak to her, for they were hurried on board of the vessel. It sunk with them, and some hundreds more; and as the beautiful auburn hair of my wife was borne up from her shoulders, upon which it had been hanging loose, and floated a second or two on the wave after her head had disappeared, I sighed at the remembrance of the transitory enjoyment of competence and love, which I had shared with my charming Cerise.

"And is she really dead now, Huckaback?" inquired the Pasha.

"Yes, your highness, she is."

"*Allah karim*—God is most merciful. There is an end of that woman at last; now the story will go on."

I have reason to believe that I should have become a person of some consequence if I had been able to remain in France, but another foolish attempt on my part to save the life of the old lawyer at Marseilles, who had assisted me in recovering part of my father's property, rendered me suspected. Aware that between suspicion and the guillotine there were but few hours of existence, I contrived to get on board of an Italian brig that had put in from stress of weather, and made my escape. The vessel was bound to North America for a cargo of salt fish, to be consumed on the ensuing Lent, and had a crew of fifteen men. The captain was very ill when we sailed, owing, as he said, to a cup of wine which his wife had mixed with her tears, and persuaded him to drink at their parting. He gradually declined as we proceeded on our voyage, until at last he was not able to quit his bed; and no person on board except myself having any knowledge of keeping a ship's reckoning, that duty devolved upon me.

A few days before his death, the captain sent for me. "Francois," said he, "my wife has poisoned me, that I might not return to interrupt

a connexion which she had formed during my absence. I have no children, and no relations that have ever cared for me. I am the owner of the cargo, as well as the captain of this vessel, and it is my intention to make it over unto you; I consider that you have the greatest claim to it, as there is nobody on board except yourself who can navigate her. Understand me, it is not out of any particular regard, so much as to prevent my wife from obtaining my property, that I select you as my heir; you have, therefore, to thank Heaven for your good fortune, more than you have me. I have but one request to make in return, which is, that you will faithfully promise to cause five hundred masses to be said for my soul, upon your arrival in Italy."

I readily made the promise which he required, and the captain drew up a will, which he read and executed before the whole of the crew, by which the vessel and cargo were made over to me. Two days afterwards he expired. We sewed him up in a hammock, and threw him overboard. Although it was quite calm at the time, a gale sprung up immediately afterwards, which eventually increased to a hurricane.

We were obliged to bear up, and for several days scudded under bare poles; until I found that we were in the very centre of the Atlantic, out of the track of any vessels. Gradually the weather became more settled, and we again spread our canvass to the breeze. To my surprise, I observed, that although by my reckoning we were nearly one thousand miles from any land, several aquatic birds were hovering about the ship, of a description that seldom go far from the shore. I watched them as the sun went down, and perceived that they took their flight to the S.E. Anxious to discover any land, not hitherto described, I steered the ship in that direction during the night, and early on the next morning we found ourselves close to an island, apparently ten or fifteen miles long, very high, and of a conical shape, which I knew was not laid down upon any chart. I resolved to examine it, and dropped my anchor in a small bay, at the bottom of which a few houses announced that it was inhabited; although I could not distinguish any thing like guns or fortification. We had not furled our sails, when a boat shoved off from the shore, and pulled towards us. She soon came alongside, and astonished us, as much by the peculiarity of her structure, as by the appearance of the people who were on board.

She was a wide canoe, very beautifully carved and inlaid, or rather veneered, with gold ornaments. She had a flag hoisted to a staff, hanging over the stern, the field of which was white, with a representation of a fountain, worked in gold thread in the centre. The three men who were in her, particularly the one seated in the stern sheets, were very richly attired in dresses worked in gold thread. But what astonished us more than all was the peculiarity of their complexions, which, although they were very well featured men, were of a beautiful light blue—their eyes black, and their hair of a rich auburn.

The personage in the stern sheets ascended the side, and addressing me in excellent Portuguese, inquired if I could speak the language.

I answered in the affirmative, and he then welcomed us in the name of the king, upon my arrival at the island—asking me the number of my crew, whether I had any sick on board, and many other particulars, all of which he noted down upon tablets of gold, with a piece of red cinnabar.

Having replied to all his interrogations, I then obtained from him the following particulars, viz., that the island had been originally peopled by one of the ships belonging to Vasco de Gama's squadron, which, returning from the East Indies laden with the produce of the east, and specimens of the various inhabitants of the newly discovered territories, had been cast away and utterly wrecked. That the island, which otherwise was fertile and well stocked, was one mine of gold, which in the absence

of other metals, they were necessitated to employ for every article and utensil in common use. But the greatest curiosity which the island contained, was a fountain of water at the foot of the centre peak, of a beautiful colour, and producing longevity to those who drank of it; from which it had received the name of the Isle of the Golden Fountain. That when they had landed, about three hundred years ago, they consisted of various nations and colours, male and female; but the climate, and the use of the waters, had in the course of time, produced the change in their complexions which we beheld, and all the inhabitants were now of that peculiar tint, with the exception, that the females were not so dark as the men. Few ships had ever touched there, and the crews of those who had fallen in with the island, had preferred remaining, which accounted for its being so totally unknown; that the king was very partial to strangers, and always received them at his palace, which was built close to the Golden Fountain. He concluded by requesting me to accompany him on shore, and pay my respects—stating, that if I wished to quit the island, his majesty would permit me to load my vessel with as much as she could carry, of the metal so precious in other countries, but so little valued in this.

I must acknowledge that I was quite overjoyed at his narration. I considered my fortune to be made, and hastened to accompany the ambassador, who stated that the king would not be pleased if I did not permit the major part of my ship's company to attend me to the palace. As the men were very eager to go on shore after the account which they had heard, and he assured me that the wind never blew home in the bay, which was on the lee side of the island, I consented to their wishes, and allowed all but two to quit the vessel.

We were much surprised when we landed at the village, to perceive that even the pig-troughs, posts, and rails, and indeed every article, in which metal could be employed, were of solid gold; but we had not time for examination, as we found several sledges, drawn by small bullocks, waiting for us near the beach. We mounted, and the animals set off in a swift canter, upon a smooth and ascending road, and in less than two hours we arrived at the king's palace, which was an extensive building, not very remarkable in its structure, excepting the unusual sight of the large columns of gold, supporting the porticos, which extended from it on every side. But when we had alighted and were proceeding through the porticos, I was astonished at the beauty of the statues which embellished them; they were mounted on plinths of the burnished metal, and carved out of a sort of light blue chalcedony, which, joined with their masterly execution, gave them the appearance of life. I was surprised at the strange attitudes which the sculptors had chosen to represent, all more or less distorted, although the human proportions were admirable. Some appeared as if they had been placed on their legs when asleep, others laughing or crying, nay, one or two were represented in the act of vomiting. Amongst the whole I could not perceive one image in which the human form was represented in a noble or graceful posture, and I pitied the taste of those, who could have employed workmen of such extraordinary talents in representing the image of his Maker, under such a degrading variety of postures. I was about to make this remark to my conductor, but I was checked by the remembrance, that I was in a king's palace, not in a studio; and that kings have their fancies, which they are not inclined to submit to public criticism.

When we arrived at the end of the portico, two lofty doors were thrown open, and we were struck dumb with the magnificence of the scene which presented itself to our eyes.

The king was seated on a throne of the most splendid workmanship; the precious metal had been oxidized to every shade of colour, and was

wrought in beautiful Mosaic; the walls and ceiling were entirely covered with the same, in some parts burnished, to reflect as mirrors, in others elaborately carved in ornamental fret work, as peculiar from the elegance of its design, as from the superiority of its execution. On each side of the throne extending to the door at which we entered, were a row of ladies, and behind them, raised on a platform about two feet higher, another row of courtiers—all dressed in stuffs of cloth of gold, which were embroidered with flowers of variously coloured metal, so as to present the most perfect imitation of nature. The women were very fair compared to the men, and their cerulian tint was far from disagreeable, as it gave a transparency to their complexions; but none of them could be compared to the king's daughter, who was nearly white, and of the most perfect symmetry in feature and in form; her auburn hair was so long, that it hung down to the bottom of her dress, and was ornamented with small chains and ornaments of polished steel, which were entwined in its tresses. She sat at the foot of the throne, near to the king, and I was so astonished at her heavenly appearance, that I could not remember the compliments which I had intended to pay his majesty, but remained speechless before him.

The king received us very graciously, asking me many questions, and broke up the audience, (after half an hour,) desiring some of the handsomest ladies to select one of my companions, and each hold herself responsible for his comfort and amusement. I forgot to mention, that as every country has its peculiar customs, one here appeared to me very singular. When I asked the ambassador, what was the usual homage paid to the king of the country, he informed me that you advanced your hand before you, on a level with your face, and snapped your fingers at him. That the louder you could snap them, the more accomplished and elegant you were considered. But in my confusion I quite forgot his injunctions; and it was not until the ladies all snapped their fingers, in obedience to the commands of their sovereign, that I recollected the omission which I had been guilty of. Before the king retired, he intimated that he expected we should take up our abodes at the palace for some days, and we should have the honour of sitting at his table, in the afternoon's banquet.

The whole of the company separated; those who had charge of my companions leading them different ways, leaving me alone with the princess, who had risen from her seat when directed by her father to take charge of me. I could have fallen down and worshipped her; as it was, I involuntarily dropped on one knee, and looked up in her face as if I had been contemplating a celestial visitant.

She smiled and addressed me, "I am ordered to attend to your happiness and comfort, and I obey my father's commands with pleasure. I only trust that your happiness may be more lasting than it usually is in this deceitful world," and she sighed deeply.

I continued in my position at her feet, and encouraged by her urbanity, poured forth a torrent of what to the many are considered compliments, but which to her were but truths. I became eloquent from excitation, and being at this time, as I before observed to your Highness, a very personable man, I perceived that she was pleased with my efforts to obtain her favour.

"I have more than once had this duty allotted to me, when strangers have visited the island," observed she; "but I have always been wearied, and have called in my women to assist me. I never yet have seen one like you: you are gentle, and of a very different description from those who generally have been introduced as the captains of vessels which have arrived here. I then was indifferent, if not glad, when my duty was at an end; but I feel otherwise now"—and she again sighed.

"If it depended upon me, fair Princess, and upon my wishes, I am afraid that you would consider the duration of it to be most tedious. Never have I beheld any creature so perfect and so beautiful! O that your task might be continued for the term of my existence!"

"It probably may," answered she, gravely, and then, as if recollecting herself, she assumed a more cheerful air, and continued; "but we are losing time, which should be otherwise employed. Come, sir, permit me to obey my father's commands, and try to beguile the hours by contributing to your amusement."

Offering me her hand, which I respectfully raised to my lips, she then conducted me over the palace, directing my attention to every object that she considered worthy of notice; and we had passed two or three hours in conversation, and remarks upon the objects before us, when I expressed my wish to behold the curious fountain from which the island took its name.

"I shall obey you," replied she; and again her face assumed a mournful cast. She led the way to a hall of black marble, in the centre of which the fountain threw up its water to the height of twelve or fourteen feet, and fell into a spacious basin. The water of it, when in a body, shone with all the colours of the rainbow, and the sparkling drops which were thrown out on every side, were brilliant as the purest gold.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed I, after some minutes of silent admiration. "These, then, are the waters of longevity."

"And also of intoxication," replied the princess. "They will be produced at the banquet of the king; and, O sir! be temperate—very temperate in the use of them."

I promised that I would, and we continued our walk to the porticos of the palace, where I pointed to the statues of blue chalcedony, and begged her to inform me by whom they had been executed, and why they were all in such grotesque and absurd positions.

"That is a question which I cannot answer, further than that they were made in the island. We must now return, as the king's banquet will be ready."

We sat down at the table of the king, that is to say, I and my companions, for no courtiers, male or female, were permitted to have the same honour. Each lady stood behind the person who had been intrusted to her charge, and waited upon him. My gallantry, as a Frenchman, was sorely wounded at the idea of my charming princess performing the duties of a menial, and I expressed my feelings to her in a low tone of voice. She shook her head, as if to rebuke me, and I said no more. When we had finished the banquet, his majesty ordered the water of the golden fountain to be produced, which it immediately was by those in attendance, and extolling its virtues, desired a cup to be filled for each guest, which was handed to him by the attendant ladies.

As the princess presented the cup, she contrived to press one of her fingers against mine, before she removed them, to remind me of my promise. I drank but sparingly, but the effects were instantaneous—my spirits rose buoyant, and I felt a sort of intellectual intoxication. At a sign made by the king, the ladies now took their seats beside us, and by their attentions and caresses increased the desire for the water, which they supplied in abundance. I must confess that at each sip that I took, the princess, who had taken her seat by me, appeared so much more charming in my eyes, that notwithstanding the repeated pressure of her foot to remind me of my promise, I could not resist the impulse to drink.

The boatswain and one of the seamen were very drunken characters, and had very soon poured down so much of the water, that they dropped off their stools on the marble pavement, without sense or motion. This recalled me to my senses, which were rapidly stealing away; I rose from

my seat, and pointing out to my companions that it would ill become them to intoxicate themselves in the presence of his majesty, requested that they would drink no more, but leave the table before they were incapacitated from paying the proper attentions to their fair conductors. The last argument had more weight than the first, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of the king, who showed the greatest anxiety that we should remain, the party rose from the table and separated. The two men who were intoxicated were carried away by some of the courtiers, and the king with marks of displeasure quitted the hall. I was again left alone with my charming princess, and, inflamed with the exhilarating draught which I had taken, I threw myself at her feet declaring my violent passion, and my wish never to quit the island, if I could be blessed with a reciprocal feeling on her part. I perceived that I had made an impression, and following up my success, I protested and she listened, until the evening closed in and found us still seated upon the steps of the throne. At last, she rose and said, "I know not whether you are sincere in what you say, but I must acknowledge that I hope you are; and I shall be very miserable if it should prove otherwise. But you are now under the effects of the intoxicating water, and may deceive yourself. Come, sir, it is time that I conduct you to your chamber, where you must sleep away the exhilarating effects of the golden fountain. To-morrow morning, if you are of the same opinion, I may be induced to make a discovery."

The next morning I woke without any headache from the intemperance of the previous night. As soon as I quitted my apartment I met the princess outside. "I am still in the same mind, dear princess," said I, implanting a kiss upon her hand, "to live for you alone, or die if I cannot remain with you."

She smiled and answered, "Then for you will I sacrifice every thing; for until I beheld you, I never was aware that I had a heart. Rise and follow me, and you shall know all."

We passed the large hall, with which the whole of the bed-chambers communicated, and she conducted me through a dark passage to a room, in which were several golden plinths without statues. At the further end of it I perceived, to my horror, that two of them were already occupied by the forms of the boatswain and sailor who had been intoxicated the night before. They were now changed into the same blue chalcedony of which the statues in the porticos were composed.

"Do you recognize these figures?" inquired the princess.

"I do, indeed," answered I, with amazement.

"Such are the effects," continued she, "of intoxication from the water of the golden fountain. They contain in solution so large a quantity of the matter which by mineralogists is denominated silex, that once allow the senses to be overpowered by repeated draughts, and in a few hours the effects which you behold will be produced. It is by these means that my father has obtained the variety and number of statues which you have seen—all of whom were once visitors to the island in different ships, not one of the crews of which have ever returned. It has also the power of producing longevity, and of hardening the hearts of those who use it in moderation. My father's cruelty, therefore, is not thought of by his subjects, who, if convicted of any heinous crime, are forced to drink this water, and are erected as monuments of his displeasure in various parts of the island. You may ask, how is it that I have not as little remorse as the other inhabitants? The fact is, that I was naturally of a kind and tender heart; and my mother, who lamented it because she felt that it would not add to my happiness in this world of cruelty and deceit, was more than ever anxious that I should drink the waters; but what is forced upon us in childhood, is generally remembered with disgust as we grow

up. The consequence is, that I have never used the waters since her death, which happened when I was but seven years old. Had I not made this discovery, in all probability you and all your companions would have fallen victims this evening, when the banquet will be spread and the water will be produced as before. My prepossession in your favour has, I trust, been the means of preserving the lives of those who remain."

"Cursed treachery!" exclaimed I; "and now, what is to be done?"

"You must escape. Caution your men not to drink this evening, and make some excuse to repair on board for an hour or two in the forenoon of to-morrow. As for me——"

"Without you, princess, I cannot—will not go. Either consent to accompany me, or here I stay, risking all; for I had sooner be a senseless statue upon a plinth in the portico of your abode, than quit the island with a broken heart."

"Then he is true; and there are some who are good—some who are not deceitful in this world!" exclaimed the princess, falling on her knees, as the tears trickled down her cheeks. "I am sure you 'll treat me kindly," continued she, holding my hand in hers; "if you do not, I shall die."

I pressed her to my bosom, and vowed to love her till death; and we hastened back to my chamber, that we might consult upon our arrangements. I found an opportunity, in the course of the forenoon, to acquaint all my companions of their danger, except one whom I could not meet with.

In the evening we again sat down to the banquet, and soon after the water had been produced, the one who had not been warned fell off his chair in a state of intoxication. I made this an excuse for drinking no more. Assuming an angry tone towards my companions, I apologised to the king for their want of respect in his presence, and rose from the table in spite of all his remonstrances. The next morning I stated to the king that I wished to return to my ship for an hour or two, that I might bring him a present of ivory, which I had been informed would be acceptable. The princess offered to attend us, and the king, satisfied with her surveillance, consented to our departure, on condition that we would not fail to return in time for the banquet, which we most faithfully promised. While the sledges were preparing, I requested the princess to obtain several flasks of the golden water, that I might present them as curiosities to all the learned societies in Europe. This she accomplished, and stowing them in her own sledge with several articles of wearing apparel, not only took them from the palace unperceived, but they were carried on board without the knowledge of my companions. I immediately cut my cables, and made all sail out of the bay without any molestation, as the natives did not suspect my intentions; I never felt more happy than when I found myself once more floating on the wave, in company with my beautiful princess, whose affectionate manners endeared me to her more and more every day.

Unfortunately, in our hurry to escape, we quite overlooked the circumstance of our water casks being nearly empty, and we were soon reduced to half a pint per diem. To render our situation more disastrous, the weather became intensely hot, and the people, in spite of all my remonstrances, contrived every night to steal a part of the water which was not yet expended, so that at last we found ourselves becalmed, without a drop of water on board.

But all my apprehensions were now swallowed up by one of greater interest. A fever seized my dear princess, who, accustomed to every luxury, and a beautiful climate, could not bear up against the close confinement of a vessel under a tropical sun. Notwithstanding all my care and attention, in three days after she was attacked she expired in my

arms, blessing me for my attachment and my love, and regretting that she was summoned from the world so soon after she had discovered that there was an object in it worth living for. I threw myself upon———

Here the renegade appeared to be much affected; he covered his face with the wide sleeve of his under garment, and was silent.

"By God and his prophet, these Franks are great fools about women," observed the Pasha to Mustapha. "I must own, though, that I like this princess better than Cerise, and I am very sorry that she is dead. Come, Huckaback, go on. Where did you throw yourself?"

On her body, (continued the renegade, mournfully,) where I remained for many hours. At last I rose in a frenzy, quite indifferent as to life or death. I went on deck, where I found my crew much in the same condition, from their agonizing thirst; but I mocked them, and laughed at the smooth expanse of water, which, far as the eye could reach, was not rippled by the slightest breeze, and turned my eyes up in derision to the sun, who poured down his vertical streams of light and heat, as if he would consume us with his powerful rays. I thought but of one object, I had but one desire, which was, to rejoin the object of my adoration. Of a sudden I called to mind the flasks of golden water, which till then I had forgotten, and rushing down into the cabin, I determined to intoxicate myself, and quit this world of disappointment and unrealized fruition. As if fearful that the spirit of my loved princess should have already so far journeyed to the realms of bliss, that I might not be able to discern her when I had shaken off the incumbrance of an earthly body, and was at liberty to pursue, I seized a flask, and pouring out the water with a hand trembling with anxiety, drank off a glass. I was hastily refilling it, when the gurgling sound struck upon the ears of my companions, who rushing down like the fainting animals who hear the music of the fountain in the desert, poured tumultuously into the cabin, and in spite of all my remonstrances to leave me sufficient for the completion of my desires, seized upon the flask in my hand, as well as upon all those that remained, emptied them in a few seconds with their copious draughts, and returned laughing and shouting to the deck above.

The water which I had already drunk produced one good effect; it hardened my heart for the time, and I fell into a sort of stoical indifference, which lasted many hours. I then repaired on deck, where I found all my companions changed into blue chalcedony—not one alive. The heavens, too, had changed; clouds obscured the sun, the wind was rising, and ever and anon a mournful gust blew through the shrouds; the birds were screaming on the wing, and the water line of the black horizon was fringed with a narrow ridge of foam. The thunder rolled at a distance, and I perceived that a convulsion of the elements was at hand. The sails were all set, and without assistance I could not reduce them; but I was indifferent to my fate. The lightning now darted in every direction, and large drops of rain pattered on the deck. With the means of existence, the desire of life returned: I spread out the spare sails, and as the torrents descended, and the vessel bowed to her gunwale in submission to the blast, I filled the empty casks. I thought of nothing else until my task was completed. I strode carelessly over the bodies of my companions, the sails were blown from the yards, the yards themselves were snapped asunder, the topmasts fell over the sides, the vessel flew before the boiling surge; but I heeded not—I filled the casks with water. When I had finished my labours, a reaction took place, and I recollected the loss which I had sustained. I descended to the cabin. There she lay in all her beauty. I kissed the cold cheek, I wrapped up the adored

image, carried it on deck, and launched it into the wave; and as it disappeared under the raging billows, I felt as if my heart, in its struggles to escape, had burst the strings which confined it in my bosom, and had leapt into the angry flood to join her. Exhausted with my feelings, I fell down in a swoon; how long I remained I cannot exactly say, but it was nearly dark when I lost my recollection, and broad daylight when I recovered. The vessel was still flying before the gale, which now roared in its resistless fury; the tattered fragments of the sails were blown out before the lower yards like so many streamers and pennants, and the wrecks of the topmasts were still towing alongside through the foaming surge. The indurated bodies of my companions were lying about the decks, washed by the water which poured into the vessel, as she rolled deeply from one side to the other, presenting her gunwales as if courting the admittance of the wave. "Are you, then, tired of your existence, as well as me?" thought I, apostrophising the vessel. "Have you found out at last, that while you swim you've nought but difficulty and danger to encounter? Enter your haven but to renew your tasks, and again become a beast of burthen; that when empty you must bow to the slightest breeze, and when laden must groan and labour for the good of others. Have ———."

"Holy prophet! I never heard of people talking to ships before, and I don't understand it," observed the Pasha. "Leave out all you said to the ship, and all the ship said to you in reply, and go on with your story."

The gale lasted for three days, and then it as suddenly fell calm. I had observed by the compass that we had been running to the eastward, and I supposed that we were not very far from the Western Isles. As I surveyed the bodies of my companions, it occurred to me that they ought to fetch a high price in Italy as specimens of art, and I resolved to dispose of them as the work of men. Having no other employment, I brought up the spare planks from below, and made packing-cases for them all. It was with some difficulty that I contrived, by means of tackles, to lower them into the hold, which I succeeded in accomplishing with safety excepting in one instance, when, from the tackle-fall giving way, the image fell to the bottom of the vessel, and being very brittle, was broken into pieces. As it was no longer of any value as a statue, I broke it up to examine it, and I can assure your highness that it was very wonderful to witness how every part of the human body was changed into flint, of a colour corresponding with that which it had been when living. The heart was red, and on my arrival in Italy I had several seals made from it, which were pronounced by the lapidaries who cut them to be of the finest blood-red cornelian. I have now a piece of the dark stone of which the liver was composed, which I keep for striking a light. As it afterwards proved, almost all of it was valuable, for the alternate fat and lean formed a variety of beautiful onyxes and sardonyx, which I disposed of very advantageously to the cameo engravers. I was several days employed in packing up, but I had plenty of provisions and water, and had no doubt but that I should be seen by some vessel before they were expended. Three weeks had elapsed, when one morning I went on deck, and saw land on both sides of me. I immediately recognised the Rock of Gibraltar, and the Straits, through which I was drifting. I was boarded by a Spanish gun-boat from Algesiras, and having stated that all my crew had died two months before of the yellow fever, I was towed in, put into quarantine for forty days, and then permitted to equip my vessel and procure sailors. This I was enabled to do by selling two of the flasks which held the water, and which, like all the other utensils of the island which I had escaped from, were of pure gold.

I did not think it prudent to go to Leghorn, where not only the vessel might be recognized, and the widow give me some trouble, but the statues also might have been identified as the men who had sailed in the vessel, and occasion my being burnt as a necromancer by the Inquisition. I directed my course for Naples, where I arrived in safety. Having disembarked my metamorphosed crew, I hired a large room to exhibit them, and expected to realise a considerable sum; but as I could not name the artist, and the figures had not the grace which the Italians admire, they remained on my hands, and were even found fault with as not being well executed. I sold two of the least prepossessing to a Sicilian nobleman, who I understood had a large country seat decorated with monstrosities; and I then determined, as I had received a high price for the pieces of the one which had been broken up, to retail the others in the same way. It answered admirably, and I received more money for the fragments than I had asked for the images in an unmutilated state. The remainder of the golden flasks also realized a large sum; I produced them one by one, and disposed of them to English collectors, as having been purloined by the excavators from the ruins of Pompeii. I had now plenty of money, and resolved to return to my native city. An opportunity offering, I embarked, and safely arrived at Marseilles.

"Did you fulfil your promise to the Italian captain, by having five hundred masses said for his soul?" inquired Mustapha.

"Upon my salvation! I never thought of it to this moment," replied the renegade.

Such, your highness, are the adventures of my Fifth Voyage; and I trust, that the narration of them has afforded you entertainment.

"Yes," observed the Pasha, rising, "that was something like a voyage. Mustapha, give him thirty pieces of gold. Huckaback, we will hear your sixth voyage to-morrow"—and the Pasha retired behind the screen, and, as usual, went into the apartment of the women.

"Pray, Selim, was there any truth in that history of the princess? I thought at first that it was all invention; but when you wept——"

"That was for the sake of effect," answered the renegade; "when I get warmed with my story, I often work myself up to a degree, that I almost believe it myself."

"Holy Prophet! what a talent," rejoined Mustapha. "What an excellent prime minister you would have made in your own country! Here's your money; will your next voyage be as good?"

"I'll try, at all events; as I find that the *principal* increases with the *interest*," said the renegade, chinking the sequins in his hand. *Au revoir*, as we say in France—and the renegade quitted the divan.

"Allah—what a talent!" muttered the vizier to himself, as the renegade disappeared.

LINES

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF PRAYER, BY THE ARTIST GRUSE, IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY STEPNEY.

Was man e'er doomed that beauty made
  By mimic art should haunt him,
Like Orpheus I adore a shade,
  And doat upon a phantom.

Thou maid, that in my inmost thought
  Art fancifully sainted,
Why liv'st thou not—why art thou nought
  But canvass sweetly painted?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
  Too pure for love of mortals—
As if they drew angelic eyes
  To greet thee at Heav'n's portals.

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
  Abstracted or ideal—
Art ne'er but from a living face
  Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid?—thy life—thy name
  Oblivion hides in mystery;
Though from thy face my heart could frame
  A long romantic history.

Transported to thy times I seem,
  Though dust thy coffin covers—
And hear the songs in fancy's dream
  Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been thy breath—
  How sweet the living charmer—
Whose very semblance after death
  Can make the heart grow warmer!

Adieu, the charms that vainly move
  My soul in their possession,
That prompt my lips to speak of love,
  Yet rob them of expression.

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised
  Was but a poet's duty;
And shame to him that ever gazed
  Impassive on thy beauty!

T. Campbell.

HUNGARY AND HER CONSTITUTION.

"Ce n'est pas la coalition qui m'a detroné, ce sont les idées liberales."—*Napoleon.*

"No where," said my friend, Count M——y, as we rode slowly down one of the alleys of the Prater, "is existence so agreeable as in Hungary—it is hardly possible to live out of it; and, believe me, if life is elsewhere endurable, it is far less so than in my country. You must positively not think of returning to England without visiting one of the most interesting and the least known portions of the continent of Europe." "In a scene like this," I replied, "unrivalled for its combination of attractions, did I not feel that your observation is founded on the devoted attachment of a high minded people to their native land, I should be strongly tempted to rank it as the offspring of an overweening national vanity. But I have long had a wish to visit Hungary, so I will e'en take your advice and be off." Two days afterwards I found myself in a comfortable eiselwagen, *en route* for the Hungarian frontier.

The distance that separates Presburg from the Austrian capital is only forty miles; but so totally different are the external features of the two cities, that the traveller might fairly imagine it as many hundred. If he direct his steps at an early hour of the morning to the market, in the great square, he will have occasion to doubt if he is really living in the nineteenth century, so singular, so Scythian is the scene that suddenly bursts upon him. The abundant supply of provisions exposed for sale, appears awkwardly displayed, without the slightest attempt to show them off to advantage, or to fascinate the eye of the purchasers; while the women that attend the stalls are meanly attired, dirty, and masculine in feature and air. Crowds of Hungarian peasants and savage looking Sclavonians, are seen loading or unloading their rudely-constructed waggons, drawn by small, wild-looking horses. The scene was novel, and even picturesque; but not one cheering to the lover of humanity, for it exhibited his fellow man almost in the lowest scale of social degradation, in garb, in manner, and in aspect, as completely a barbarian, as on the day when Attila first pitched his Scythian camp on the site now occupied by the City of Presburg.

The Diet was sitting on my arrival in Presburg, and it was with some difficulty, therefore, that I arranged my quarters at one of the hotels. The city possesses little worthy of observation; the suburbs are clean and spacious, and the ruins of the old castle on the hill, commanding the place, have a fine and noble effect.

The scene I had witnessed in the morning was not of a nature certainly to put me in good humour with the Free Diet of Hungary. But on entering the hall of assembly the effect was magnificent and startling. There was a spur on every heel, a moustache on every lip, a sword by every side; a forest of sable kalpacks, with their white plumes and scarlet falling tops, that had so often streamed meteor-like in the van of battle, covered the tables; in fact, so imposing was the whole scene, that the play of the imagination left no room for the exercise of judgment. The hall was a long ancient building, decorated with banners taken from the infidel. At the upper end was an elevated seat for the Palatine. Tables covered with crimson-coloured baize ran down its sides, amply furnished with writing materials. Immediately below the Palatine were seated, in their gorgeous robes, the archbishops and other high dignitaries of the *Roman Catholic and Greek churches*; below them again, the magnates and the nobles of the land. All of them, with the exception of some few who wore the Austrian uniform, were habited in their national costume, con-

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sisting of the hussar jacket and pelisse, and close pantaloon of dark-brown cloth, richly embroidered in black lace—a dress at once martial and becoming. The debate that ensued was carried on in Latin, and was marked by more than parliamentary decorum; for every speaker is required to confine himself strictly within the bounds of decorum, and to avoid all personal invective. In fact, were this not the case, so fiery and impatient is the character of the nation, its deliberations would invariably be disturbed by acts of bloodshed and turmoil.

Numbers spoke, and in general possessed a fluent and ready command of words, and an animated and graceful delivery. The churchmen appeared to have the advantage. One of them, a Greek bishop, long rivetted the attention of the assembly, and many of his periods fell full and richly on my ear.

It was impossible to look down upon such an assembly unmoved, and not recollect that your eyes rested on a gallant race, that for ages past had been the bulwark of Christendom against the encroachments of the haughty Turk. I tarried to witness the breaking up of the assembly. Some of the elder members drove off in rather clumsy and old-fashioned looking carriages; but the major part departed on horseback, followed by one or two hussars. The Palatine was escorted by the Hungarian guard of nobles. Nothing can be more splendid than their costume of scarlet and silver, and their dark-green pelisse; the number of led horses, richly caparisoned, conducted by grooms in splendid liveries, produced an *ensemble* of martial grandeur, that powerfully appealed to the imagination.

We hear a great deal in England of the free diet of Hungary, and of her violated constitution, without possessing any very accurate ideas of the precise nature of either. The Hungarian constitution in many respects, as regards the sovereign, the magnates, and the deputies in Diet, bears a striking analogy to our own in the early period of its history. But it differs widely from it, in every thing that treats of the lower order of the people. In the language of the state, the word "populus" is meant to designate the nobility. In fact, like all those charters granted or exacted during the turbulent and dark periods of the middle ages, it goes far to convince us of the truth of that profound observation of Lucan's, that

"Humanum paucis vivit genus."

The spirit of this constitution is strictly oligarchical, the mass of the population having no more voice in the government than the herd of cattle that run wild on their plains.

The kingdom of Hungary, subject for several centuries past to the rule of the house of Austria, has nevertheless preserved its own laws, privileges, and institutions. Should at any time, therefore, the present Imperial race become extinct, the Hungarians will have the right of disposing of the crown as they may deem fit.

The nation is divided into distinct classes; the nobility, and all persons possessing landed property, which, in fact, ennobles the possessor, and a great number besides. *This class is totally exempt from all imposts and taxes.* The second class is formed of the peasantry and the people, who are all amenable to personal taxes, paying, like the rayahs of the Turkish empire, a specified sum annually to the state. It is on this class that all the burthens of the state fall. Is a public work to be executed, it must be done by the peasantry. On them alone are quartered all the troops, and they are, during the term of their billet, obliged to subsist them.

The higher ranks of the nobility, princes, barons, and counts, constitute the Upper Chamber, presided over by the Palatine, who represents the king.

The Lower Chamber is composed of persons without titles, living on their incomes arising from landed property. The other members are rich merchants and farmers, who have obtained the privilege of paying no taxes.

The privileges of the Hungarian nobility are extensive and numerous; they are probably the most ancient in Europe, and, as we said before, are not only exempt from all imposts and taxes, but their persons, excepting in cases of high treason, are inviolable, and their properties strictly entailed. By the law of the land, it is death to strike a noble. The external appearance of this body is, we must confess, noble and prepossessing; their manners unaffected, cordial, and frank; their conversation light; their minds elaborately cultivated; their taste refined; and their style of living lordly and magnificent. At Eisenstadt, the family seat of Prince Esterhazy, there are nearly three hundred rooms superbly furnished for the reception of guests, and as many more for the accommodation of the guards and members of the household; while his revenue is said to be equal to that of three of the second-rate monarchs of Germany. These brilliant qualities may for the moment dazzle the imagination; but when we contemplate the miserable condition of the people, we are obliged to confess that the Hungarian noble has something of the tyrant in him—a haughtiness acquired in the camp, and that he, at this day, lords it over his vassals as tyrannically as ever did the barons of the olden time.

The present state of the Hungarian peasantry proves how difficult it is to collect the nature and spirit of a government, as it is actually exercised at a particular period, from an examination of written laws, or of the established forms of the constitution. If we refer to these in Hungary, we shall find that by a decree of the Empress Maria Theresa, issued in 1791, the peasantry were exempted from the state of vassalage in which they had formerly existed, and it gave the rank of farmers to all peasants who were able to maintain a farm of six acres. Every man thus qualified may aspire to office, and if he only possess talents, the highest offices of the state are open to him. This is admirable certainly in theory, but in practice its operation is nullified by the prejudices of the country, and the structure of its society. The Hungarian peasant has about as much chance of reaching any of the higher offices of his country, as in our own army a raw, uneducated recruit has of becoming commander-in-chief; in both cases there are no constitutional barriers to their advancement.

The king is obliged to convene the Diet at least once in three years, and every measure, to pass into a law, requires the assent of the three estates. But Metternich has dispensed with the voices of two of them; and has gradually assumed for the crown the whole power formerly possessed by the nobility. But ever since the days of Joseph the Second, the seeds of discontent have been planted in the Hungarian soil. During the campaign of 1809, they would only furnish their stipulated contingent; and latterly the repeated encroachments on their constitution roused the indignation of the whole nation. Could Napoleon rise from his grave, and again proffer them the choice of a king, they would not, we think, as they did before, reject the offer. The Emperor Francis and his Hungarian subjects mutually hate and mistrust each other. The monarch can ill brook their lofty independent spirit; and they, in return, regard his simplicity of manners as downright vulgarity. The whole country is infested with spies, and the frontiers lined with Austrian douaniers; for, commercially speaking, Hungary is looked upon as a foreign country, and excluded from the trade of the empire. The freedom with which the Hungarian Diet proceeds in its debates, may be taken as a sample of its feelings towards the emperor and his government. The monarch

complained to the Palatine, who communicated it to the Assembly, that they had been sitting upwards of six weeks without doing any thing. One of the magnates rose, and haughtily exclaimed, "Tell his majesty that he has been seated nearly forty years on the throne of Hungary, and has done nothing for her." At this burst of feeling the hall resounded with vivats. This state of things will last probably during the life of the present emperor, who, in the language of Louis XV., may, on looking round him, exclaim, "Ceci durera autant que moi, mais je plains mon successeur." What direction may be given by this event to the political march of the kingdom of Hungary, we venture not to predict; but for the late events in Poland, and the system of extermination at work in that unhappy and heroic land, the Hungarians might have looked to Russia as a natural ally, who, by her possession of Poland, is now brought into immediate contact with her.

The population of Hungary is a mixture of the Finnish and Sclavonian nations; and upwards of four millions of her people are of the Greek persuasion. Here are elements of affinity, it must be confessed, much stronger than those that bind the Hungarians to the Germans, from whom they differ as much in origin as in national character. But the Hungarians, we think, will pause ere they listen to so perfidious a counsellor as Russia. For the sake of Europe, as for her own sake, such an alliance, or rather such an incorporation—for to become a province of the northern Colossus would be her fate—is one that we hope never to see consummated; though we have good reasons for knowing that Russian agents have long been at work in the Hungarian provinces.

On reading of the encroachments on the constitution of Hungary, the lover of freedom naturally feels the rising of a generous indignation; but when he is farther told that the encroachments are on the privileges of a haughty noblesse, who, while they boldly stand up for their privileges, have no sympathies for the rights and happiness of the people, he may perhaps wish that the Chancellor Metternich had proceeded still further, and abolished altogether this mockery of freedom. As a diplomatist, Metternich is undoubtedly a man of first-rate talent, but as a statesman, his views are bounded by the narrow circle of a court; and totally unacquainted as he is with the habits of thought and feeling of the mass of mankind, he is incapable of taking an enlarged and philosophic view of the principles of human action. Had Metternich, on repressing the power of the nobles, elevated in a corresponding ratio the condition of the people—had he concentrated the powers of his mind to root up from the soil of his country the worn-out institutions of feudalism, so long her curse, Germany to the latest posterity would have blessed a name now in universal execration from one end of Europe to the other. Metternich might have done this, but he struck down a military to raise up on its ruins an imperial aristocracy.

Were we to affirm that the nations of the Austrian empire are indifferent to their degraded political condition, we should be inculcating error; but if, on the other hand, we were to affirm that they are politically ripe for the institutions of freedom, our observation, we fear, would be equally unfounded. When we say the institutions of freedom, we allude not to the ancient constitutions of these nations, for they are so aristocratic in spirit, that were they to-morrow in full operation, the condition of the mass of their population would in no ways be ameliorated—we mean a form of government consonant with the happiness and welfare of all classes of the community. Fettered though it is, the press is, even in Germany, laying its powerful grasp on the human mind, and is preparing, in the distance of the future, the triumph of freedom. We regret to say in the future, for it would be fostering an illusion to advance that Germany is prepared for freedom. It is true, that in her cities we hourly

meet with individuals, with whom science and political freedom is a religion; but although the faculties of the gifted few may be prepared to lead, the mass are not yet disposed to follow. Were this calm, decided, energetic operation of the reason of the people as widely diffused in the common sense of the mass, as we find it eminently in the strong conviction of the gifted few, then, indeed, from this chastened operation of intellect, we might augur the most immediate and triumphant results. But it is the curse of Germany, particularly among the nations composing the Austrian empire, that there are no middle classes—no proportionate division of property and intelligence—no connecting link between their extremes, the wealth and intelligence of the nobles and the poverty and social degradation of the peasantry; the whole empire consists of the vast domains of the aristocracy, and of the small farms of their vassals.

At the present moment, when the public mind contemplates with bitter disappointment the successful progress of the anti-liberal crusade against the liberties of Germany, a few remarks on this all-engrossing topic may not here be misplaced. Throughout the pure German states, for under that category we do not rank Austria and Prussia, the latter is detested for her military arrogance, and for her treacherous neutrality towards the heroic Poles, while Austrian imbecility is become a bye-word. But divided as Germany is into petty districts, and separated by jealousies and antique prejudices, and, above all, governed by princes who, destitute of every feature of national character, are but the tools of Prussia and Austria, as indeed they have shown themselves by their late abject submission to the mandates of the Diet, a combined effort for the political regeneration of this fine country is not within the sphere of human probability. But even were it otherwise, we fear the elements of oppression are too powerful to be overcome, even by a general rising and active co-operation of all the minor states of Germany. It is from the ranks of her oppressors, from the very centre of their iron formations, that the regenerative principle will emanate. It is in Prussia, on whose political horizon freedom's star will rise, that the political soil is above all others prepared for the institutions of constitutional government. Stein's administration, by rooting up all the old feudal institutions, and the military system, that levels all distinction of birth, placing side by side in the ranks the son of the prime minister and the peasant, has virtually rendered this monarchy a military republic. From the very bosom of military despotism, we venture to predict, will spring political freedom, even as Minerva came all armed from the brain of Jupiter. All the elements are ready. Frederick William, amid the pomp and circumstance of the approaching autumnal review at Potsdam, may little dream that he is harbouring a serpent in his bosom—that from the ranks of this brilliant army, the object of his kingly pride and unceasing attention, a mighty principle will arise, that will not cease its devastating course until it has overturned the thrones of half, or all, the worn-out dynasties that have so long polluted with their existence the fair face of Europe!!!

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THE EVIDENCE ON THE BANK OF ENGLAND CHARTER.

BEFORE we proceed to lay before our readers more arguments deduced from the Bank evidence, in continuation of our exposition of last month, it is but justice to the public to make them acquainted with the interest of both sides of the question. Without this necessary explanation, it would appear strange to those who have not given this subject so much attention as it obviously demands, how it happened that any set of men could be so senseless and unwise as not to admit the immediate necessity of settling this question advantageously for all. It must certainly strike a philanthropist, or even a person possessed of ordinary humanity, that there could be found any so hardened in injustice and rapacity, who would, for the sake of inordinate gains, wish to continue a system which subjected the mass of their fellow-countrymen to the pinching of poverty, and all having any concern in producing the necessaries of life to endless embarrassment, struggling, and eventual ruin. It only proves how little is to be expected either from the justice or humanity of mankind in times of such debasement and corruption, and also how little men are to be trusted with the rights of their fellow-beings when their interests or passions happen to steer a contrary course.

The dispute, which should never be lost sight of as a guide to the continual artifices practised on public credulity, is one between the debtor and creditor interest of the country, or, in other words, the debtor interest of the country is the plaintiff, the creditor interest the defendant, and the issue to be tried is a trespass. It will be also necessary to explain whom and what description of persons rank on each side. On this there can be no mistake. The plaintiffs are composed of the mass of the population, high and low, and the defendants, in all, will not exceed one hundred thousand families in Great Britain. The plaintiff side includes, first of all, the operative classes, who earn a scanty subsistence from day to day, and depend for support upon the labour of their own hands. Next come the upper operative classes, who employ a capital (large or small) in addition to their own skill. This includes the large manufacturers, farmers, shopkeepers, dealers, and small manufacturers, down to the very orangemongers. The above enumeration will absorb the whole of the useful population; the landlord's interest is so involved in the farmer's that he ranks on the same side. On the other side is arraigned at the bar of public justice about one hundred thousand heads of families, composed of fundholders and annuitants, Jew extortioners and usurers, pensioners and political economists. And here, to prevent all cavil, and to answer at once the hypocritical whine about small annuitants, we place on the complainants' side of the question all the small fundholders, whose annual incomes are less than fifty pounds, because it is manifest that with these, if engaged in produc-

tive industry, the amount must be disproportionate between what is paid and received.

Having once fairly stated who are the disputants interested in the decision to be arrived at in the next parliament by the representatives of the people, it remains to open the pleadings by stating the grounds of the dispute, which will, we think, be included for all useful purposes under two heads—first, the fraudulent appreciation of the national burdens by a return to cash payments; and, secondly, the injurious operation of the present gold standard on the prosperity and happiness of the mass of the people.

With reference to the first count, "the fraudulent appreciation of the national burdens by a return to cash payments," the fact is admitted by the advocates of the fundholders themselves; the only difference of opinion that exists on this head is the augmented amount per cent. Some are still so reckless of truth as to assert that the increase was only four per cent., but Mr. Ricardo, who first promulgated that calculation, lived afterwards to acknowledge his error, and to confess that the creditor despoiled the debtor full twenty-five per cent.

The difference is enormous, when taken in consideration with our second proposition; it is at least cent. per cent., but it has been estimated that the direct increase on the national burthens is from forty-five to fifty per cent. by this measure. Our own opinion is, (and which we are at any time prepared to maintain,) that the increase is considerably above that estimate. The ministers who brought forward cash payments at the old standard, openly acknowledged that the increase on the interest of the national debt and taxes would be four per cent., and "*no more*," on 60,000,000*l.* of income, or about 2,400,000*l.*, which is in itself no mean sum, and little less than one half of the whole national expenses at the accession of George II. in 1727, then amounting to only 5,400,000*l.* What must be the astonishment of the people when they find this four per cent., and "*no more*," changed into forty or fifty, or an additional weight of 30,000,000*l.* added to the national burthens! But in order to be quite correct, and with a view of ascertaining the amount of this wholesale fraud, let us see how the national debt was contracted. The average sum given by the Jews for 100*l.* stock was about 60*l.*, and the average price of gold from 1809 to 1813 was 5*l.* per ounce. This will reduce the sum paid for the stock calculated in gold at the present standard, (leaving out of the question the total impossibility of raising those huge loans in gold,) to 46*l.*, for which the boroughmonger contracted, in the name of the nation, to pay interest as on 100*l.* stock. This is not all. Had the iniquity stopped here, the country might have contrived to pay in paper, the interest on 100*l.* borrowed at 60*l.*, without much murmuring. Circumstances were however altered, when the good-natured people were compelled by act of parliament to purchase gold at 5*l.* 10*s.* per ounce, at a sacrifice of their industry, and pay it to the national creditor and tax-gatherer at the rate of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* per ounce, making exactly an annual addition of forty-two per cent. to the national burthens, effected through the measure commonly known as "Peel's Bill."

This is an act which the wiseacres of the present day would not by any means have altered, and the reasons which they assign for their advocacy of this spoliation is, that the national creditors of 1797 were robbed by the depreciation of money consigned on the Restriction Act—"the real fact being, that if sums equal to the losses of the fundholders, during the time they were thus cheated, had been from time to time put into a bag, and the interest made principal half-yearly, as an honest man would do with the property of a ward; and if the value of the gains of the fundholders from 1814 *for ever* were put into another bag, and treated in the same manner, the first would be the greatest." This is one of the most audacious and barefaced assertions on record; it is like a man caught in a theft turning round and becoming the accuser, as if the fundholder who lent on the average but 60*l.* to receive interest on 100*l.* could ever become a loser, in whatever state of depreciation! But it is only by having recourse to falsehoods of this kind that the system has been so long supported. This has, however, become at last insufferable, and can be no longer endured. The next argument against retracing the steps of 1819, and dispensing a tardy act of justice, is, that the present fundholders have not participated in the spoil, but all are new *rentiers* since 1819. In the first place, we doubt if even one quarter of the present fundholders are new purchasers, for this very good reason, that since 1819 it is notorious that trade of all kinds has been so bad, that instead of saving any thing from its profits, those who have yet been able to stand the shock of Peel's Bill have suffered a depreciation, as before stated, of forty-two per cent. Some have been entirely ruined. The new purchasers in the funds, therefore, must have been previously fundholders themselves, who have from the general fall of prices been able to economize their income and absorb the stock of other fundholders, who, from the pressure of the times, were obliged to sell out. But even were we to admit that all the fundholders were new men, as we have shown the strongest presumption to the contrary, let us ask, is that a just reason for the continuance of the present system of distress, misery, and privation of the working population; and must the productive property, including land, houses, manufactures, and public works, and the vast population, whose support depends on the prosperity of those national sources of wealth, fall a sacrifice, that fifty-one thousand annuitants may continue their depredations with impunity? A reformed parliament will answer, No.

We come now to the consideration of the second proposition, or charge, which the debtor interest has to make against the creditor interest—"The injurious operation of the present gold standard on the prosperity and happiness of the mass." We have endeavoured to explain how Peel's Bill enhanced the burthens of the country forty-two per cent. by direct fraud. The injurious operation of the present gold standard is a continuance of the injustice flowing out of that law, but in its effects on society are more disastrous than the mere adding of forty-two per cent. to the national taxation. It is this secret principle, that for the most part working in the dark, and seen only to a few, has produced all our miseries, the dark catalogue of which, could they be properly presented to the senses, would appal and disgust us. Every

man whose bankruptcy has not been occasioned by extravagance, may attribute his fall and ruin to Peel's Bill. To the same cause every industrious artisan out of employment may charge his destitute situation, and every pauper whose age and infirmities have not sent him to the workhouse, may from this deduce his moral degradation. Money, as every one knows, is the common instrument of exchange, the representative through which multiplied exchanges are made; and although it is a commodity with which all are familiar, yet few have considered it in all the relations which it bears to the business of life. The greatest care should be taken that a sufficient and abundant quantity of the instrument of exchange should be kept in circulation proportioned to the demands in the innumerable affairs of civilized life. If from any cause the instrument of exchange should become scarce, there being a demand for it equal to the multiplied demand for all other commodities put together, it has the natural effect in proportion to its scarcity of enhancing its value in respect to other articles of labour. If on the other hand, a currency is redundant, whether it be composed of gold, silver, or a symbol of credit, the natural effect will be a rise in the price of labour, and a fall in the value of money; and the influence that the latter will have on taxes, which are fixed in nominal amount, will be that of making them comparatively light, and more easily paid. It is of the greatest national importance, and foremost of all other considerations, that measures should be taken always to insure a plentiful and abundant currency; otherwise, as Lord Bacon eloquently expresses it, "a nation may have a good stock, and yet starve: money is like muck, no good except it be spread." The earliest maxim of a nation emerging from a state of a barbarism to civilization is a respect to property: it will appear remarkable, that while in Great Britain respect to property is inculcated by many voluminous admonitions, and severe and sanguinary penalties await the slightest infraction, another law should contemporaneously exist, which laid open the property of every man in the kingdom to the most extensive plunder. A midnight marauder who comes stealthily while the unsuspecting are asleep, could not commit his depredations with more certainty and security, than the robberies that have been perpetrated under the auspices of Peel's bill. The advocates of this bill, who raise the cry about gold, would induce the public to believe that the advocates of a sound system of circulation were also the supporters of an inconvertible paper currency. No such thing ever entered the head of any man who really professes to have a right apprehension of the subject of money. It however better suits the convenience of the corrupt supporters of Peel's Bill to try to mislead the public mind by appeals to vulgar prejudices, founded on misstatements, than to answer arguments drawn from truths and supported with consistency. The charge which the public have to bring against Peel's Bill, is not against gold merely, but against the injurious effects of the present gold standard on productive industry.

In a former article we demonstrated the disparity which the production of the precious metals bore to the production of other commodities, and the difference between the accumulated debt in 1832

and in 1717, when this standard was first fixed. From which it will therefore be obvious to the mind of any one who will take the trouble to think, that gold, instead of being 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* as fixed by law, would at least, if left to find its market level, soon rise to double that sum. We have shown also that the greater part of the present public debt was contracted when the price of gold was from 5*l.* to 5*l.* 10*s.* per ounce. Leaving out of sight for the present the public fraud committed by the act of 1819, in enacting that the national creditor should be paid in ounces of gold at the rate of 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* instead of 5*l.* 10*s.*, let us now see whether the effect of fixing the standard of gold at less than half its real value, has granted to the fundholder and annuitant the right of a free commonage on the rest of his majesty's subjects.

Gold being thus fixed at a low rate, and the law compelling the Bank of England to pay on demand all claims above forty shillings in that metal—this circumstance, together with its being sold below its real value in the market, compared with other articles of produce and manufacture, would combine to make the little gold there is in the world in continual demand at the same time, both in England and elsewhere. By this law, gold assumes a supreme importance over every other thing in existence. The obvious intention of the law was to make it stationary and plentiful: it has, in fact, made it more scarce and fugacious, and at one time reduced the richest nation in the world to within one hundred thousand pounds of bankruptcy. In this scarcity our overloaded warehouses would little avail our wants: they might be filled to overflowing with every article of necessity, luxury, or comfort; thus would they remain until the repeal of the present law, or until gold procured by depreciation of other property, put these fruits of the earth and results of industry into beneficial motion. How magnanimous must the idea have appeared to our legislators, when they agreed to sell gold to all the world, and to the national creditor, at less than one-half what it originally cost. One would be led to imagine that at Westminster or Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir Robert Peel, a Golconda or an Il Dorado had been found, or that some of our ascetic political economists had discovered the philosopher's stone. But what is the fact? Nature, since 1809, as if in mockery of our pretended wisdom, has only yielded of her former productions one-half; and this has happened at a moment when, of all others, the demand for gold has increased in a ratio of one to a thousand. In the face of these facts, which should have been known to the bullion committee of 1819, before they determined to sell gold at one-half its prime cost, the original standard was added to make the confusion and misery of cash payments more complete. To cash payments, which will respect the debtor as well as the creditor interest, no person could be so foolish as to object; and we hope that cash payments will never be abandoned, except a temporary suspension should be required for the sake of production, while our monetary system is undergoing an indispensable change.

The law which enacted cash payments at the present low standard, offered a bounty on the exportation of gold. For it is clear that while the states of Europe can purchase gold for less than half its cost at the mines, they will prefer the English market to any other.

The amount of gold in England, in consequence of the facility given to exportation, must be always tenacious, and at the same time unsteady, at a moment when of all others pains are taking to insure its continuance in England, now more than ever required to perform the exclusive functions of small circulation, and support the "superstructure of paper, built on a gold foundation." Thus while the monetary affairs of Great Britain could not be carried on with advantage without a very large quantity of gold, the fixing the standard so as to encourage exportation, effectually prevents us having a large supply. The little gold that there is in circulation has been purchased by the nation at a most monstrous price, and while the law continues as it is, we are compelled to part with this dear-bought treasure at one-half, if not one-third, its real value. The struggle which we have to retain it is so great, that the energies of the whole nation are wasted in the conflict. Should prices, profits, and the wages of the industrious classes rise to-morrow, in the course of a fortnight we should have no more gold in England, and the only chance we have of preserving ourselves from ruin with the present standard, is the keeping the circulation infinitely below the wants of the community, occasioning thereby the waste of human happiness in an endless, unprofitable contention. The means by which the Bank of England contrive to accomplish this, is never to have more money in circulation than they can cover by one-third of gold and bullion.

It has been found that the issue of an extra pound would increase foreign demand, and reduce our stock so "miserably low," that the Bank, acting on the defensive, could not prudently relax their principle without involving us again in scenes of terror such as were experienced in 1825. It is therefore obvious, that while the present gold standard is maintained, the prices of the produce of land, manufactures, and labour, must ever sink to such an unremunerative and ruinous level, as to beget the miseries, pauperism, and distress, we have heretofore witnessed, accumulating and keeping pace with the waste of the national resources, which, mighty as they have been, must soon be swallowed up by continual subtraction. And what a frightful decrease would be exhibited, if the value of every man's property was now published, compared to what it was in 1814 or 1818! Can it be denied that most real property is pledged by some mortgage, and that the whole of the labour of the country is forestalled by usury? No wonder the state of things is become so frightful that ministers dare not look them in the face—but can England ever again raise her head until her troubles are steadily looked on by some master-mind? Who shall be so bold or corrupt as to say that this state of things can last? Shall the sins of our fathers be unmitigated on their children's heads? Is the nation ever to continue in pawn? the light of heaven, our every motion, and the very thoughts we are inditing, to be for ever taxed? The Jew has set his claw on our resources, and aggravated the weight of our debts by enhancing the value of the money in which they are paid, and in our trouble, beards and reproaches us with our rags.

Our space will not permit us to enter further into the charge which the public have to bring against the standard, but there is

one thing so obvious, that we cannot omit it. The present law involves, on the part of the Bank of England, the principle of one-third in bullion and gold opposite to its paper issues. Supposing that its issues had approximated to such an wholesome extent as to cause a rise in the price of labour, gold being at a low rate by law, and incapable of advancing with the market price, it would of course, at this indication of national prosperity, soon begin to be exported. Not many millions would have left the country before the Bank of England would naturally take the alarm. On examination a derangement would be found to exist in its favourite principle of one-third. The Bank would then begin, by the sale of securities, and diminished accommodation to the commercial world, to pull in its issues at the very moment when the gold abstracted from circulation would require to be replaced, thus causing a double diminution, depreciating prices below their continental level, and coaxing a return of gold by an increased premium, for which industry must evidently pay.

With the management of the Bank of England all parties are inclined to quarrel: it may suit the purpose of some to evade the main question, or argue it, or amuse our daily lassitude with reference to the Bank monopoly; but this is a most circumscribed and limited idea, and we shrewdly suspect is meant as a delusion, or what gamblers call a blind. Either the management of the Bank of England has been since 1819 right or wrong. There can be no doubt that the Bank, acting on the advice and under the controul of government, caused the panic, by "reviving speculation;" but with the principle of one-third the Bank is no further answerable than with its discovery, necessarily imposed to protect itself.

Nor can we find fault with their implicit obedience to the law of 1819, the observance of which, as we have fully demonstrated, is the only cause of our past and present distress. Peel's Bill is the real delinquent, and the origin of all the evil and injustice; and this those silly gossips, who throw odium on the Bank's scrupulous adherence to it, would not have repealed. The Bank monopoly, in these reforming times, is in no danger of being continued, and the public have a right to the best bargain, but its existence would not weigh as a grain of sand against the globe, as a grievance, in comparison with Peel's Bill.

This is the result of the charges which the debtor interest has to bring against the creditor interest, and furnishes the grounds for the demand on the part of the public for the immediate revocation of Peel's Bill, not one of which it has been attempted to answer in any other way than by mere declamation, now become nauseous to the public ear. These charges the Bank evidence throughout abundantly sustains. No *fact* is elicited from any witness in contradiction, which does not involve the necessity of an immediate alteration of our monetary system. It is with facts only that the public have to deal. We could quote the *opinions* of witnesses in favour of this or that system, but when these are unsupported by proofs, they can only be received as the sentiments of individuals who evidently are not able to take comprehensive views. There is, however, one philosopher,

who is known to the public as a writer and supporter of the very opposite doctrine to that which this committee has fully established, viz. the effect of the currency of prices, and for the sake of public gratification we subjoin some parts of his evidence. The written opinions of this gentleman have been before so fully answered and demolished by Mr. Taylor, of Bakewell, in a letter to the Duke of Wellington, 1830, that it would be unnecessary here to notice him further; but the ricketiness which he displayed on his cross-examination may serve to amuse as well as instruct. At the commencement of Mr. Tooke's examination he admits, with reference to the periods of 1782 and 1783, that the distress arose out of the revulsion of previously extended credit.

"3811.—Were not the years 1783 and 1784 considered years of great commercial distress?—Yes.

"3812.—Was not the cause said to be the transition from war to peace, and the demand for gold for commercial and other purposes?—I rather think it was, as we have seen on some subsequent occasions a revulsion of credit arising from too great an extension of it in the period immediately preceding.

"3814.—Is it not stated in Mr. Mushet's work upon the Currency, that the amount of Bank notes in circulation in 1779 and 1780 was about six millions, that they were increased in March 1782 to 9,600,000*l.* and that they were decreased in the December of the same year to 5,994,000*l.*?—Yes, a great reduction was suddenly effected, by the Bank refusing to make the usual payments upon the omnium."

He qualifies this afterwards by stating that the return of peace might have given rise to over speculations; but further on fully admits that the distress was aggravated by the contraction of credit.

"3818.—Have you any doubt that the increase of the Bank notes in March 1782, and the contraction of them afterwards in December, contributed to the commercial distress of the years 1783 and 1784?—I have no doubt that the extended issue was the main cause of that necessary contraction, and that it aggravated the distress that might have arisen from over-trading, independently of it."

Mr. Tooke, however, is by no means inclined to admit, in his subsequent examination, that the rise and fall of prices have any thing to do with the redundancy or scarcity of money. It is not until his cross-examination that he fairly breaks down; and here we cannot help admiring the skill and knowledge of Mr. Attwood, who, we understand, had this philosopher on the rack for several hours. We cannot conceive a higher degree of punishment than that of a conceited author being obliged to contradict himself. Under ordinary circumstances, we should be inclined to regret the frailty of human nature, but when such mighty interests are involved, sympathy in the discomfiture of an enemy would be ill-timed and preposterous. In the first part of his examination he assumes very high ground, and charges the late Mr. Mushet, of the Mint, with ignorance of commercial affairs, and of money and its relative weight on the operations of business.

"3840.—Your attention is requested to the following short extract from Mr. Mushet's pamphlet on the Currency; 'The undue speculations in 1815, I think, will be found in the very great extension of the Bank of England paper in 1813, and 1814, and the general derangement of commercial credit, the necessary result of the contraction of the currency to the extent of 23 per cent. in the years 1815 and 1816.' Do you think that a correct description?—No, I do not; I differ entirely from Mr. Mushet's views in connexion of the Bank's issues with prices; I think he had no adequate idea of the circumstances that influenced the speculations in goods, and the re-action from them.

"3841.—Are not his facts considered to be accurately stated, as to the issues of paper?—Yes; but much depends, not only upon the precise dates of the issues, but upon their coincidence with other circumstances.

"3842.—Does not his work exhibit clear proof of over-trading, and mischief being the consequence of a great issue of Bank of England paper, and of great distress and commercial revulsion being the consequence of sudden contractions of it?—I believe, in most cases, he attributes much more than I do to the effects of any great increase or contraction of the Bank's issues; and he seems to have had no notion of the circumstances in the commercial world under which those issues took place. Now I would just take the liberty of mentioning, that I have known instances of extraordinary speculations taking place in very extensive classes of commodities without any increase whatever in the circulation of the Bank of England, and when, from all the received tests, the circulation might have been considered to be in an extremely contracted state; for instance, taking the year 1798, when after the Bank restriction, the exchanges turned very much in our favour, when the Bank treasure increased, the scale of the Bank treasure which in 1797, as indicated by the scale, was 132, rose in 1798 to 1,200, and when this increase of treasure was sufficient to induce the Bank directors to give notice to the government that they were ready to pay in specie. The whole amount of the issues of the Bank, including 1*l.* notes, was at that time 12,850,000*l.*; now, deducting the 1*l.* notes, amounting to about a million and a half, from that sum, the amount was less than the average of the circulation previous to the Bank restriction. In February 1799, while the Bank treasure had increased to 1,474, the circulation of the Bank notes was reduced by 200,000*l.* even below that of 1798. Now in that interval of extraordinarily contracted circulation there was a very large class of commodities which advanced considerably above 100 per cent; the speculation was partly originating in this country, and partly arising from abroad. I have taken the prices as they were between 1790 and 1792, and as they were again in 1798 and 1799, (I believe any person old enough to remember the state of the circulation in London in 1798 and 1799 will bear witness to the very contracted state of it; I think consols were then 50, and money was lost by a loan taken at 50 in the three per cent. consols); fine Jamaica coffee rose from 70*s.* and 76*s.* to 196*s.*; West India and American cotton, from 1*s.* and 1*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.* and 4*s.* 7*d.* and even as high as 5*s.*; Bengal and Surat, from 8*d.* and 10*d.* to 2*s.* 2*d.* and 2*s.* 5*d.*; cochineal, from 12*s.* and 14*s.* 6*d.* to 52*s.* and 54*s.*; indigo, from 3*s.* 9*d.* and 7*s.* 6*d.* to 11*s.* 6*d.* and 13*s.* 9*d.*; Carolina rice, 14*s.* and 15*s.* to 38*s.* and 40*s.*; Jamaica sugar, from 38*s.* and 45*s.* to 62*s.* and 87*s*; East India white sugar got up to 96*s.* and 115*s.*; pepper, from 1*s.* 2*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* I mention this as an instance of speculation which took place, not only without any enlargement of the circulation of the Bank of England, but in a remarkably contracted state of it. The subsequent fall of prices and consequent distress were coincident with an increase of Bank issues; so that over-trading and mischief might exist independently of the state of the Bank circulation, which Mr. Mushet considered as alone capable of producing them.

"3843.—Was not Mr. Mushet a gentleman in the way of obtaining knowledge of commercial circumstances, and a person very competent to form correct opinions upon them?—I considered that he knew absolutely nothing at all of commercial circumstances."

So far from the fact being in contradiction to the statement of Mr. Mushet, a reference to the issues of the Bank will prove that in 1798 they exceed any former year since 1795. In February 1797, the Bank circulation amounted to 9,674,780*l.*; in 1796, 10,729,520*l.*; while in 1798, which Mr. Tooke states as the period of contraction, the amount of circulation, including small notes, was 13,095,830*l.*

Having stated his opinions on prices, which, throughout the whole of his direct examination, he wishes to establish, with the exception of the years 1782 and 1783, we now come to his cross-examination. His first examination is confident, prolix, and often irrelevant; his second examination is cautious, shifty, and contradictory. At first, sufficient tether was given him, and he appeared to come off with some triumph. Mr. Tooke, however, on the second day, seeing a dis-

position to sift him thoroughly, begins to fortify his position by an actual denial of his previous admissions.

"3977.—Then is it the result of your experience, that though the advance and fall of prices in 1782 and 1783 was occasioned by previous issues of Bank notes and the subsequent contraction, yet, looking back over the period that has succeeded, you have constantly found that periods of an advance of prices and a reduction have not been occasioned by an increase of Bank notes and the necessary subsequent contraction?—I have not noticed in any important case that the rise of prices, or the fall of prices, has been an immediate sequence of an increase or diminution of the Bank's circulation.

"3978.—Do you think, then, that the operation of 1782 is an exception to subsequent experience?—I am not aware of any reference to the experience of 1782 and 1783, in connexion with prices.

"3979.—You were understood to have said, that during the war you had noticed that an advance of prices and a reduction of the prices was not simultaneous with increased issues of Bank notes and their contraction; does it not therefore follow that the operation of 1782 was an exception to subsequent experience?—I did not state any thing regarding prices in 1782 and 1783, and indeed my researches have not gone so far back as to lead me to know what the state of prices was distinctly in connexion with this question anterior to 1782.

"3980.—You stated that there were great speculations at that time, and that the main cause of that was an extended issue of Bank notes, which caused speculation?—Then I must have misunderstood the question.

"3981.—As you have witnessed in subsequent periods great speculation followed by an advance and a revulsion of credit, and as you have found that they were not occasioned by increased issues of the Bank previously taking place, and by the necessary contractions following, does it not necessarily follow that what took place in 1782, and 1783, and 1784, is an exception to our subsequent experience?—Really I do not see that there is any thing in the former answers that warrants that conclusion; I have carefully abstained (because my knowledge is not sufficient on the subject to be accurate) from any reference to prices in the period anterior to 1782."

On this he is no little sore, and when next questioned with respect to his former assertions of increased prices and a diminished issue in 1798, he qualifies his former evidence by hints at the "increase of commerce," his "speaking from recollection," and "its being hardly worth while to dwell with much weight on the precise degree of the contraction," although he formerly considered 200,000*l.* increased issue of the Bank of England, 1799, worthy of enumeration.

"3991.—You mentioned that in 1798 and 1799, a certain class of commodities advanced above 100 per cent. with rather a contraction of the circulation; amongst the commodities you enumerated, cochineal you stated advanced to 52*s.* and 54*s.*; cochineal appears to have been in the first part of the year 1797, according to a table taken from a work of yours, at 15*s.* to 17*s.*; the advance on cochineal, therefore, appears to have taken place between the first part of 1797 and the middle of 1798; now the amount of Bank notes in February 1797, appears to have been 8,600,000*l.*, and in 1798, 11,300,000*l.*; would you, then, properly describe that as an advance which took place during a contraction of the circulation?—Most unquestionably; and it really was so, for I compare the state of the circulation with that which it had been three or four or five years preceding the Bank restriction. Therefore I consider it to have been a very contracted state of it, in reference to the increasing commerce, and the great increase of transactions connected with the war; but in the amount of circulation in 1798 is included the amount of the 1*l.* notes, which is only a substitution for the gold which had been previously exported, and which, when it came back, went into the coffers of the Bank, and did not go into circulation; for it does appear that the influx of metals was very great in 1798, an influx that could not have taken place without a contraction of our circulation relatively to either what it had been while the metals were flowing out, or to the currencies of the continent; it was in the year 1798 that silver flowed in in such enor-

mous sums, that it was the occasion of the Act, which I think Mr. Pitt brought in, for limiting the tender of silver.

"3992.—In taking the amount of Bank notes in 1798 at 11,300,000*l.*, you say that included the 1*l.* notes then issued; but if it should be 11,300,000*l.* after striking out the 1*l.* notes, would you then alter your opinion as to that being a period of contracted circulation?—No; I am speaking now from recollection: I have not before me the materials for comparing the actual amounts, but I have an impression that the circulation, deducting the amount of the 1*l.* notes, was less than it had been on the average of three years preceding 1797.

"3993.—It appears that the amount of Bank notes in February 1798 was 11,300,000*l.*, after deducting the 1*l.* notes; the advance in cochineal which you have spoken of took place between the early part of 1797 and 1798, would you call that an advance which took place during a contracted circulation?—I think it is hardly worth while to dwell with much weight upon the precise degree of the contraction; it would be quite sufficient for the purpose of my argument if I simply confined it to observing that there was no artificial enlargement of the circulation, no enlargement beyond such as would have taken place if there had been no restriction.

"3994.—You mentioned those facts in answer to an opinion expressed by Mr. Mushet, and you said that Mr. Mushet could form no accurate opinion upon the subject of prices at that time, for want of an accurate knowledge of the details of transactions in commodities; do you think statements such as you gave respecting the article of cochineal, corresponding as it does with the facts which have been stated with regard to the notes of the Bank of England, afford that contradiction to Mr. Mushet which you brought it forward to establish?—In the first place, I beg leave to observe that the article of cochineal is one of the smallest importance of the whole set that I have here noticed; but in the next place, I only mentioned that as the first in order of the instances of a total absence of the connexion which Mr. Mushet assumed as invariably existing between any great rise of prices and an increased issue of Bank notes. It occurred to me, while giving the answer, that I was perhaps diverging too much from the question, and I stopped short; I certainly might have gone on through the whole series of them, and I think I could undertake to show, to any person who would take the trouble of going into the detail, that there is a complete negative of almost every position of Mr. Mushet's, in which he attempts to connect the issues of Bank notes and the prices of goods."

Again, in speaking of one pound notes, he is willing to admit that provided they add to the total circulation, they are calculated to advance prices.

"4019.—Would not that operation have a tendency to advance prices?—As a general proposition I am quite prepared to admit, and I have never denied, that all other things being the same, an increase of the circulating medium would tend to produce a rise of prices, and *vice versâ*."

But before he is induced to this persuasion, it becomes necessary, on the part of his examiner, to lead him gently on to the admission, and the process, though short and simple, and kindly intended for his instruction and improvement, he is at first inclined to spurn, till at last he gets completely entangled in his own toils.

"4003.—If a country banker issued 10,000 one pound notes in 1797 and 1798, would it not put an additional 10,000*l.* into his hands, and give him an additional power of purchasing stock, or of increasing his reserve in London to that amount?—It would add to his means of doing it, but it would be at the expense of some other source.

"4004.—What other source?—I cannot say that I find myself equal to explaining off-hand the effect of paper-money in substitution of gold; it would not follow because a country banker had the power of issuing one-pound notes, that the whole circulation would be increased beyond what it would have been if there had been sovereigns only in circulation.

4006.—What would the country banker get in exchange for the one-pound notes he issued?—He may buy a house with it, but the house existed whether he had

created the 10,000 one-pound notes or not, and so of any other object that he purchased; if he issued the 10,000*l.* in addition, and made that so much addition to the whole circulating medium, of course to that extent it would operate to raise the prices; but he could not for any length of time keep in circulation 10,000*l.* of notes beyond the amount that would have circulated without that issue of paper, unless there were a depreciation marked by the difference between paper and gold, or by an efflux of metals, or by some of the ordinary tests which determine the value of the currency.

"4007.—Supposing a country banker bought a house with his 10,000*l.*, would that tend to advance the price of houses?—Not if the 10,000*l.* that he issued were a mere substitution for the coin that would otherwise have circulated.

"4008.—Supposing it occasioned an additional demand for a house?—It would not occasion an additional demand for a house, if it only served as a substitution for coin that would otherwise have been in circulation.

"4009.—Then instead of the house he would have the coin?—Yes.

"4010.—What would he do with the coin?—He might buy a house with it, or agricultural stock, or he might invest it in the public funds, which would only be a transfer of capital.

"4011.—Would the house, or the agricultural stock, or the public funds, so operated upon, have a tendency to advance in price in consequence?—Not at all if the 10,000*l.* be only that which would otherwise have circulated. If he spends 10,000*l.* out of the existing circulating medium of the country, there is 10,000*l.* less in competition for that object by some other person.

"4012.—Then if it adds to what would otherwise have circulated, the price of houses, or of agricultural produce, or of the funds, would advance in consequence?—To that extent.

"4013.—A banker issuing his paper money, and having gold put into his hands, and employing that gold in the purchase of productions of some kind; supposing that to be the effect of that operation, and to take place generally throughout the country, what do you think would be the consequences that would follow an operation of that kind?—The question assumes, as some of the preceding ones do, that the paper so issued was in addition to what would have circulated had the paper not been issued. Now, in as far as that paper constituted an addition to the medium which would otherwise have existed for exchanges, there can be no question that it would tend to a rise of prices, and to a fall of the exchanges, and an export of the metals, which in the convertible state of the coin would ultimately redress itself; in a state of suspended cash payments, it would be indicated by an advance in the market price as compared with the Mint price of gold, and a fall of the exchanges, those being indications of depreciation of paper."

It is not our object, even did our present limits admit, to follow all the speculations of this gentleman either in his writings or in his examination. His contradictions of himself are of such frequent recurrence, that we are more inclined to pity than chastise.

Hitherto he has been a formidable enemy, more from the boldness of his assertions than from their weight. His recent display, however, before the Bank committee has not made many proselytes; it exhibits a morbid sensibility of authorship, in defiance of the overwhelming facts with which he is assailed. On the subject of the standard, with the additional security of publicity, he ventures unqualified approbation, the value of which may be best ascertained by contrasting the two following questions and answers: the dilemma contained in the last he had not provided against.

"3895.—Do you think there is any such manifest evil in the present state of the law with respect to the great principles of the currency, by which is meant the establishment of the gold standard, and the prohibition of the issue of small notes, as would induce you to advise any great alteration of the law in those respects?—I should say certainly not; I believe that with the improved experience which the Bank seem to have acquired in the management of its issues, and with the security that I would propose for the continuance of such good management, by constant

publicity, the system unites nearly all the advantages that can reasonably be expected.

"3908.—In our present system of banking, are we not exposed to all the evils that necessarily follow a state of redundant currency, a fall of exchange, a fall of prices, a panic, and drains upon the Bank of England?—As long as we have paper money issues as a great part of our circulating medium, I do not see how that evil can be altogether avoided. As I said before, if the Bank of England or a Government Bank was the sole source of issue, that inconvenience might not arise. But the competition of banking necessarily gives rise to that risk; and I do not see how that can be avoided, unless possibly, that joint stock banks were to be substituted for the present system, and they were likewise subject to the condition of publishing their accounts; that might be some check: but at the same time I am not prepared at present to give a confident opinion about the details of the country circulation, because, excepting the manner in which it has contributed to the derangement of the circulation generally, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the details of the mode in which the country banks manage their circulation."

The "improved experience which the Bank seems to have acquired in the management of its issues," is the principle of one-third in gold and bullion to its paper, which our readers must be convinced is not sufficient for the innumerable demands of a great nation, an increasing population, and an annually diminished supply of gold. It cannot, in fact, be longer maintained with justice to the debtor interest, which composes the mass. The sooner, therefore, the present standard is abandoned, and in its place one either of silver, or of paper convertible into gold at the market price, established in its stead, the sooner will the nation be rescued from the merciless fangs which now hold it in obedience to foreign dictation, and generate the internal weakness, discord, and misery, which now threaten us on all sides.

T. L. M.

EPIGRAM.

Up, William, and mount! leave the Lion alone:
Thy German horse* ride, nor yet fear to be thrown.
He is bitted, and curb'd, and rough-ridden; for see
The Austrian and Prussian have groom'd him for thee.
Of the Lion beware! Thou mayst stand by his side
Till he too is curb'd, thou hadst better not *ride;*
Lay thy hand with affectionate awe on his mane,
Thy *reign* he submits to; but not to the *rein.*

E. H.

* The horse is the armorial bearing of Hanover.

BEATTIE'S POETICAL CHARACTER.

BEATTIE's "Minstrel" is only the fragment of a poem; though several portions of that fragment are good. The conception of Edwin's boyish character is imaginative and beautiful, and expressed with elegance, purity, lucidness, and harmony. The sentiments are amiable, chaste, virtuous, and energetic, and have a truth which is the essence of the best poetry. It is therefore strange that an author, capable of such an excellent composition, should, after more than thirty years, leave a poem so well commenced not only unfinished, but so little advanced, and a poem of which the parts given to the world were so highly applauded.

Though this beginning seems so full of interest, there must have been something defective in the general conception of the design. It was either too wide for Beattie's powers, or too limited for the display of the peculiar turn of his talents. The fault of this poet's mind was timidity; and he lived in an age, of which the taste increased this defect. Cold artifice, and insipid polish, now usurped the place of vigorous, however irregular, thought. Beattie threw out spirited notes, in spite of the mechanism he attempted. The ebullitions of his genius overcame his artifices. But the fire that is checked and blighted, will not last long.

We see from the opening of the second canto, that the poet's strength and elasticity already begin to be exhausted. There is the same form of composition, but not the same soul; a great deal of common-place moral is introduced, and the lines lag and are heavy. The author appears evidently working at a task: he draws from memory rather than from internal inspiration. It is not improbable that his philosophic and metaphysical studies had now overlaid his imagination and feelings; and that in seeking truth underground he forgot the surface of the earth, and the beautiful skies above him.

It would be a narrow injustice to deny originality to one, who had written such highly poetical stanzas as many in the first canto of the "Minstrel;" yet it is apparent that our author had but a few notes of true music. He never, or scarcely ever, expatiates into the spiritual world: he is more of a mere materialist in his descriptions than is necessary; and that description of the morning so often praised, which is indeed very brilliant, and very happy, is yet somewhat confusing by its multiplicity of particular images. Grandeur lies in generality and indistinctness. The "Essay on Truth," as it tended to debase Hume, who was an extreme national favourite with the Scotch, raised an active, powerful, and vindictive party or faction against Beattie. He did not bear it with the calm fortitude which would have become him. He had with him the highest among the English in rank, genius, talent, and learning---the King, Gray, Johnson, Bishop Porteus, &c. &c. He was admired, beloved, praised, entertained. Yet there was a morbidness in his sensibility which could find no medicine against

censure. Perhaps he was more vain than confident and proud; and a secret consciousness of weakness, however ill founded, made him more depressed by disapprobation than raised by cheers.

Nothing great or eloquent can be done but in the fervour of self-confidence. Magnanimity is as necessary as the sun to ripen fruit. Hope, joy, enthusiasm, defiance, are all essentials of genius. We cannot move a step out of the common road, but a thousand darts are let forth against us---how can we proceed without courage and firmness? No virtue, genius, or wisdom, will secure universal assent to its merits. Sir Isaac Newton, in his most sublime and perfect discoveries, had importunate cavillers, and bitter and persevering opponents. Milton was pronounced by some critics a dull writer of harsh blank metre, which he had the tasteless presumption to call poetry.

The world, though insolent and rash attackers, are cowards; they will yield to those who stand firm. Perseverance, provided it be free from absurdity, will succeed at last. To give way, is to confirm and secure persecution. Why should we regard uncandid comments? We know whether our intentions are good; we know in general, with tolerable accuracy, what is the degree of our strength; we know whether we draw from our memory, or from deeper fountains of the mind. If we are conscious that all is right, why be silenced, or fear? Airs of pretended superiority evaporate before an undaunted eye. Rank, honours, wealth, are nothing; all the supremacy lies in the mind; the scorn of the light-hearted, the dull, the foolish, and the ignorant, is but the signal of their own unworthiness. They who worship worldly success, are the basest of mankind; because success is oftener the reward of cunning, perfidy, and wrong-doing, than of honour and honesty.

A simple and calm independence of spirit is among the most admirable and elevated of human merits. It encourages the exertion of our faculties without exhausting them; while a pusillanimous awe of those who endeavour to assume a jurisdiction over us, which does not belong to them, debilitates us and paralyzes our efforts. It is the base part of man's nature, that he will intimidate others, if he dare, and that timidity draws on its own destruction. Perhaps one is mistaken in applying these general observations to the case of Beattie's disposition and genius; but the inference is drawn not only from his leaving the "Minstrel" unfinished, but from the tenor of his letters, and the history of his life. In this respect, he was a contrast to Burns, whom opposition strengthened and inflamed, as it did Lord Byron. In Beattie's prose there is extraordinary vigour or originality: now and then a tender sentiment or gentle description; but the general tone is dull and trite, always virtuous, but such as a man may pick up from books, or as may occur to the mind without intensity of thought. No grand workings of the bosom are laid open—no recondite distinctions are brought forth. His essays on poetry are a sort of academical compilations, which seldom rise much above mediocrity: they weary the attention without satisfying it.

Of the smaller poems, no one has much merit except the short stanzas of the "Hermit," which, in the estimation of all, are exquisitely tender, elegant, and harmonious. Something may be said in favour

of the "Ode on Retirement;" but yet it has more effort than power. The subject is almost worn out; and has scarcely any new images or sentiments. It seems to me surprising, that he who could write so eloquently and forcibly in the first canto of the Minstrel, should produce so little beyond insipidity in his other poems; in the latter there is scarcely a spark of invention.

Invention, in its enlarged sense, is universally admitted to be an essential of poetry. I do not mean that petty invention which is confined to new and gaudy illustrations: I mean the invention of stories—the embodiment of abstract ideas; not the copied portrait of particular existences, but the creation of such as exemplify general nature: like the Venus de Medicis, which is not supposed to be a copy of an individual, but an embodying of the artist's abstract ideas of beauty.

LINES SUGGESTED BY MR. MOORE'S "VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND."

PUBLISHED IN THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1832.

And canst thou, Moore, thou gifted one,
Each muse presiding o'er thy birth,
Deem, 'mid the coursers of the sun,
Thyself, alone, a child of earth?

Perish the thought! though Albion mourns
Full many a star's departed light,
To thee, with hope renew'd, she turns,
To shed a splendor o'er the night.

Though hush'd in holiest, last repose,
The village Bard, the rural Sage,
Who sang the peasant's joys and woes,
From blameless youth to reverend age;

Though, by the northern blast is borne
A fitful wail, on viewless wings,
And spirit-voices, plaintive mourn,
A master-lyre's all-broken strings;

Though he, of flight-like eagle strong,
And with delirious anguish brave,
Hath poured his tortured soul in song,
And found in distant Greece—a grave!

While poesy her choicest rays,
Concentrates round thy favour'd head,
We hail the living minstrel's lays,
Nor miss the silent or the dead.

Then deem not—thou all-gifted one—
Each muse presiding o'er thy birth,
Among the coursers of the sun,
Thyself alone a child of earth.

Alicia Lefanu.

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "ORIGINAL SONGS."

Tune.—"Gin a body meet a body."

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Dear art thou to me;
Let me think, my bonnie lassie,
I am lov'd by thee!

I speak na of thy ringlets bright,
Nor of thy witching 'ee;
But this I'll tell thy bonnie sel',
That dear art thou to me!

O! beauty it is rare, lassie,
And beauty it is thine,
Yet my love is no for beauty's sake,
'Tis just I wish thee mine!

Thy smile might match an angel's smile,
Gif such, save thee, there be;
Yet though thy charms my bosom warms,
I'll tell na them to thee!

Thy sunny face has nature's grace,
Thy form is winsome fair;
But when for long thou'st heard that sang,
O! wherefore hear it mair?

Thy voice, soft as the hymn of morn,
Or evening's melodie,
May still excel, as a' can tell,
Then wherefore hear 't frae me?

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Think na 't strange o' me,
That when thy beauty's praised by a',
Thou get'st nae praise frae me?

For wha wad praise what none can praise?
Yet, lassie, list to me;
Gie me thy love, and in return
I'll sing thy charms to thee!